Laudes Domini

for the Sunday School

LAUDES DOMINI

A SELECTION OF
SPIRITUAL SONGS
ANCIENT & MODERN

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

EDITED BY

CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON

NEW-YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

IT grows clearer with each intelligent experiment that there is a decided advantage in the use of a hymn and tune book which makes provision for the three departments of Christian worship, so that its musical selections can be used in the Sabbath services, the Sunday-school and the conference meeting. Such a book is "Laudes Domini; a Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern." An abridgment of it has already been made for the prayer-meeting, and in the present collection there will be found such of its hymns and tunes as are best adapted to the Sunday-school, together with many from other sources, notably from "Spiritual Songs for the Sunday School," by the same compiler. Many of these hymns and tunes are the property of this company, and are to be found only in its publications.

This collection is designed, as its name implies, to make prominent in Sunday-school worship the praises of the Lord Jesus Christ. It contains pieces new and old, melodic and harmonic, artistic and plain, and it is believed that it will be found to be adapted to the present needs of Sunday-schools everywhere. To make it available in both the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting of such churches as desire only one book for these two services, a number of prayer-meeting hymns and tunes are included.

THE CENTURY CO.

New-York, November, 1888.

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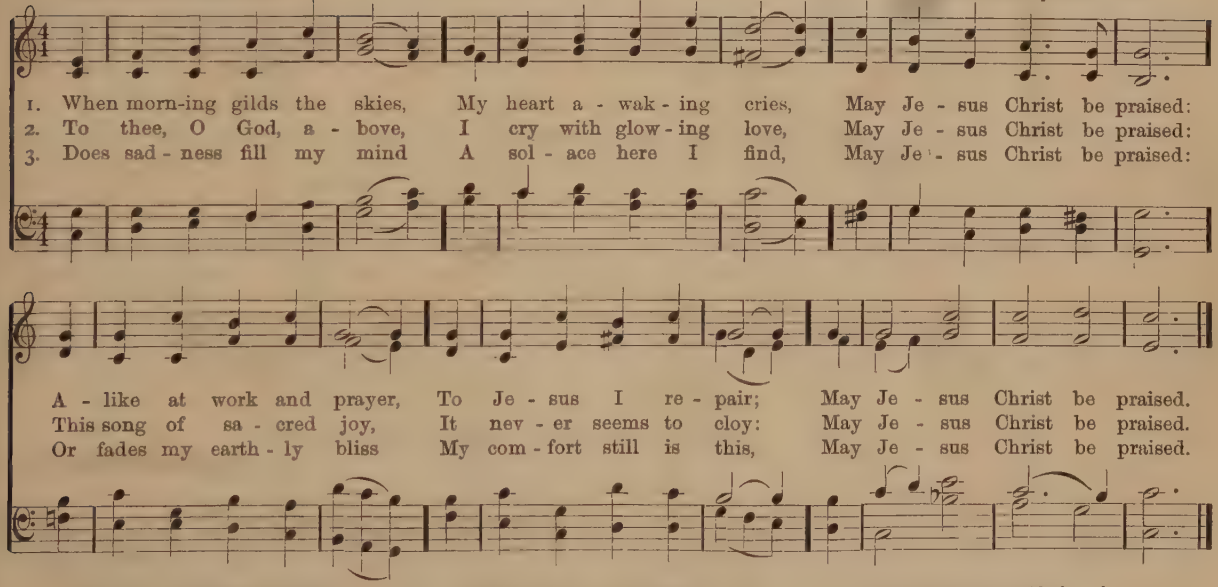
LAUDES DOMINI

1 When morning gilds the skies.

REV. EDWARD CASWALL, tr. LAUDES DOMINI.—JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised:
2. To thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glow - ing love, May Je - sus Christ be praised:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be praised:
A - like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
This song of sa - cred joy, It nev - er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earth - ly bliss My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

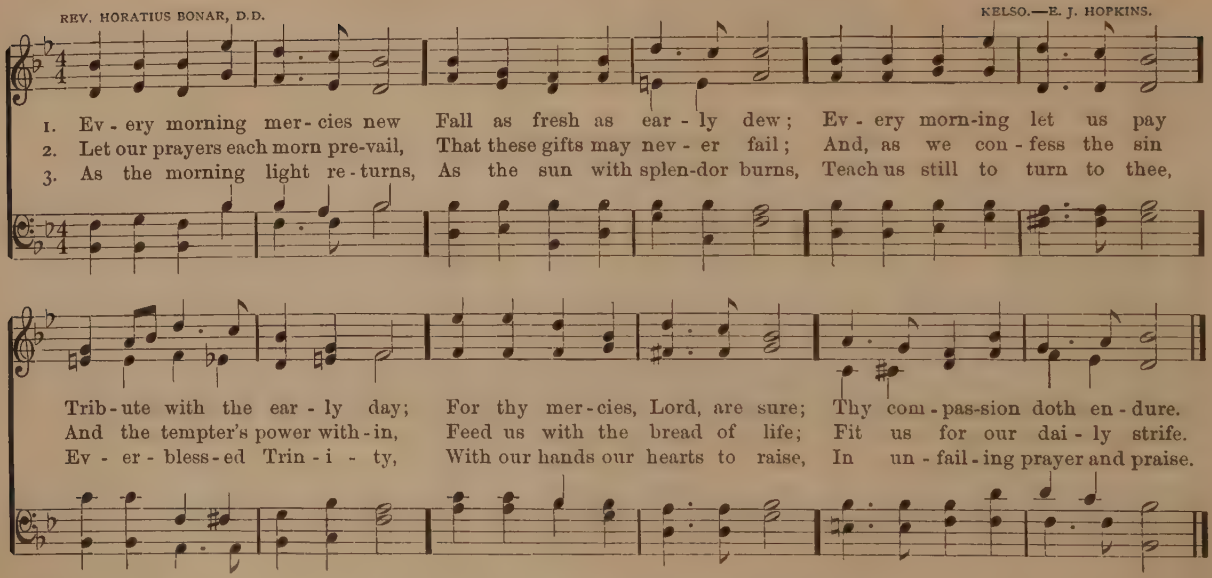
4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
  May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant I hear:
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
  May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
  May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

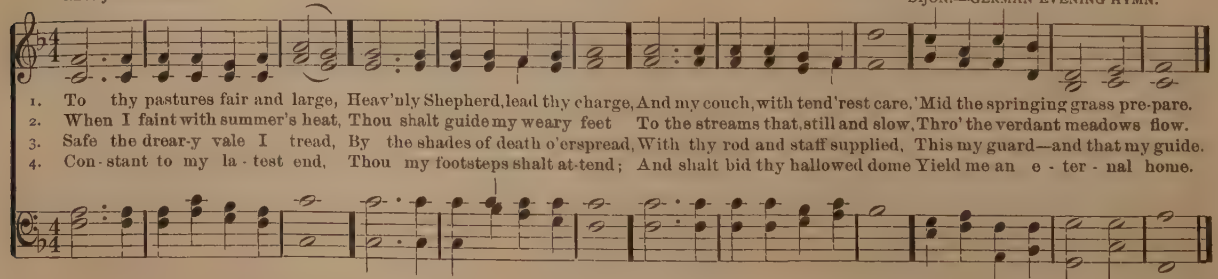
2 Every morning mercies new.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. KELSO.—E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Ev - ery morning mer - cies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew; Ev - ery morn-ing let us pay
2. Let our prayers each morn pre-vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail; And, as we con - fess the sin
3. As the morning light re - turns, As the sun with splen-dor burns, Teach us still to turn to thee,
Trib - ute with the ear - ly day; For thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas-sion doth en - dure.
And the tempter's power with - in, Feed us with the bread of life; Fit us for our dai - ly strife.
Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty, With our hands our hearts to raise, In un - fail - ing prayer and praise.

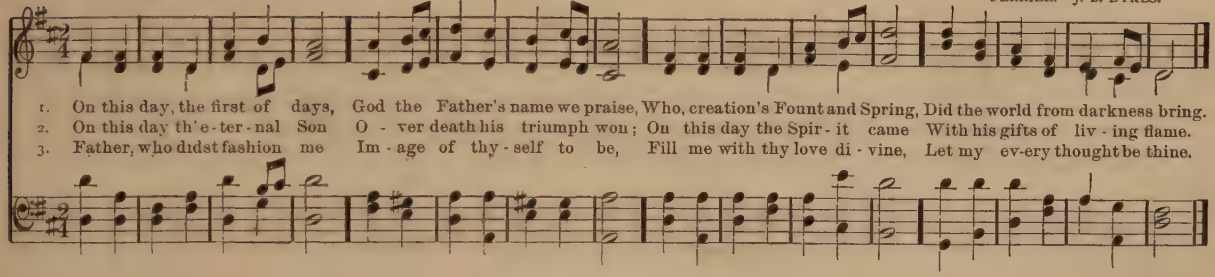
3 To thy pastures fair and large.

REV. JAMES MERRICK. DIJON.—GERMAN EVENING HYMN.


1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge, And my couch, with tend'rest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the drear-y vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread, With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard—and that my guide.
4. Con - stant to my la - test end, Thou my footsteps shalt at-tend; And shalt bid thy hallowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

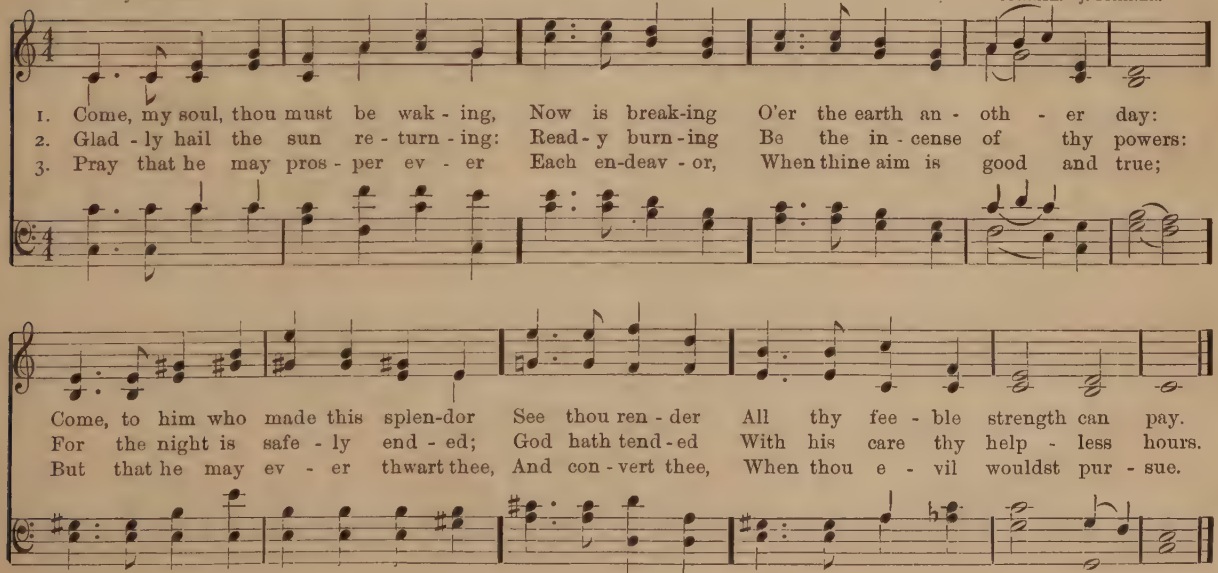
4 On this day, the first of days.

REV. H. W. BAKER, tr. FERRIER.—J. B. DYKES.


1. On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise, Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.
2. On this day th'e-ter-nal Son O-ver death his triumph won; On this day the Spir-it came With his gifts of liv-ing flame.
3. Father, who didst fashion me Im-age of thy-self to be, Fill me with thy love di-vine, Let my ev-ery thought be thine.

5 Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

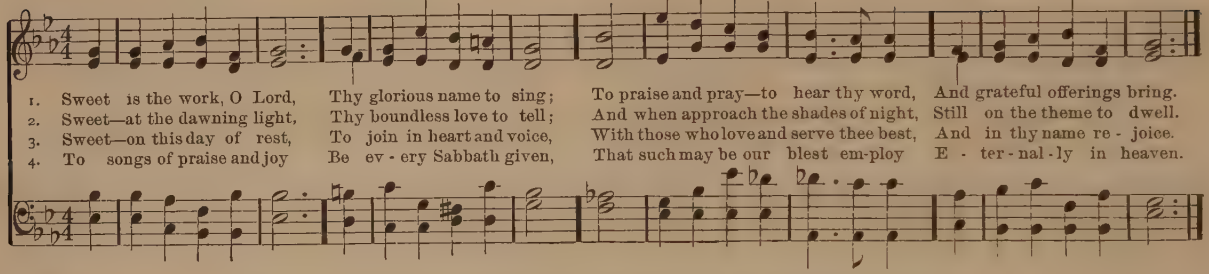
REV. H. J. BUCKOLL. SUNRISE.—J. STAINER.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is break-ing O'er the earth an-oth-er day:
2. Glad-ly hail the sun re-turn-ing: Read-y burn-ing Be the in-cense of thy powers:
3. Pray that he may pros-per ev-er Each en-deav-or, When thine aim is good and true;
Come, to him who made this splen-dor See thou ren-der All thy fee-ble strength can pay.
For the night is safe-ly end-ed; God hath tend-ed With his care thy help-less hours.
But that he may ev-er thwart thee, And con-vert thee, When thou e-vil wouldst pur-sue.

6 Sweet is the work, O Lord.

MISS HARRIET AUBER.

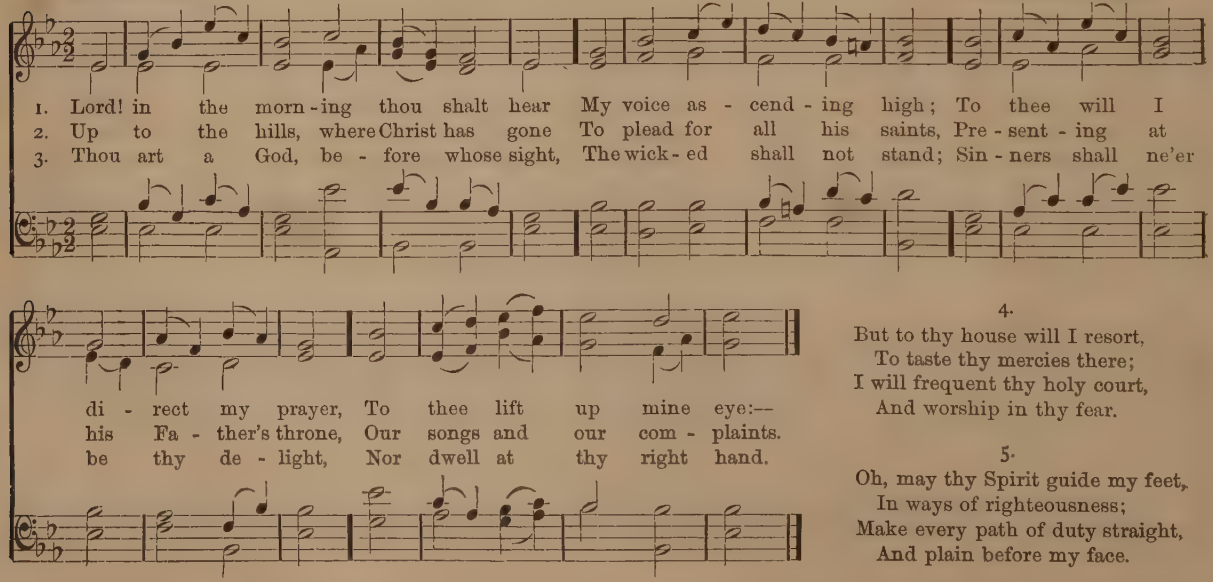
AILEEN.—J. BARNBY.


1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing; To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.
2. Sweet—at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell; And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
3. Sweet—on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice, With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.
4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev - ery Sabbath given, That such may be our blest em-ploy E - ter - nal - ly in heaven.

7 Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WARWICK.—S. STANLEY.


1. Lord! in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I
2. Up to the hills, where Christ has gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at
3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight, The wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er
di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye:—
his Fa - ther's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.
be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

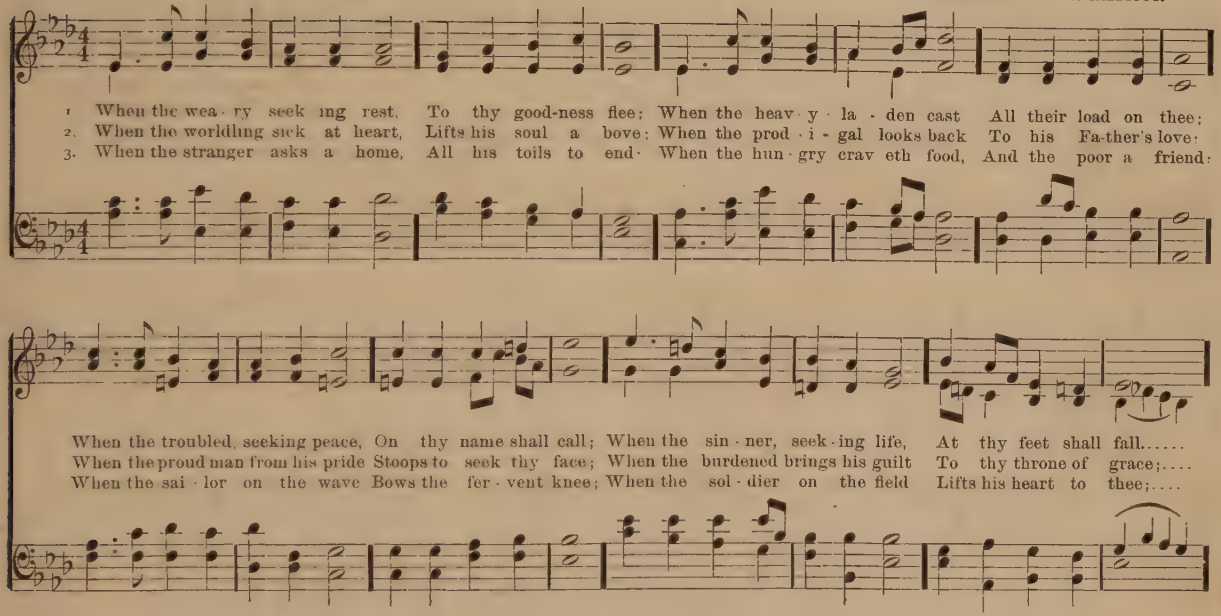
5.

Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

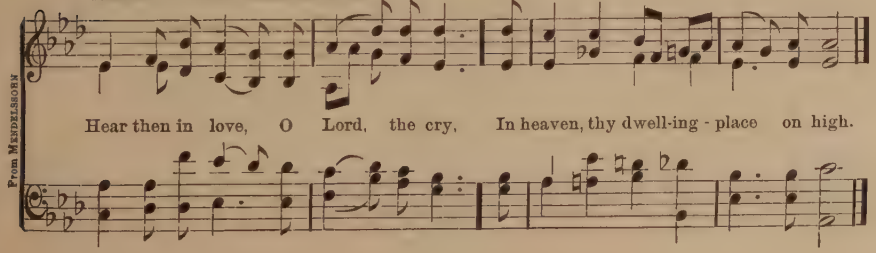
When the weary, seeking rest.

REV H. BONAR, D.D.

INTERCESSION.—W. H. CALLCOTT.


1 When the wea - ry seek ing rest, To thy good-ness flee; When the heav - y la - den cast All their load on thee;
2. When the worldling sick at heart, Lifts his soul a bove; When the prod - i - gal looks back To his Fa-ther's love;
3. When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry crav eth food, And the poor a friend;
When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At thy feet shall fall.....
When the proud man from his pride Stoops to seek thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To thy throne of grace;....
When the sai - lor on the wave Bows the fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to thee;....

REFRAIN. *Slow: double the time.*



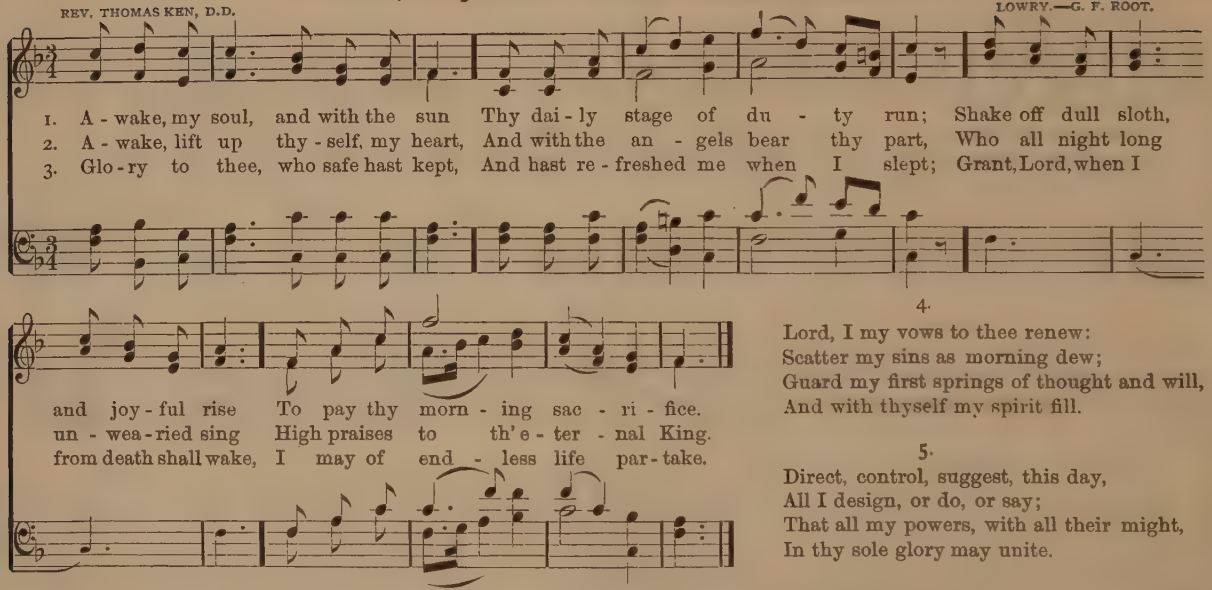
From MENDELSSOHN

4.

When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd.
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

9 Awake, my soul, and with the sun.

REV. THOMAS KEN, D.D. LOWRY.—G. F. ROOT.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth,
2. A - wake, lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Who all night long
3. Glo - ry to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re - freshed me when I slept; Grant, Lord, when I
and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
un - wea - ried sing High praises to th' e - ter - nal King.
from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take.

4.

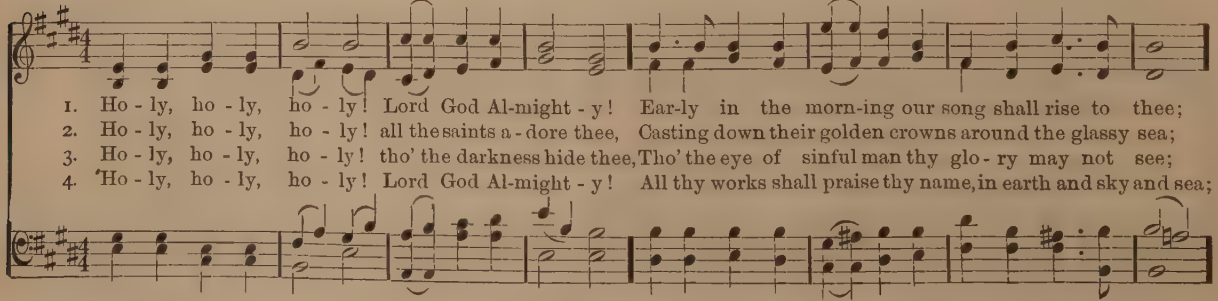
Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

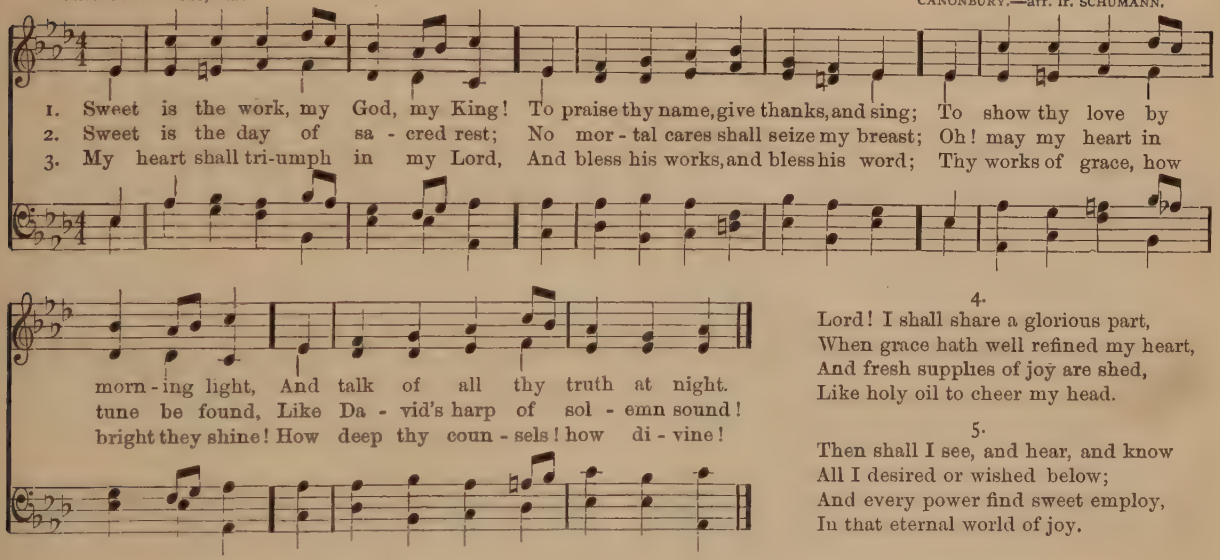
REV. R. HEBER, D.D. NICÆA.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glo - ry may not see;
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;

Sweet is the work, my God, my King!

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

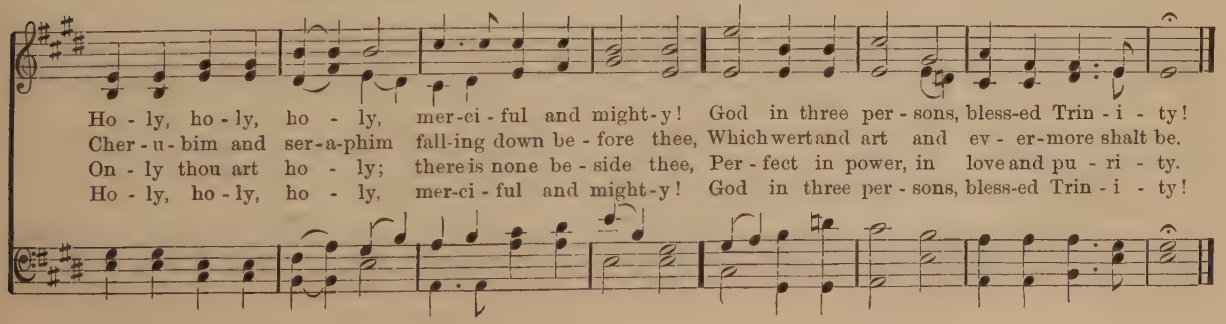
CANONBURY.—arr. fr. SCHUMANN.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast; Oh! may my heart in
3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how
morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!
bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

4.
Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5.
Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

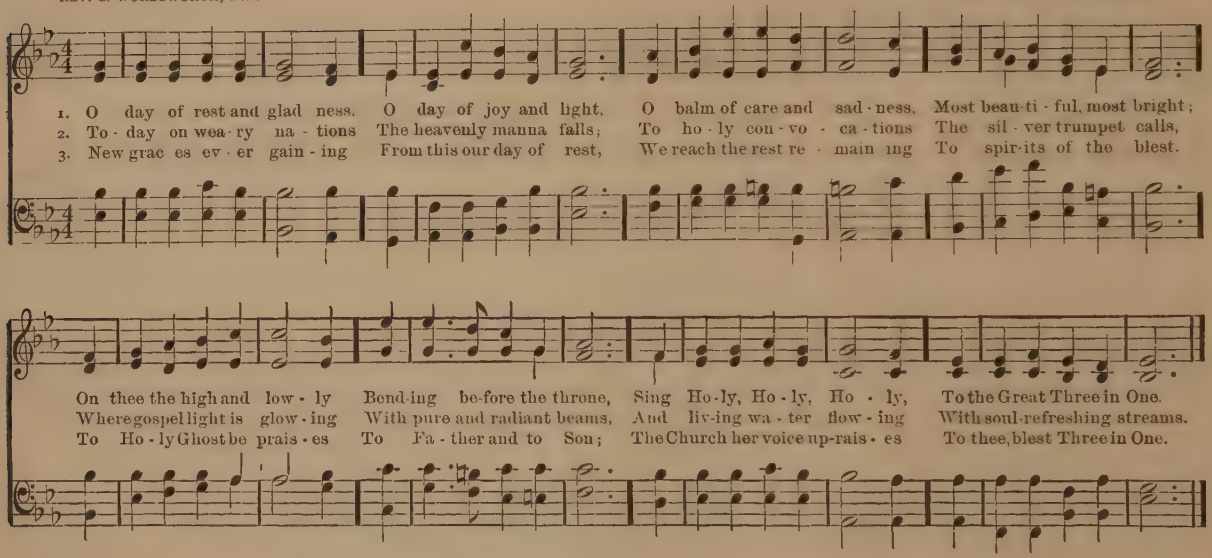
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!—Concluded.


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in three per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher - u - bim and ser-a-phim fall-ing down be - fore thee, Which wert and art and ev - er-more shalt be.
On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in three per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

12 O day of rest and gladness.

REV. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D.

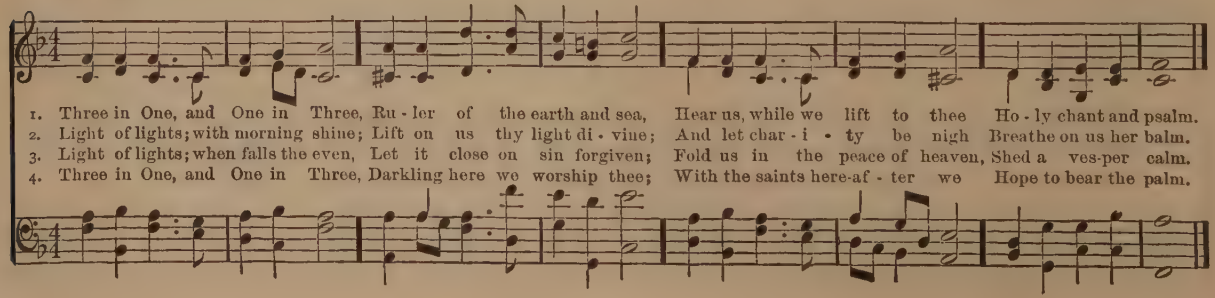
AURELIA.—S. S. WESLEY.


1. O day of rest and glad ness. O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad ness, Most beau ti ful, most bright;
2. To day on wea ry na tions The heavenly manna falls; To ho ly con vo ca tions The sil ver trumpet calls,
3. New grac es ev er gain ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re main ing To spir its of the blest.
On thee the high and low ly Bend ing be fore the throne, Sing Ho ly, Ho ly, Ho ly, To the Great Three in One.
Where gospel light is glow ing With pure and radiant beams, And liv ing wa ter flow ing With soul refreshing streams.
To Ho ly Ghost be prais es To Fa ther and to Son; The Church her voice up rais es To thee, blest Three in One.

13 Three in One, and One in Three.

REV. GILBERT RORISON, LL.D.

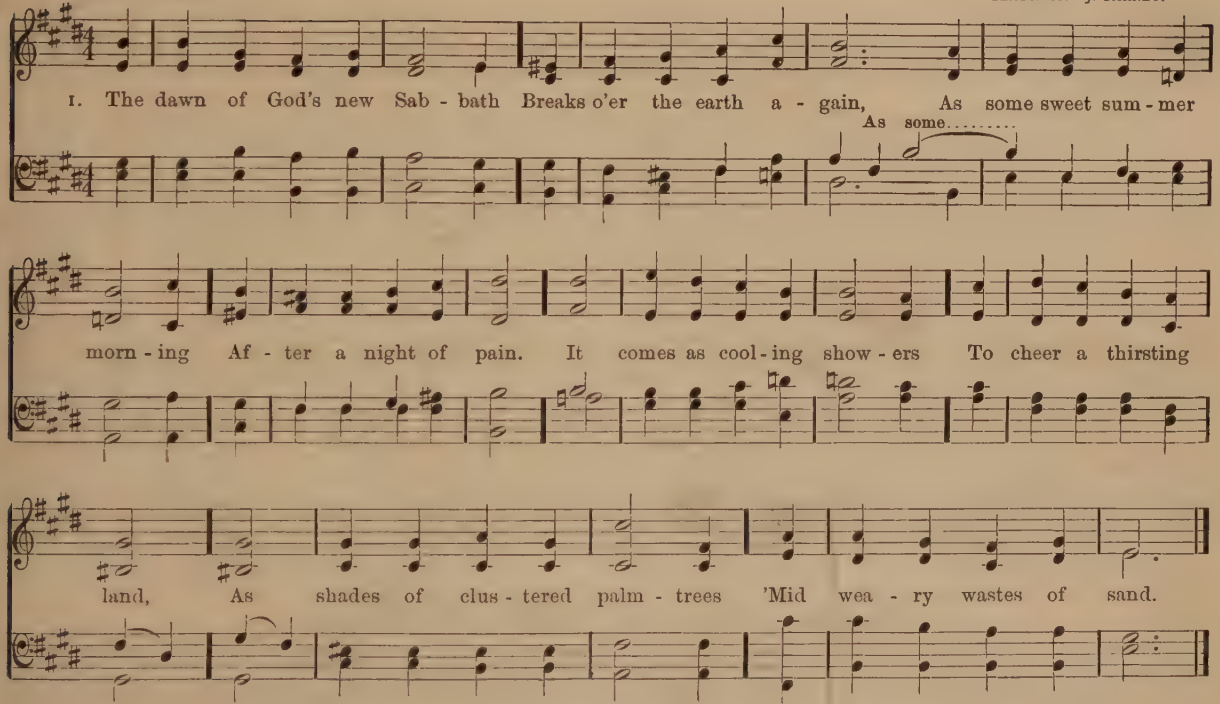
GREV.—F. R. GREV.


1. Three in One, and One in Three, Ru ler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to thee Ho ly chant and psalm.
2. Light of lights; with morning shine; Lift on us thy light di vine; And let char i ty be nigh Breathe on us her balm.
3. Light of lights; when falls the even, Let it close on sin forgiven; Fold us in the peace of heaven, Shed a ves per calm.
4. Three in One, and One in Three, Darkling here we worship thee; With the saints here af ter we Hope to bear the palm.

The dawn of God's new Sabbath.

MRS. ADA C. CROSS.

GLADNESS.—J. BARNBY.


1. The dawn of God's new Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet sum - mer
As some.....
morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cool - ing show - ers To cheer a thirsting
land, As shades of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

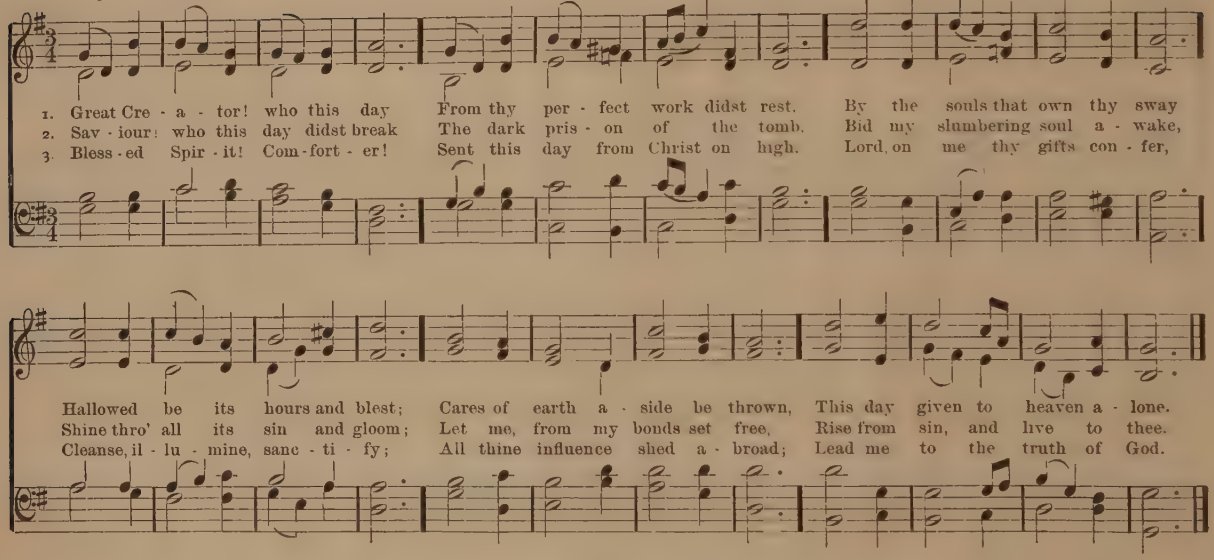
3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on thy day of blessings,
Within thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:—

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

15 Great Creator! who this day.

MRS. J. A. ELLIOTT.

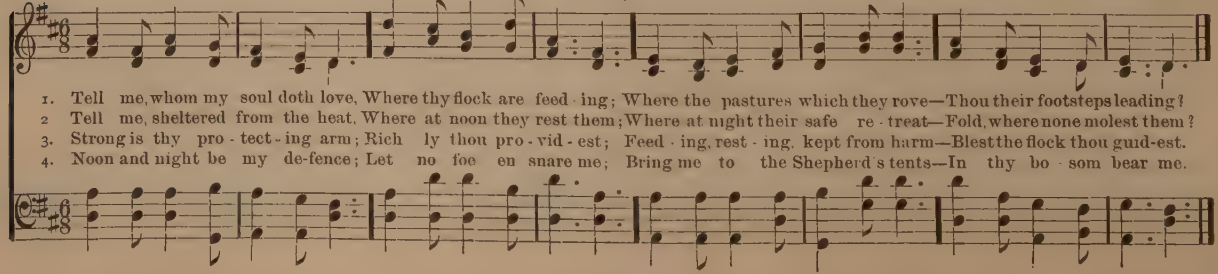
DAYSTAR.—arr. fr. HAYDN.


1. Great Cre - a - tor! who this day From thy per - fect work didst rest. By the souls that own thy sway
2. Sav - iour! who this day didst break The dark pris - on of the tomb. Bid my slumbering soul a - wake,
3. Bless - ed Spir - it! Com - fort - er! Sent this day from Christ on high. Lord, on me thy gifts con - fer,
Hallowed be its hours and blest; Cares of earth a - side be thrown, This day given to heaven a - lone.
Shine thro' all its sin and gloom; Let me, from my bonds set free, Rise from sin, and live to thee.
Cleanse, il - lu - mine, sanc - ti - fy; All thine influence shed a - broad; Lead me to the truth of God.

16 Tell me, whom my soul doth love.

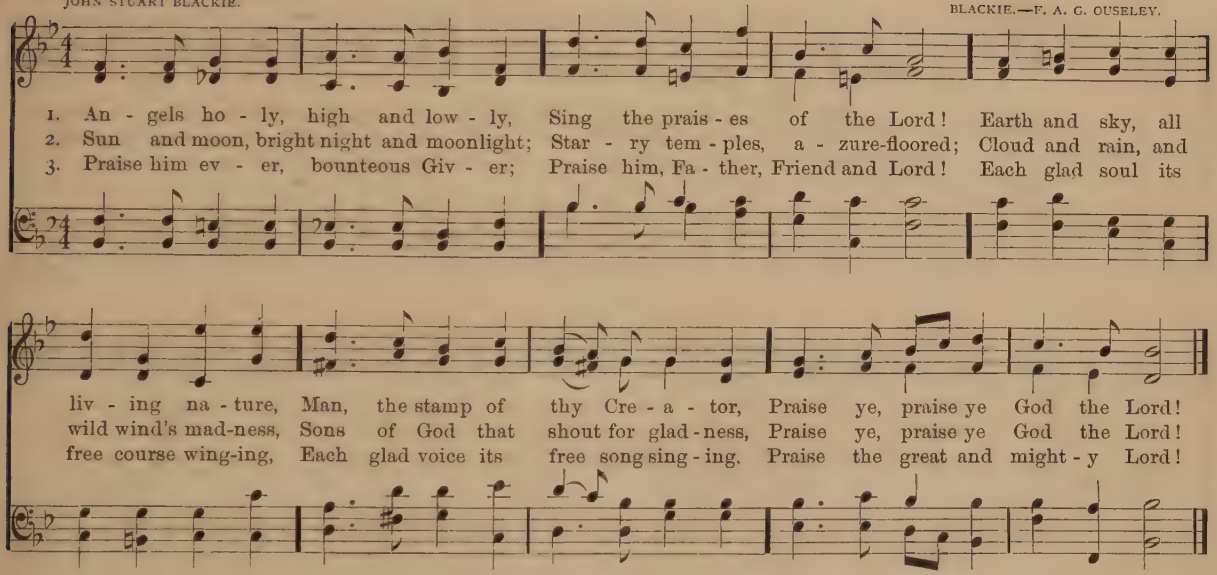
REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D.D.

GREEN PASTURES.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where thy flock are feed - ing; Where the pastures which they rove—Thou their footsteps leading?
2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat, Where at noon they rest them; Where at night their safe re - treat—Fold, where none molest them?
3. Strong is thy pro - tect - ing arm; Rich ly thou pro - vid - est; Feed - ing, rest - ing, kept from harm—Blest the flock thou guid-est.
4. Noon and night be my de-fence; Let no foe en snare me; Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—In thy bo - som bear me.

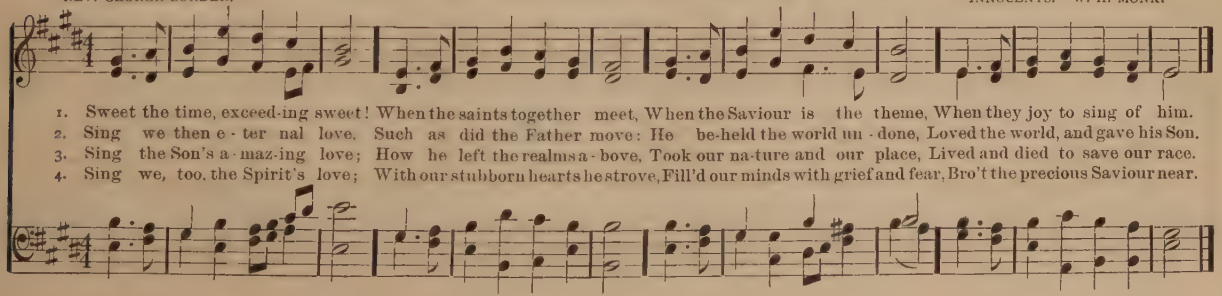
17 Angels holy, high and lowly.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE. BLACKIE.—F. A. G. OUSELEY.


1. An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all
2. Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight; Star - ry tem - ples, a - zure-floored; Cloud and rain, and
3. Praise him ev - er, bounteous Giv - er; Praise him, Fa - ther, Friend and Lord! Each glad soul its
liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
wild wind's mad-ness, Sons of God that shout for glad - ness, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
free course wing-ing, Each glad voice its free song sing - ing, Praise the great and might - y Lord!

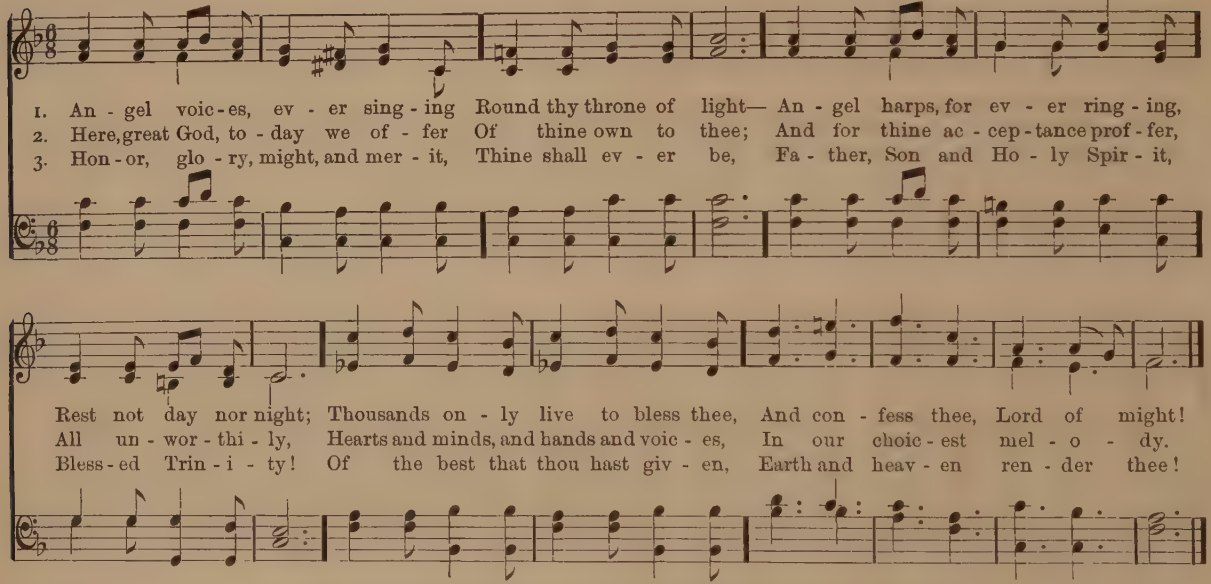
18 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet.

REV. GEORGE BURDER. INNOCENTS.—W. H. MONK.


1. Sweet the time, exceed-ing sweet! When the saints together meet, When the Saviour is the theme, When they joy to sing of him.
2. Sing we then e - ter nal love, Such as did the Father move: He be-held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave his Son.
3. Sing the Son's a - maz-ing love; How he left the realms a - bove, Took our na-ture and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
4. Sing we, too, the Spirit's love; With our stubborn hearts he strove, Fill'd our minds with grief and fear, Bro't the precious Saviour near.

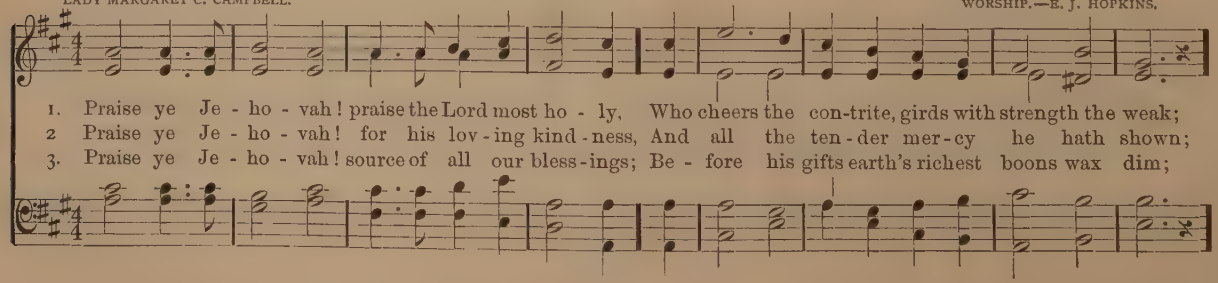
19 Angel voices, ever singing.

REV. FRANCIS POTT. ANGEL VOICES.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing,
2. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee; And for thine ac - cep - tance prof - fer,
3. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it,
Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!
All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.
Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! Of the best that thou hast giv - en, Earth and heav - en ren - der thee!

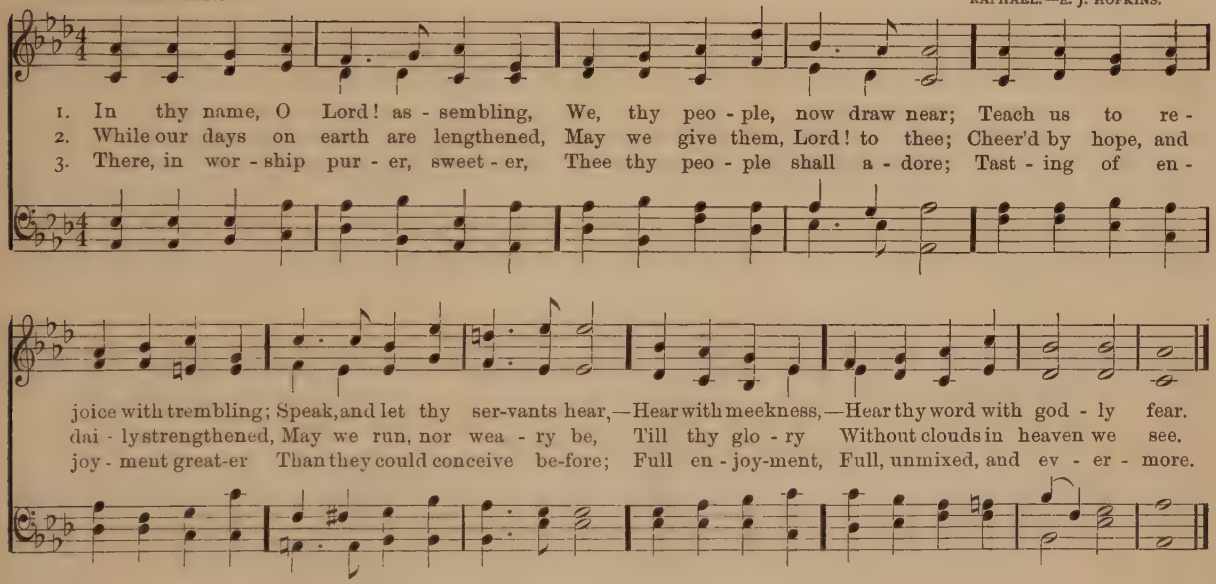
20 Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy.

LADY MARGARET C. CAMPBELL. WORSHIP.—E. J. HOPKINS.

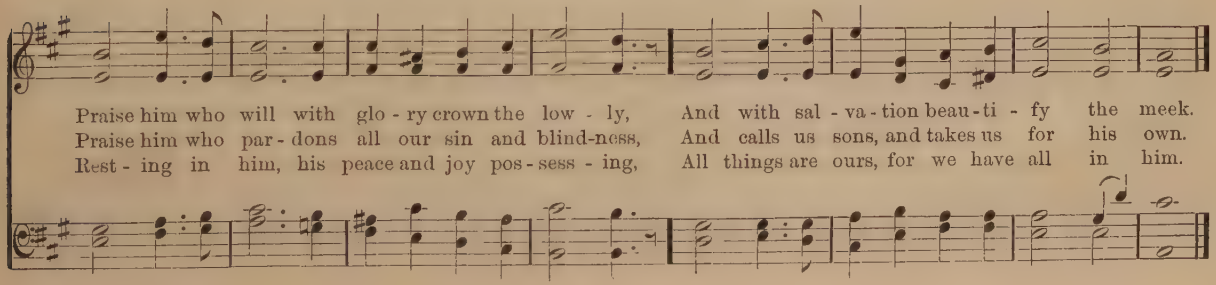

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the con-trite, girds with strength the weak;
2 Praise ye Je - ho - vah! for his lov - ing kind - ness, And all the ten - der mer - cy he hath shown;
3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! source of all our bless - ings; Be - fore his gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;

21 In thy name, O Lord! assembling.

REV. THOMAS KELLY. RAPHAEL.—E. J. HOPKINS.

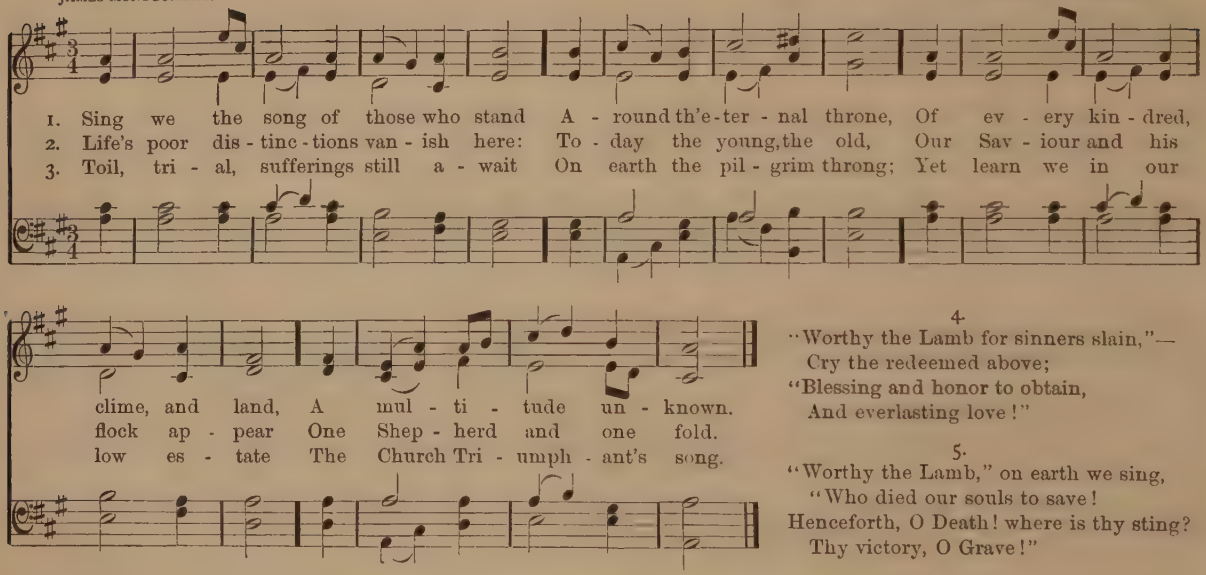

1. In thy name, O Lord! as - sembling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near; Teach us to re -
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord! to thee; Cheer'd by hope, and
3. There, in wor - ship pur - er, sweet - er, Thee thy peo - ple shall a - dore; Tast - ing of en -
joice with trembling; Speak, and let thy ser-vants hear,—Hear with meekness,—Hear thy word with god - ly fear.
dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be, Till thy glo - ry Without clouds in heaven we see.
joy - ment great-er Than they could conceive be-fore; Full en - joy-ment, Full, unmixed, and ev - er - more.

Praise ye Jehovah!—Concluded.


Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.
Praise him who par - dons all our sin and blind-ness, And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.
Rest - ing in him, his peace and joy pos - sess - ing, All things are ours, for we have all in him.

22 Sing we the song of those who stand.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. OAKSVILLE.—C. ZEUNER.

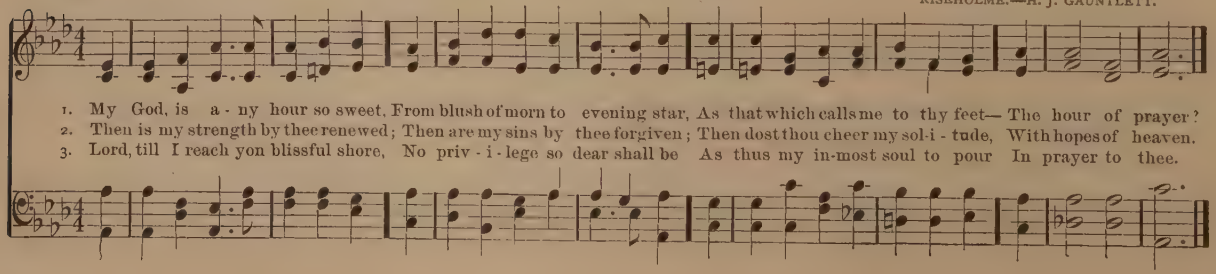

1. Sing we the song of those who stand A - round th'e - ter - nal throne, Of ev - ery kin - dred,
2. Life's poor dis - tinc - tions van - ish here: To - day the young, the old, Our Sav - iour and his
3. Toil, tri - al, sufferings still a - wait On earth the pil - grim throng; Yet learn we in our
clime, and land, A mul - ti - tude un - known.
flock ap - pear One Shep - herd and one fold.
low es - tate The Church Tri - umph - ant's song.

4.
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5.
"Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

23 My God, is any hour so sweet.

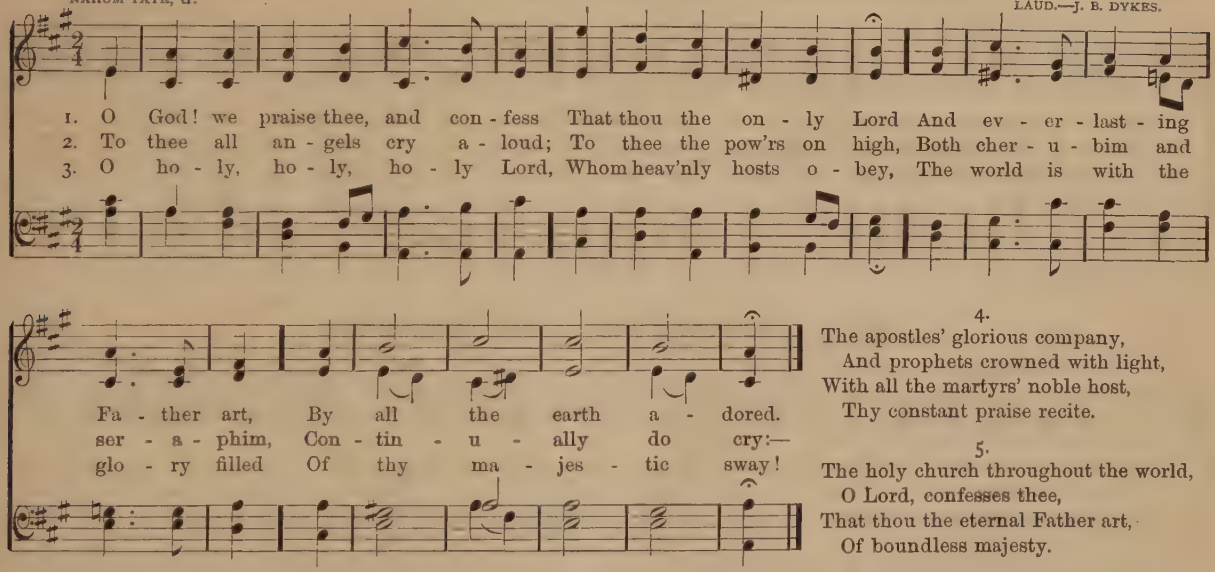
MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. RISEHOLME.—H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to thy feet— The hour of prayer?
2. Then is my strength by thee renewed; Then are my sins by thee forgiven; Then dost thou cheer my sol-i - tude, With hopes of heaven.
3. Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be As thus my in-most soul to pour In prayer to thee.

24 O God! we praise thee, and confess.

NAHUM TATE, tr.

LAUD.—J. B. DYKES.


1. O God! we praise thee, and con - fess That thou the on - ly Lord And ev - er - last - ing
2. To thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To thee the pow'rs on high, Both cher - u - bim and
3. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whom heav'nly hosts o - bey, The world is with the
Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.
ser - a - phim, Con - tin - u - ally do cry:—
glo - ry filled Of thy ma - jes - tic sway!

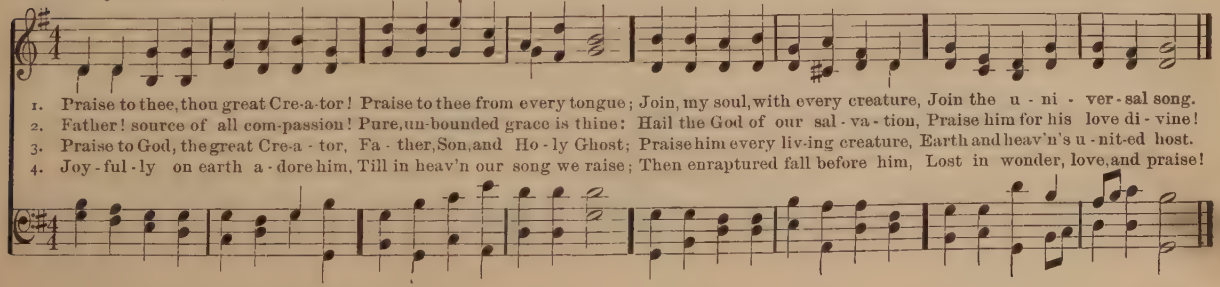
4.
The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5.
The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

25 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!

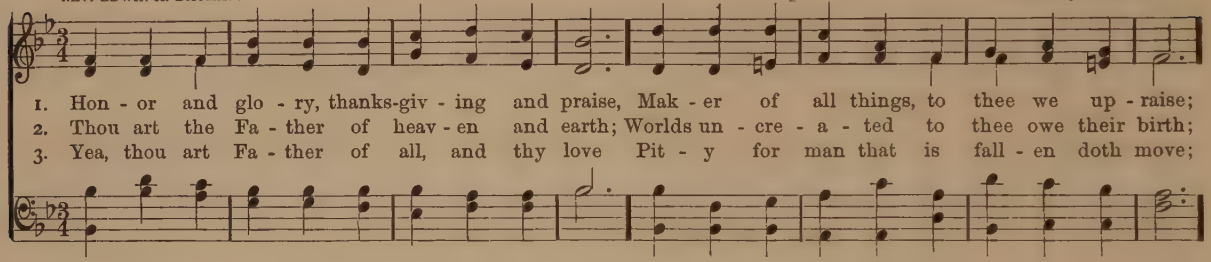
REV. JOHN FAWCETT, D.D.

STUTTGARD.—J. G. C. STORL.


1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a-tor! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
2. Father! source of all com-passion! Pure, un-bounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love di - vine!
3. Praise to God, the great Cre-a - tor, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost; Praise him every liv-ing creature, Earth and heav'n's u - nit-ed host.
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our song we raise; Then enraptured fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

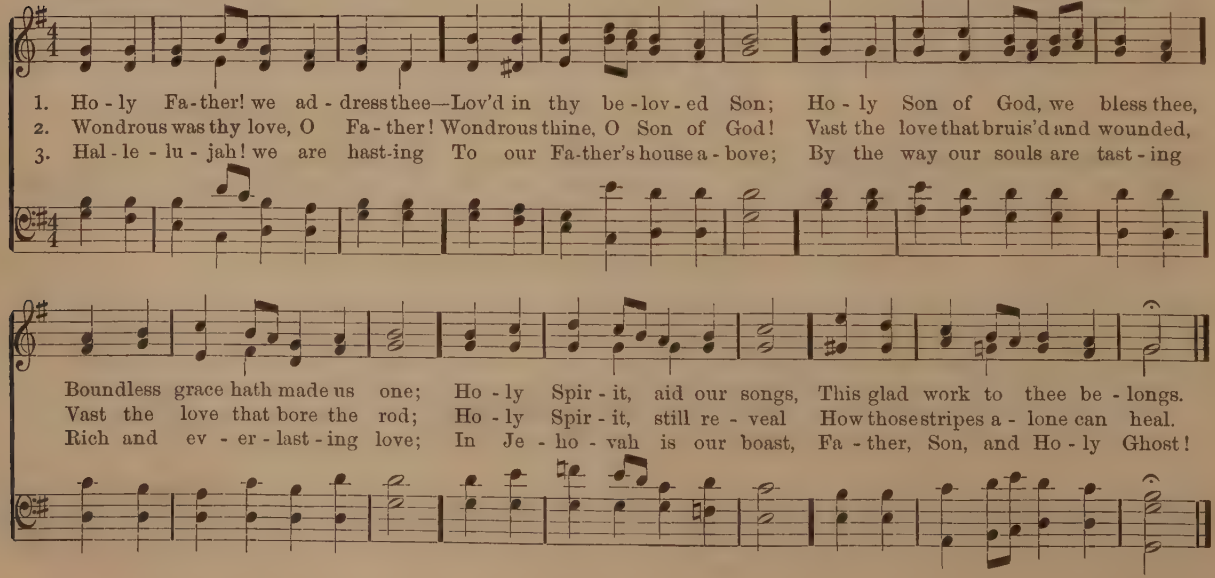
26 Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise.

REV. EDWIN A. DAYMAN. LEYDEN.—J. BARNBY.

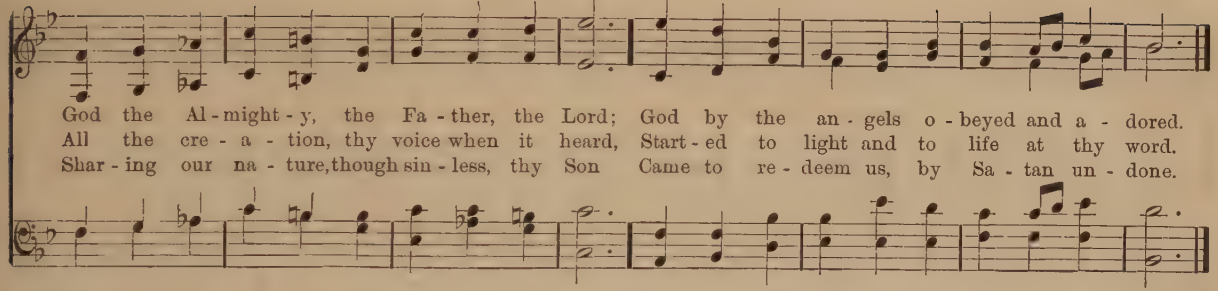

1. Hon - or and glo - ry, thanks-giv - ing and praise, Mak - er of all things, to thee we up - raise;
2. Thou art the Fa - ther of heav - en and earth; Worlds un - cre - a - ted to thee owe their birth;
3. Yea, thou art Fa - ther of all, and thy love Pit - y for man that is fall - en doth move;

27 Holy Father! we address thee.

MRS. MARY B. PETERS. MURIEL.—C. GOUNOD.

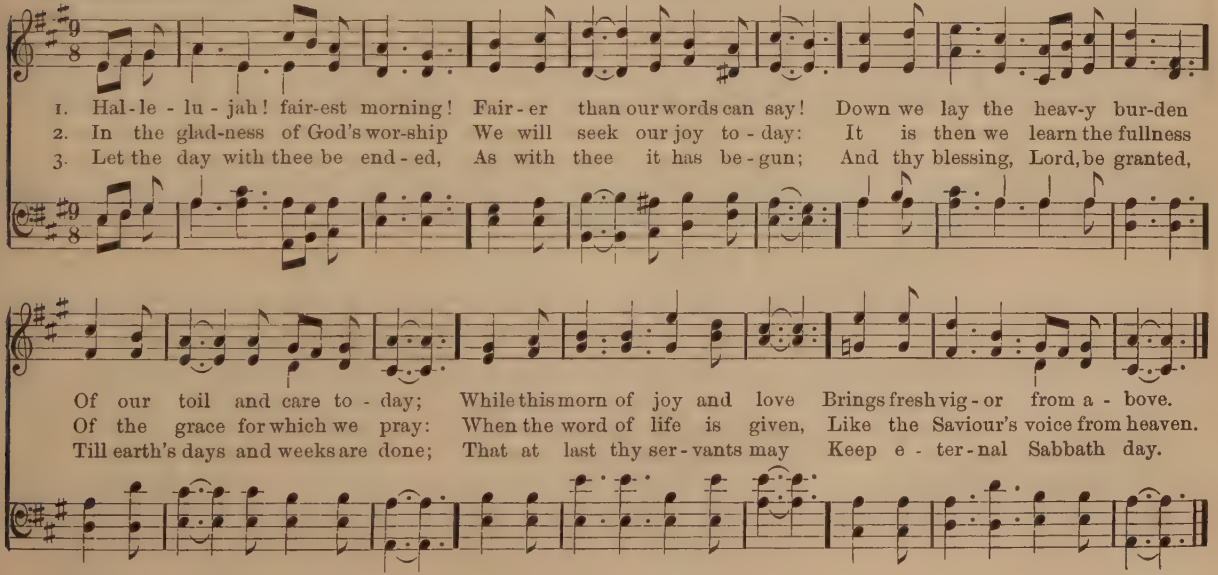

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther! we ad - dress thee—Lov'd in thy be - lov - ed Son; Ho - ly Son of God, we bless thee,
2. Wondrous was thy love, O Fa - ther! Wondrous thine, O Son of God! Vast the love that bruis'd and wounded,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are hast-ing To our Fa-ther's house a - bove; By the way our souls are tast - ing
Boundless grace hath made us one; Ho - ly Spir - it, aid our songs, This glad work to thee be - longs.
Vast the love that bore the rod; Ho - ly Spir - it, still re - veal How those stripes a - lone can heal.
Rich and ev - er - last - ing love; In Je - ho - vah is our boast, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Honor and glory.—Concluded.


God the Al-might-y, the Fa-ther, the Lord; God by the an-gels o-beyed and a-dored.
All the cre-a-tion, thy voice when it heard, Start-ed to light and to life at thy word.
Shar-ing our na-ture, though sin-less, thy Son Came to re-deem us, by Sa-tan un-done.

28 Hallelujah! fairest morning!

MISS JANE BORTHWICK, tr. CHEER.—W. F. SHERWIN.

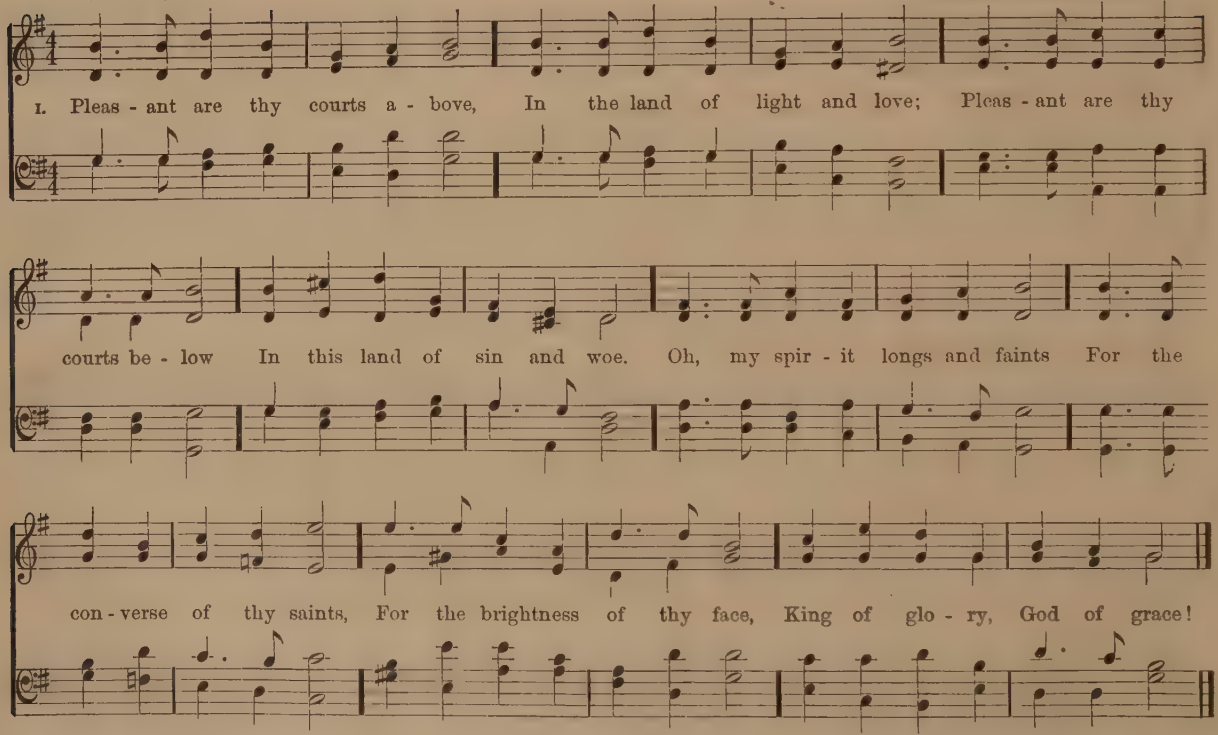

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! fair-est morning! Fair-er than our words can say! Down we lay the heav-y bur-den
2. In the glad-ness of God's wor-ship We will seek our joy to-day: It is then we learn the fullness
3. Let the day with thee be end-ed, As with thee it has be-gun; And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Of our toil and care to-day; While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig-or from a-bove.
Of the grace for which we pray: When the word of life is given, Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.
Till earth's days and weeks are done; That at last thy ser-vants may Keep e-ter-nal Sabbath day.

29

Pleasant are thy courts above.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE.

ST. GEORGE.—GEORGE J. ELVEY.


1. Pleas - ant are thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas - ant are thy
courts be - low In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the
con - verse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace!

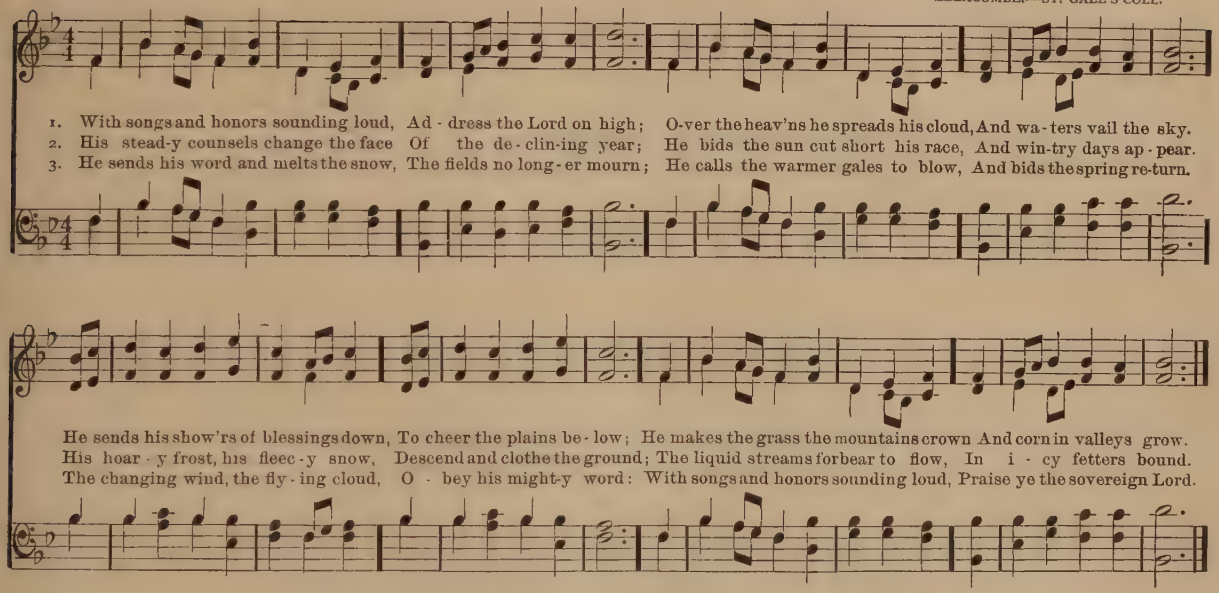
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

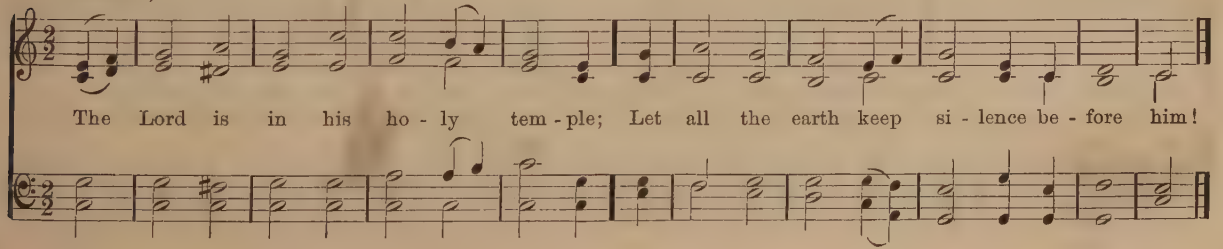
30 With songs and honors sounding loud.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. ELLACOMBE.—ST. GALL'S COLL.


1. With songs and honors sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O-ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters vail the sky.
2. His stead-y counsels change the face Of the de - clin-ing year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And win-try days ap - pear.
3. He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no long - er mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring re-turn.
He sends his show'rs of blessings down, To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown And corn in valleys grow.
His hoar - y frost, his fleec - y snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fetters bound.
The changing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might-y word: With songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

31 The Lord is in his holy temple.

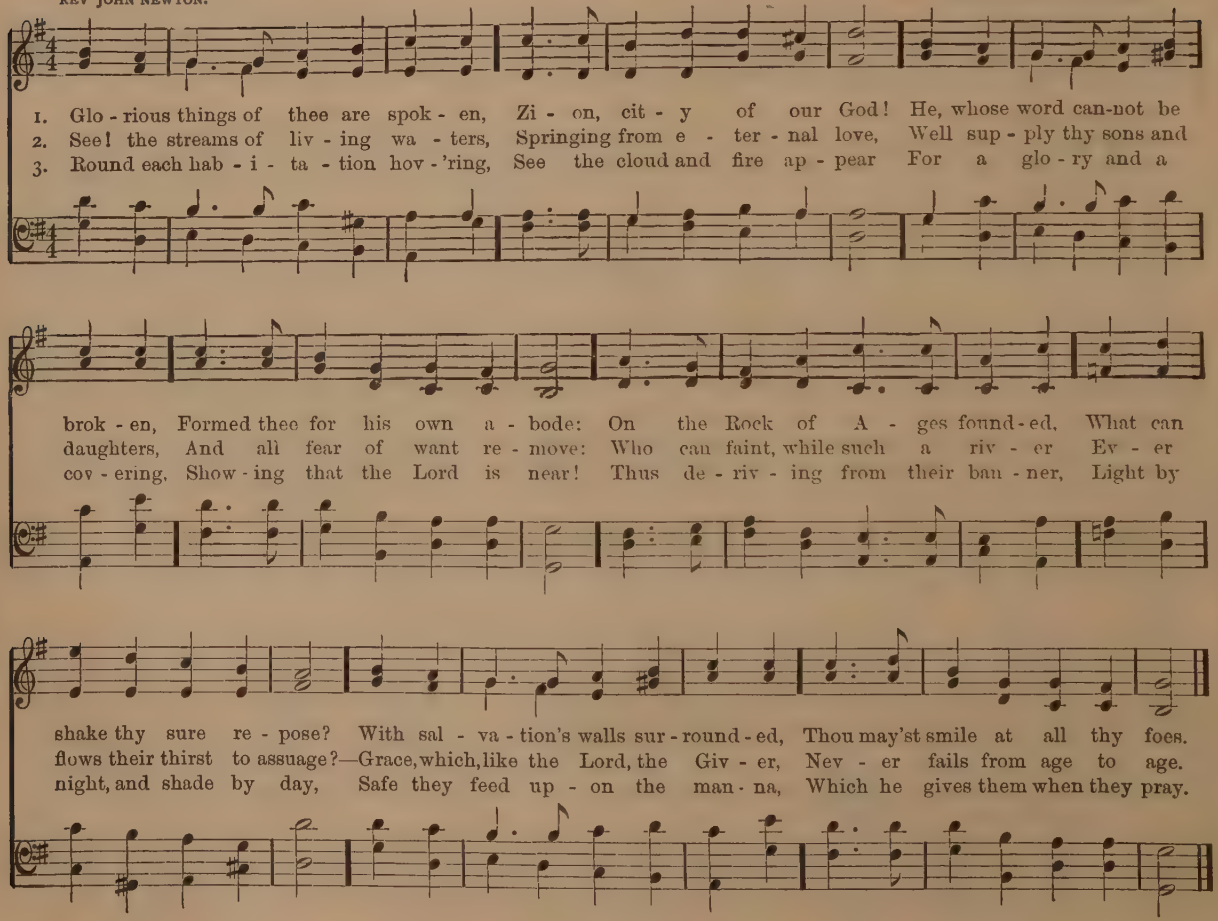
HABAKKUK, 2 : 20. W. F. SHERWIN.



Glorious things of thee are spoken.

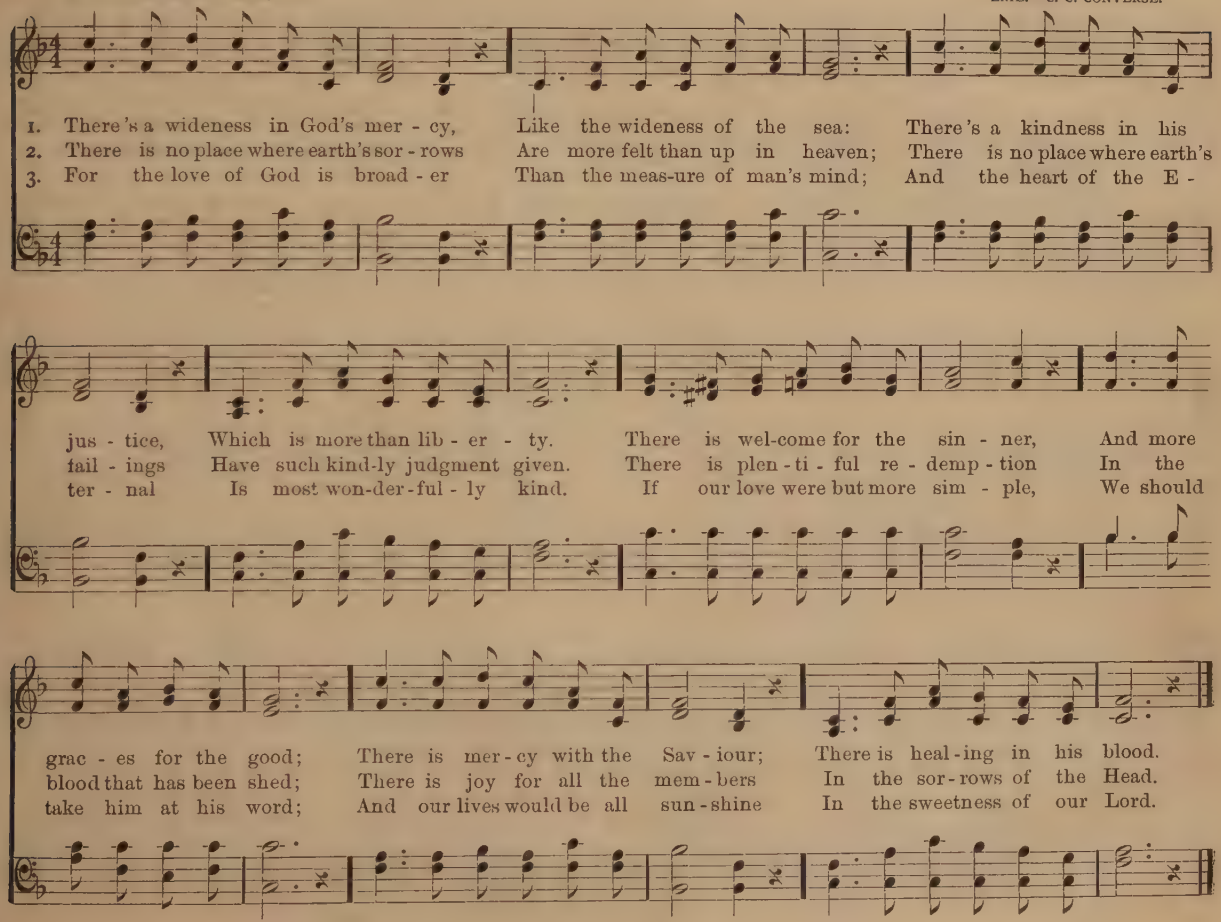
REV JOHN NEWTON.

FORMOSA.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can-not be
2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear For a glo - ry and a
brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can
daughters, And all fear of want re - move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er
cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near! Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by
shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
flows their thirst to assuage?—Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
night, and shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which he gives them when they pray.

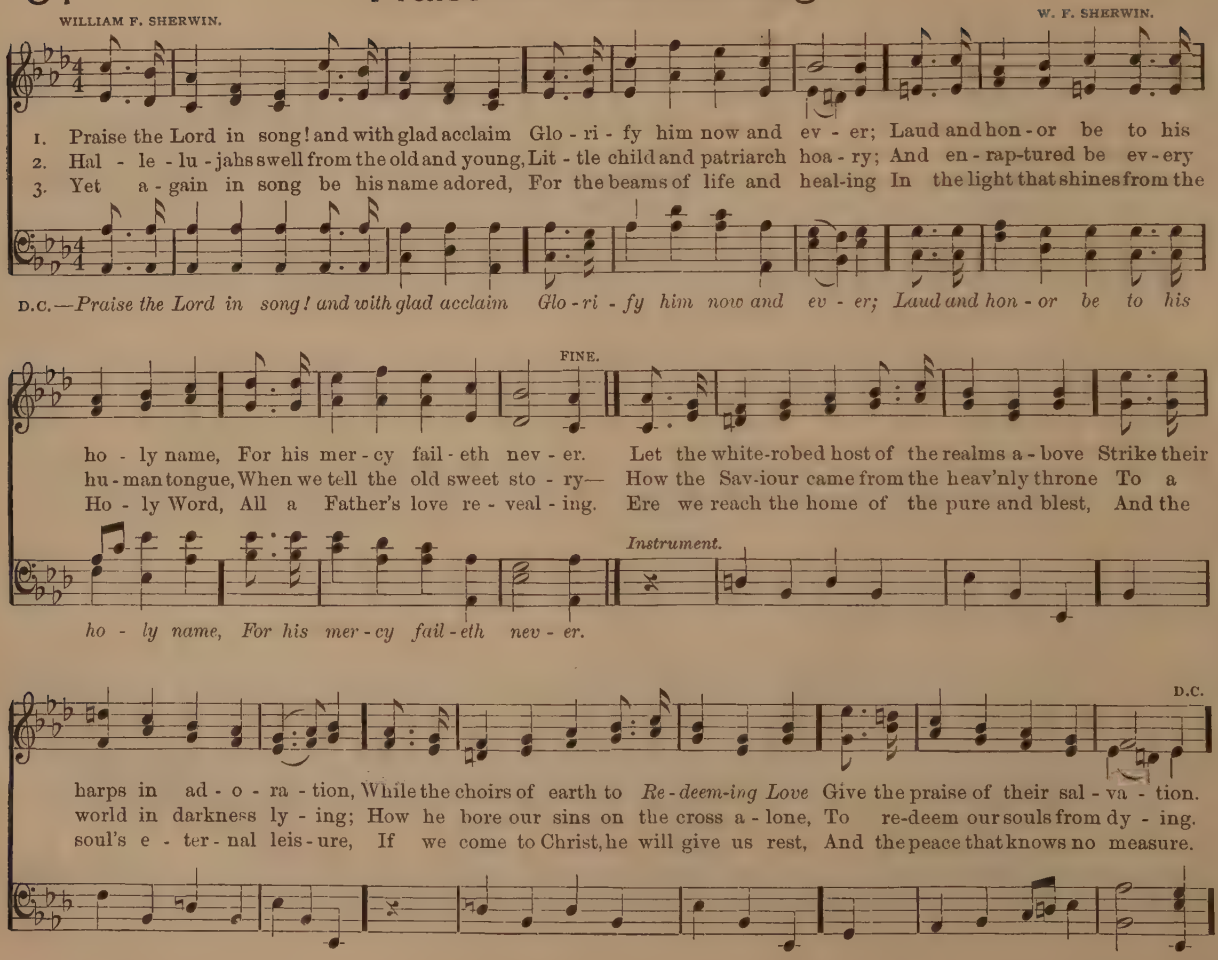
33 There's a wideness in God's mercy.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D. ERIE.—C. C. CONVERSE.


1. There's a wideness in God's mer - cy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in his
2. There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in heaven; There is no place where earth's
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind; And the heart of the E -
jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more
fail - ings Have such kind-ly judgment given. There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion In the
ter - nal Is most won-der-ful - ly kind. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should
grac - es for the good; There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in his blood.
blood that has been shed; There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
take him at his word; And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

Praise the Lord in song!

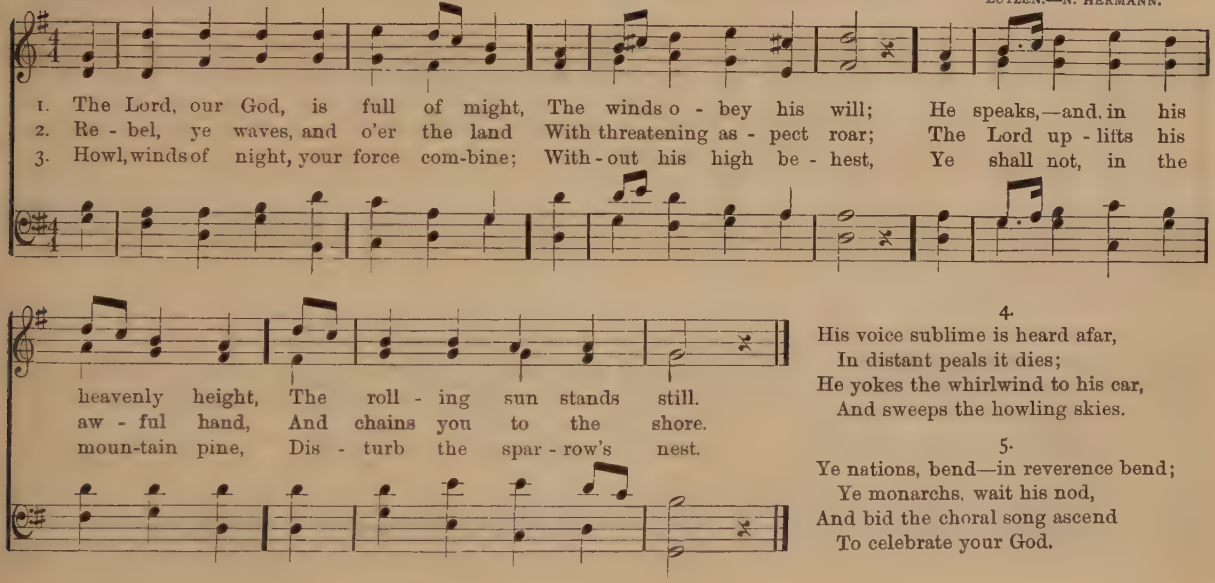
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim Glo - ri - fy him now and ev - er; Laud and hon - or be to his
2. Hal - le - lu - jahs swell from the old and young, Lit - tle child and patriarch hoa - ry; And en - rap-tured be ev - ery
3. Yet a - gain in song be his name adored, For the beams of life and heal-ing In the light that shines from the
D.C.—Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim Glo - ri - fy him now and ev - er; Laud and hon - or be to his
FINE.
ho - ly name, For his mer - cy fail - eth nev - er. Let the white-robed host of the realms a - bove Strike their
hu - man tongue, When we tell the old sweet sto - ry— How the Sav-iour came from the heav'nly throne To a
Ho - ly Word, All a Father's love re - veal - ing. Ere we reach the home of the pure and blest, And the
Instrument.
ho - ly name, For his mer - cy fail - eth nev - er.
D.C.
harps in ad - o - ra - tion, While the choirs of earth to Re-deem-ing Love Give the praise of their sal - va - tion.
world in darkness ly - ing; How he bore our sins on the cross a - lone, To re-deem our souls from dy - ing.
soul's e - ter - nal leis - ure, If we come to Christ, he will give us rest, And the peace that knows no measure.

35 The Lord, our God, is full of might.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LUTZEN.—N. HERMANN.


1. The Lord, our God, is full of might, The winds o - bey his will; He speaks,—and, in his
2. Re - bel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening as - pect roar; The Lord up - lifts his
3. Howl, winds of night, your force com-bine; With - out his high be - hest, Ye shall not, in the
heavenly height, The roll - ing sun stands still.
aw - ful hand, And chains you to the shore.
moun-tain pine, Dis - turb the spar - row's nest.

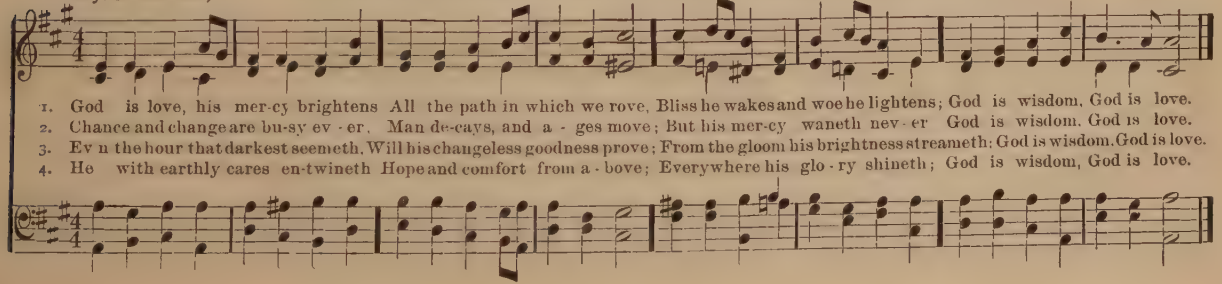
4.
His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5.
Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

36 God is love, his mercy brightens.

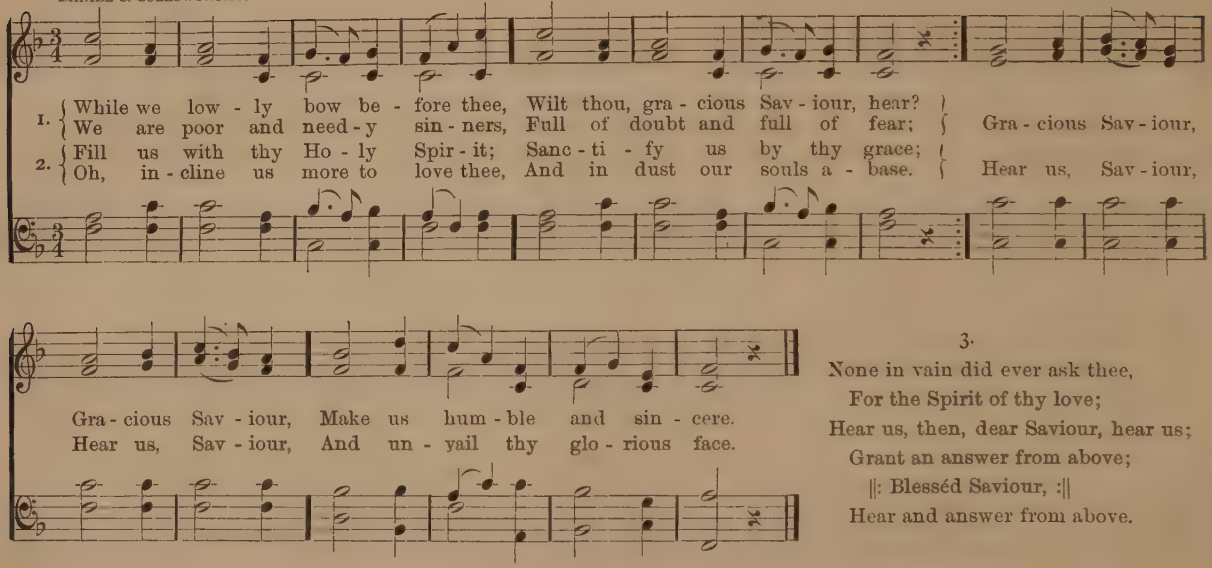
SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.

CARTER.—E. S. CARTER.


1. God is love, his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove, Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev - er, Man de-cays, and a - ges move; But his mer-cy waneth nev - er God is wisdom, God is love.
3. Ev n the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.
4. He with earthly cares en-twineth Hope and comfort from a - bove; Everywhere his glo - ry shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.

37 While we lowly bow before thee.

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY. ALVAN.—L. MASON.

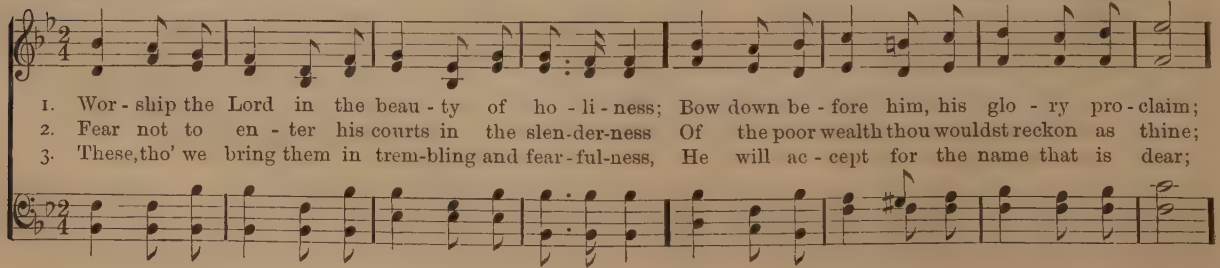

1. While we low - ly bow be - fore thee, Wilt thou, gra - cious Sav - iour, hear?
We are poor and need - y sin - ners, Full of doubt and full of fear; Gra - cious Sav - iour,
2. Fill us with thy Ho - ly Spir - it; Sanc - ti - fy us by thy grace;
Oh, in - cline us more to love thee, And in dust our souls a - base. Hear us, Sav - iour,
Gra - cious Sav - iour, Make us hum - ble and sin - cere.
Hear us, Sav - iour, And un - vail thy glo - rious face.

3.

None in vain did ever ask thee,
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
‖: Blesséd Saviour, :‖
Hear and answer from above.

38 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. MONSELL.—W. F. SHERWIN.

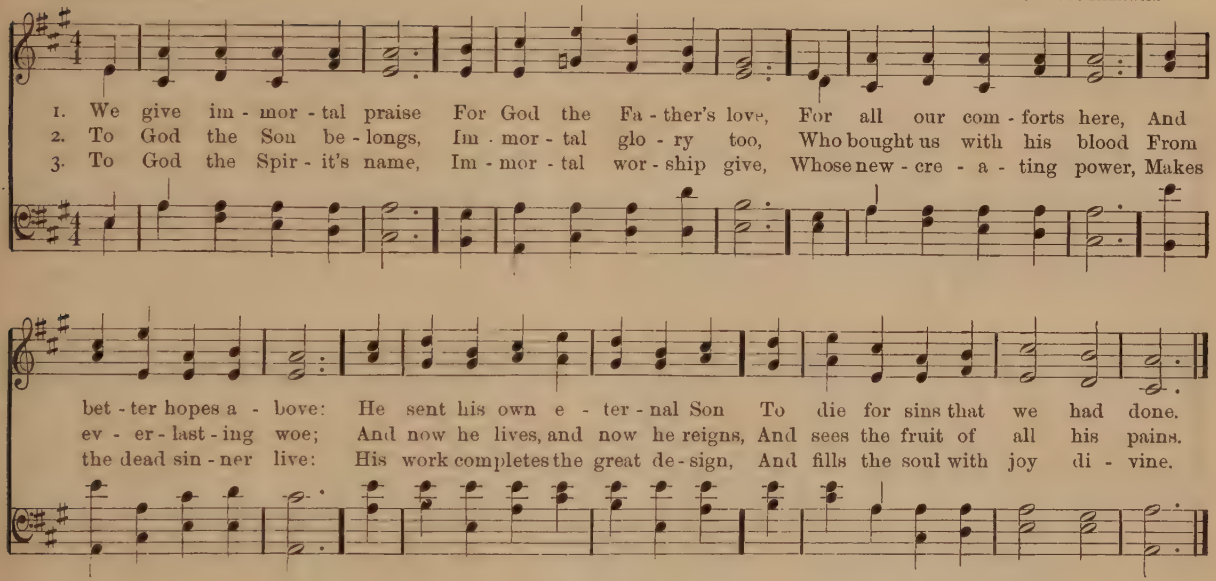

1. Wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness; Bow down be - fore him, his glo - ry pro - claim;
2. Fear not to en - ter his courts in the slen-der-ness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
3. These, tho' we bring them in trem-bling and fear - ful-ness, He will ac - cept for the name that is dear;

39

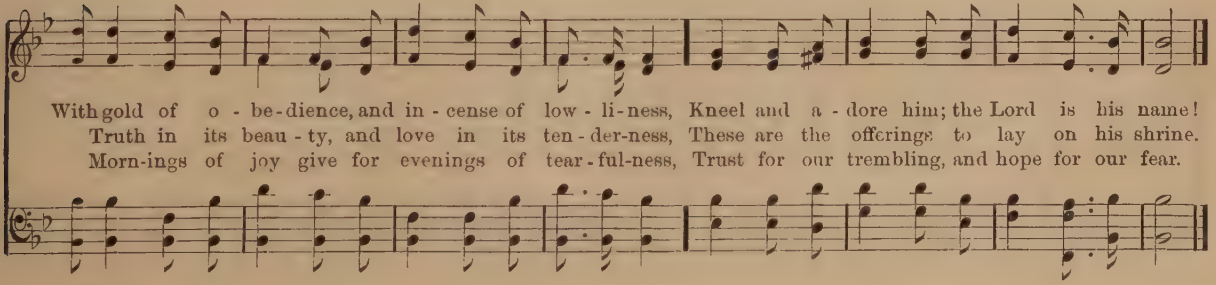
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

We give immortal praise.

DULEET.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Fa - ther's love, For all our com - forts here, And
2. To God the Son be - longs, Im - mor - tal glo - ry too, Who bought us with his blood From
3. To God the Spir - it's name, Im - mor - tal wor - ship give, Whose new - cre - a - ting power, Makes
bet - ter hopes a - bove: He sent his own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins that we had done.
ev - er - last - ing woe; And now he lives, and now he reigns, And sees the fruit of all his pains.
the dead sin - ner live: His work completes the great de - sign, And fills the soul with joy di - vine.

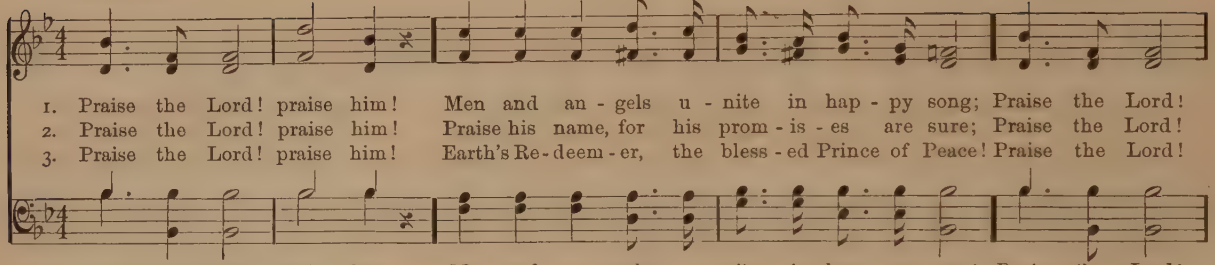
Worship the Lord.—Concluded.

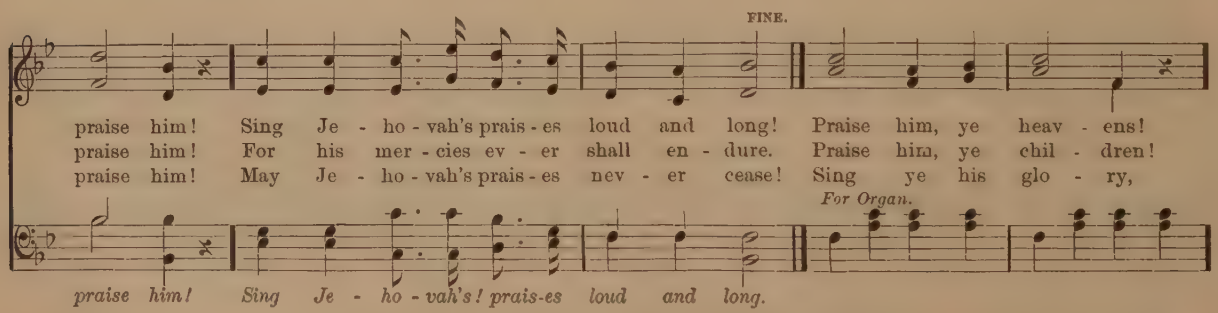

With gold of o - be - dience, and in - cense of low - li - ness, Kneel and a - dore him; the Lord is his name!
Truth in its beau - ty, and love in its ten - der - ness, These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.
Morn - ings of joy give for evenings of tear - ful - ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

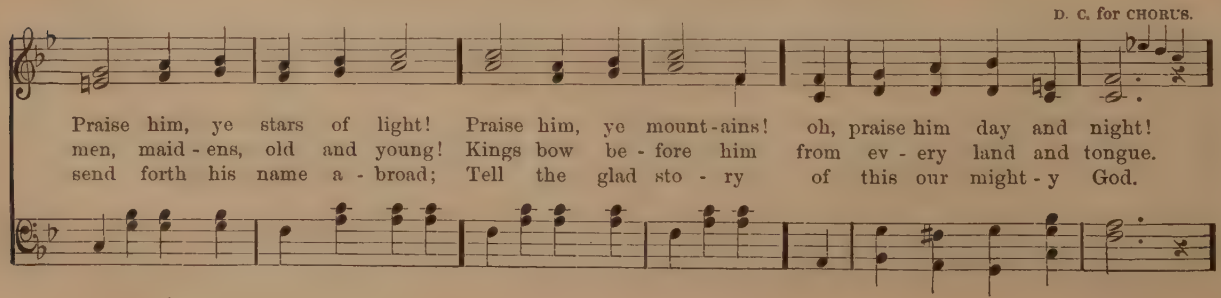
Praise the Lord! praise him!

J. R MURRAY.

J. R. MURRAY.


1. Praise the Lord! praise him! Men and an - gels u - nite in hap - py song; Praise the Lord!
2. Praise the Lord! praise him! Praise his name, for his prom - is - es are sure; Praise the Lord!
3. Praise the Lord! praise him! Earth's Re - deem - er, the bless - ed Prince of Peace! Praise the Lord!
D.C.—Praise the Lord! praise him! Men and an - gels u - nite in hap - py song! Praise the Lord!

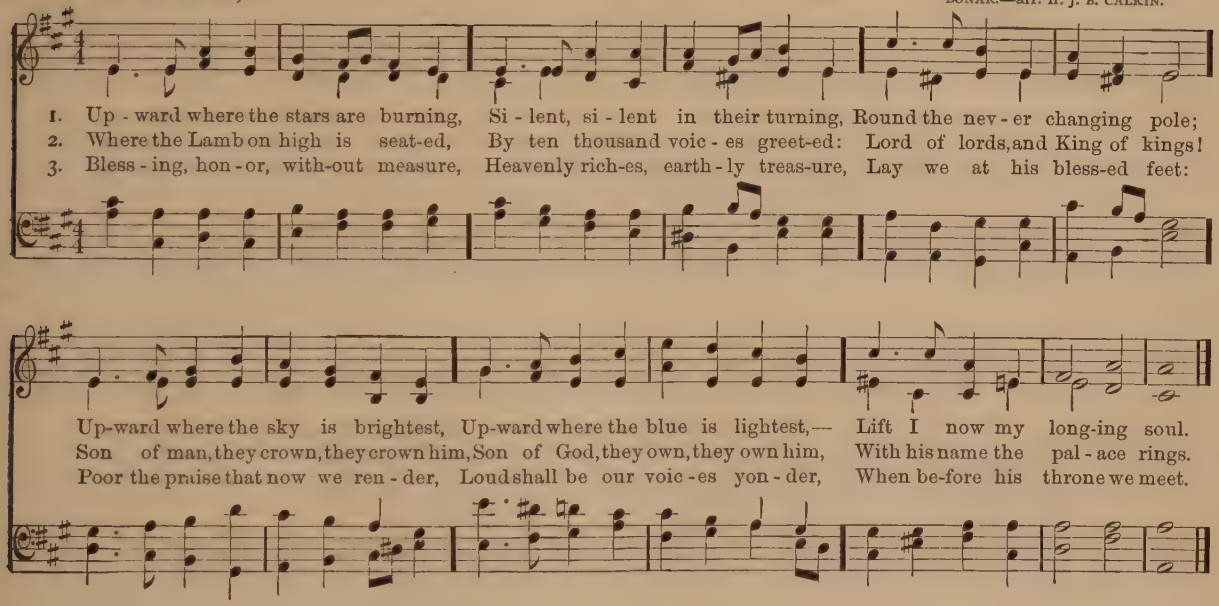

FINE.
praise him! Sing Je - ho - vah's prais - es loud and long! Praise him, ye heav - ens!
praise him! For his mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure. Praise him, ye chil - dren!
praise him! May Je - ho - vah's prais - es nev - er cease! Sing ye his glo - ry,
For Organ.
praise him! Sing Je - ho - vah's! prais-es loud and long.


D. C. for CHORUS.
Praise him, ye stars of light! Praise him, ye mount - ains! oh, praise him day and night!
men, maid - ens, old and young! Kings bow be - fore him from ev - ery land and tongue.
send forth his name a - broad; Tell the glad sto - ry of this our might - y God.

41 Upward where the stars are burning.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

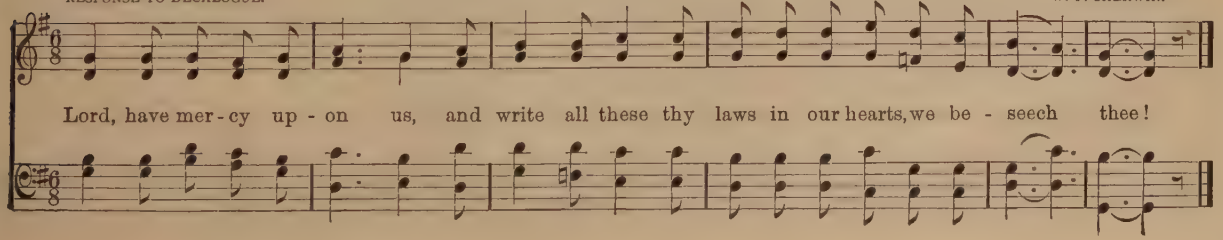
BONAR.—arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN.


1. Up - ward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si - lent in their turning, Round the nev - er changing pole;
2. Where the Lamb on high is seat-ed, By ten thousand voic - es greet-ed: Lord of lords, and King of kings!
3. Bless - ing, hon - or, with-out measure, Heavenly rich-es, earth - ly treas-ure, Lay we at his bless-ed feet:
Up-ward where the sky is brightest, Up-ward where the blue is lightest,— Lift I now my long-ing soul.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him, Son of God, they own, they own him, With his name the pal - ace rings.
Poor the praise that now we ren - der, Loud shall be our voic - es yon - der, When be-fore his throne we meet.

42 Lord, have mercy upon us.

RESPONSE TO DECALOGUE.

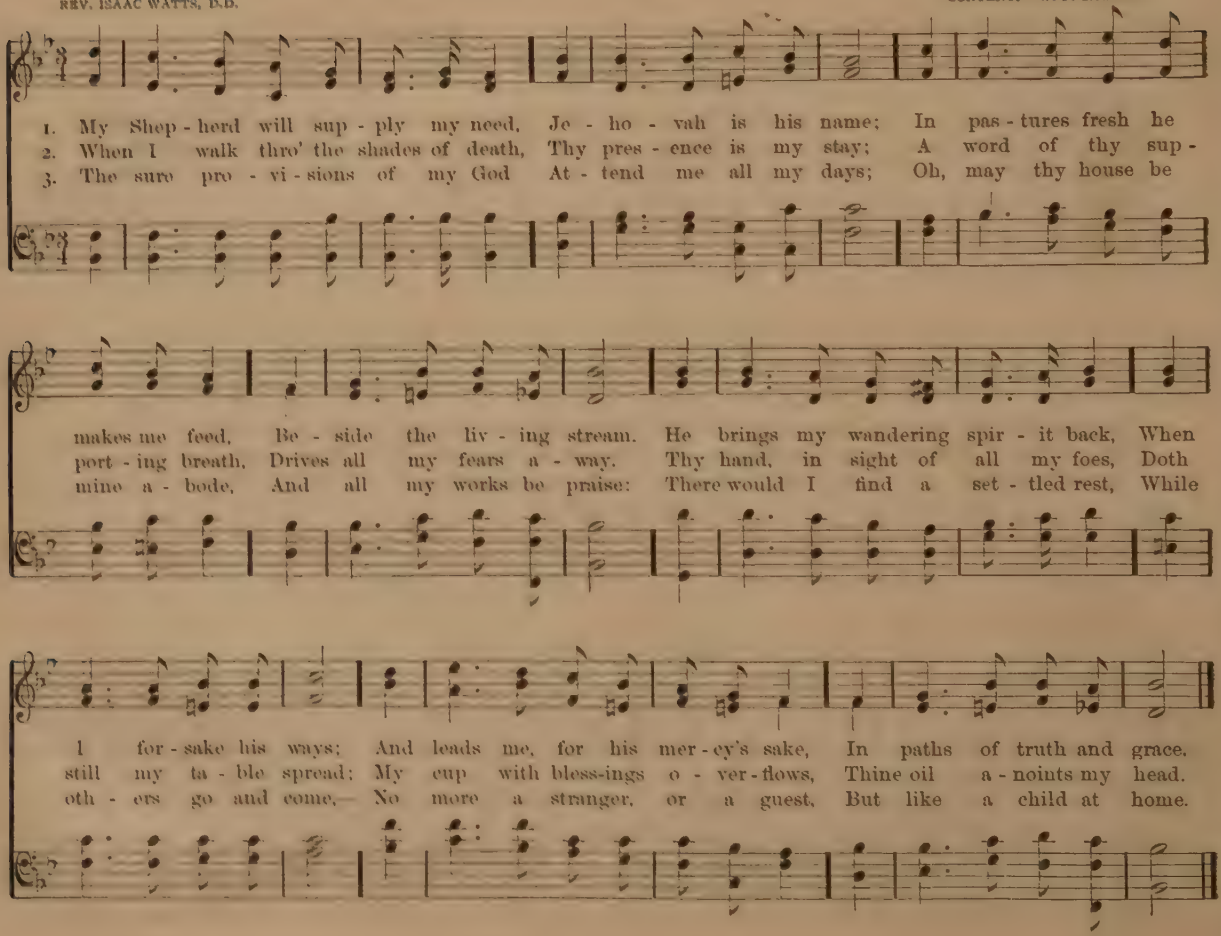
W. F. SHERWIN.



My Shepherd will supply my need.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

CONTENT.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh he
2. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay; A word of thy sup -
3. The sure pro - vi - sions of my God At - tend me all my days; Oh, may thy house be
makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wandering spir - it back, When
port - ing breath, Drives all my fears a - way. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth
mine a - bode, And all my works be praise: There would I find a set - tled rest, While
I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
still my ta - ble spread; My cup with bless-ings o - ver - flows, Thine oil a - noints my head.
oth - ers go and come,— No more a stranger, or a guest, But like a child at home.

Sweetly dawns the Sabbath morning.

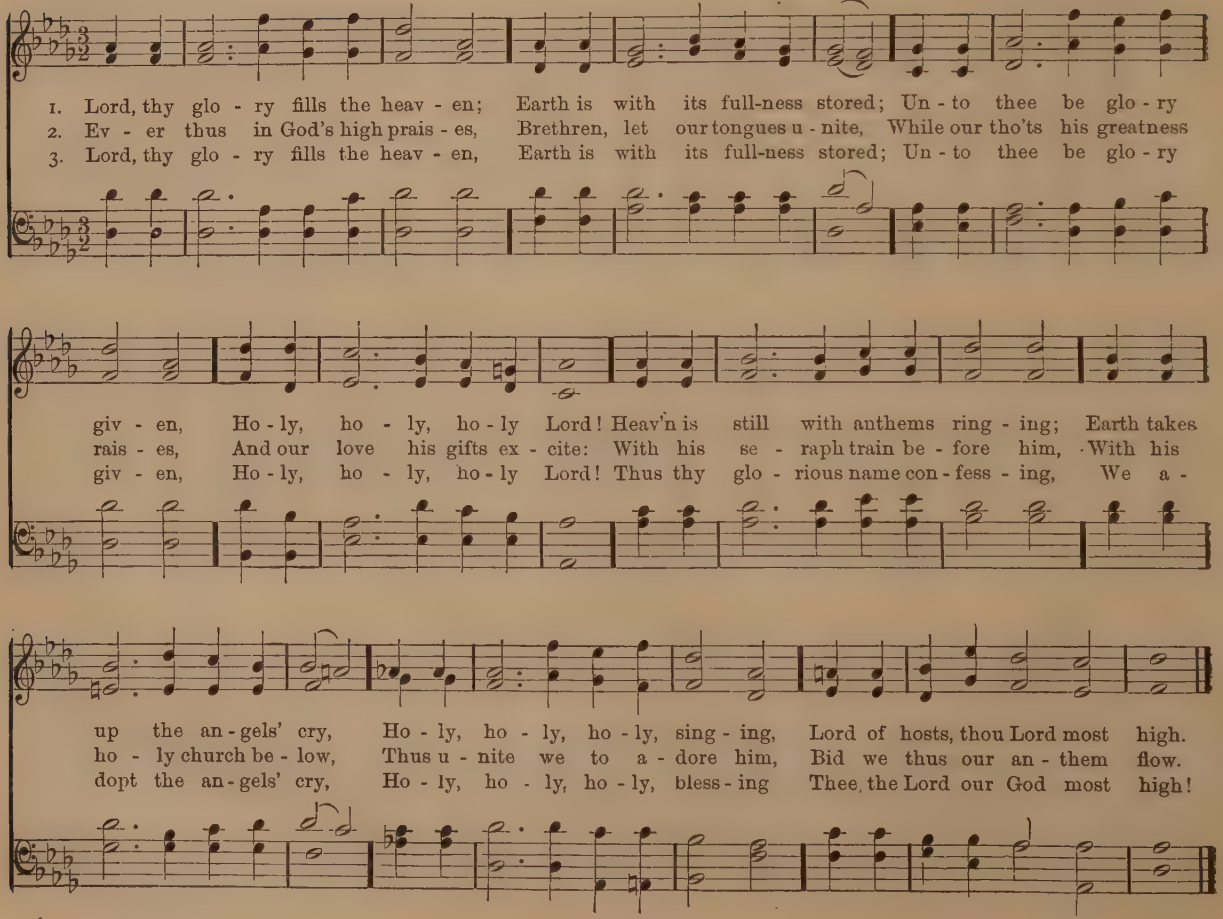
REV. DR. STEPHENSON. GEBHARDT.—arr. by A. RHODES.

1. Sweetly dawns the Sabbath morning On the world, so full of care; Bid-ding man for - get his
2. 'Tis the day when man's Re-deem-er Rose tri - umph-ant o'er the grave; Seal-ing thus his work com -
3. 'Tis the day whose rest and gladness Show what all my life should be; Yielding all by faith to
4. 'Tis the day whose calm, so ho - ly, Shadows forth the bet-ter rest, Where the crown-ed saints are
la - bor, Call-ing to the house of prayer. Oh, sweet and strong, his saints a - mong, We sing to
plet - ed, Tell-ing thus his power to save. Then loud and long, to Christ so strong To save the
Je - sus, Finding Je - sus all in me. Oh, how I long, in Christ made strong, To sing each
sing - ing With their Lord, su - preme-ly blest. 'T will not be long till 'mid that throng We sing th'e -
God our Sab-bath song, Our Sab - bath song, Our Sabbath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.
lost, we raise our song, Our Sab - bath song, Our Sabbath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.
day faith's Sab-bath song, Faith's Sabbath song, Faith's Sabbath song, I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.
ter - nal Sab-bath song Heav'n's Sabbath song, Heav'n's Sabbath song, We'll sing th'e - ter - nal Sabbath song.

45 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven.

REV. RICHARD MANT, D.D.

FABEN.—J. H. WILLCOX.


1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stored; Un - to thee be glo - ry
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es, Brethren, let our tongues u - nite, While our tho'ts his greatness
3. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its full-ness stored; Un - to thee be glo - ry
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heav'n is still with anthems ring - ing; Earth takes
rais - es, And our love his gifts ex - cite: With his se - raph train be - fore him, With his
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Thus thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a -
up the an - gels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
ho - ly church be - low, Thus u - nite we to a - dore him, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
dopt the an - gels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

46 A prayer to thee we lift, dear Lord.

EMMELAR.—FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

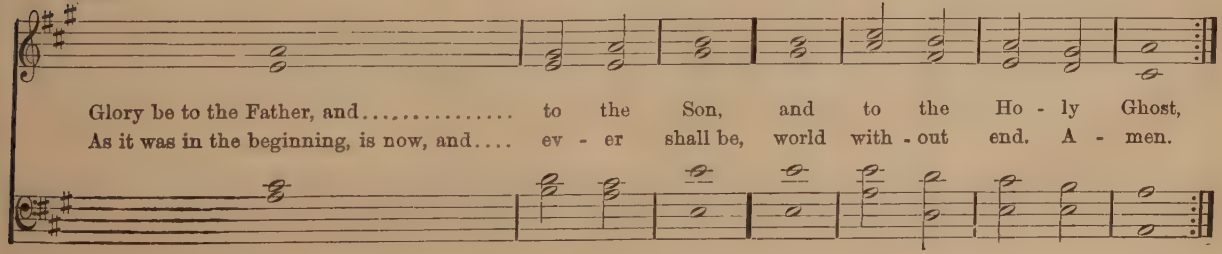
LEWIS.—EMMELAR.

(Before the lesson.) A prayer to thee we lift, dear Lord, Ere we shall list - en to thy Word; The truth thy
(After the lesson.) Our Fa - ther, thro' each com - ing day, Watch o'er our ev - ery step, we pray; And may thy
Spir - it brings from thee Help us to stu - dy pa - tient - ly: For Je - sus' sake, A - men.
Spir - it hide the Word Deep in our will - ing hearts, O Lord: For Je - sus' sake, A - men.

47 Glory be to the Father.

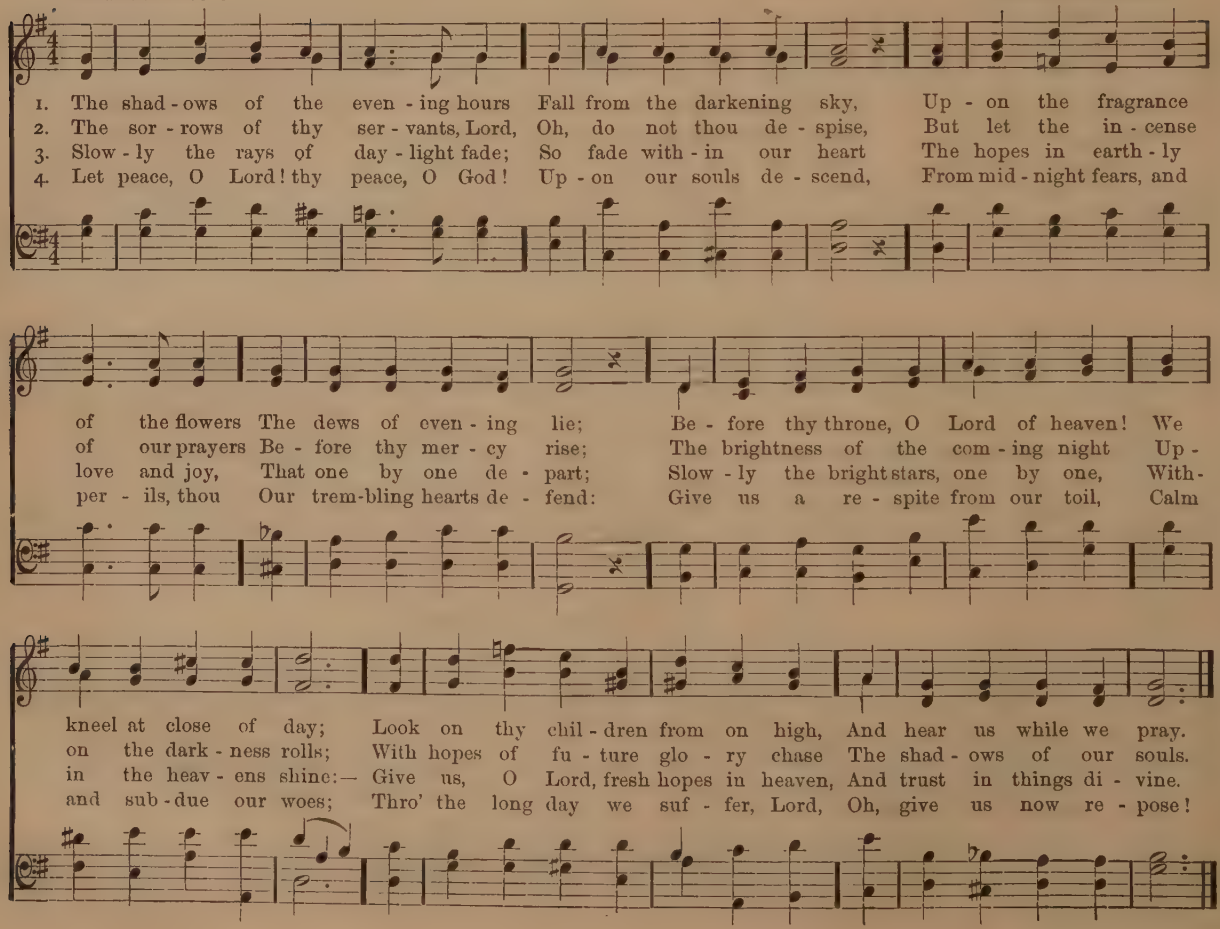
NICENE.

GLORIA PATRI.—W. F. SHERWIN.


Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and.... ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

The shadows of the evening hours.

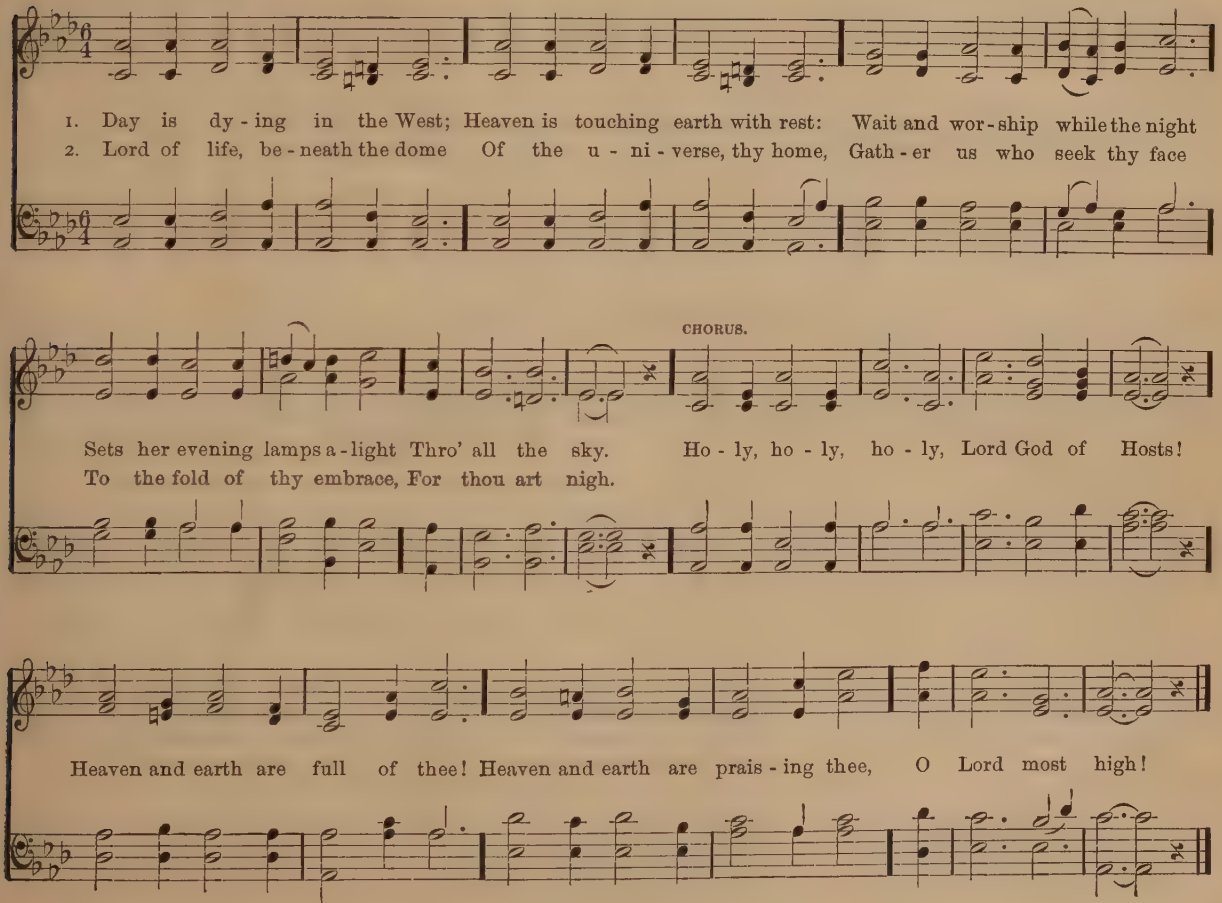
MISS ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. LEONARD.—H. HILES.


1. The shad - ows of the even - ing hours Fall from the darkening sky, Up - on the fragrance
2. The sor - rows of thy ser - vants, Lord, Oh, do not thou de - spise, But let the in - cense
3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in our heart The hopes in earth - ly
4. Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God! Up - on our souls de - scend, From mid - night fears, and
of the flowers The dews of even - ing lie; Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heaven! We
of our prayers Be - fore thy mer - cy rise; The brightness of the com - ing night Up -
love and joy, That one by one de - part; Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With -
per - ils, thou Our trem-bling hearts de - fend: Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm
kneel at close of day; Look on thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
on the dark - ness rolls; With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad - ows of our souls.
in the heav - ens shine:— Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.
and sub - due our woes; Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord, Oh, give us now re - pose!

Day is dying in the West.

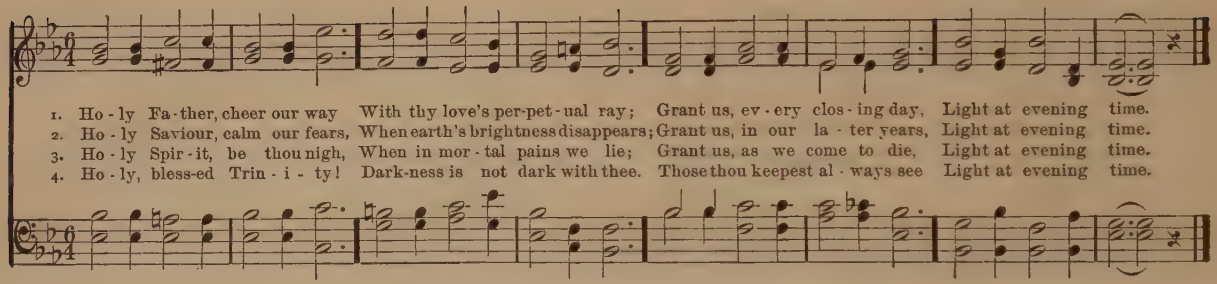
MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

EVENING PRAISE.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heaven is touching earth with rest: Wait and wor - ship while the night
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, thy home, Gath - er us who seek thy face
CHORUS.
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts!
To the fold of thy embrace, For thou art nigh.
Heaven and earth are full of thee! Heaven and earth are prais - ing thee, O Lord most high!

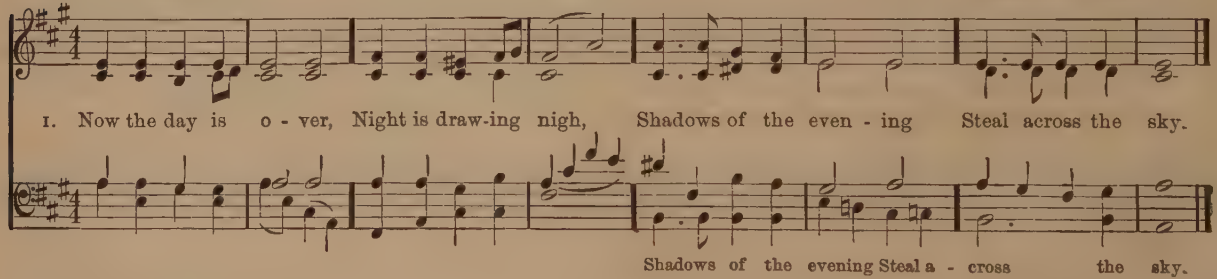
50 Holy Father, cheer our way.

REV. RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON. NELLINE.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With thy love's per-pet - ual ray; Grant us, ev - ery clos - ing day, Light at evening time.
2. Ho - ly Saviour, calm our fears, When earth's brightness disappears; Grant us, in our la - ter years, Light at evening time.
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, be thou nigh, When in mor - tal pains we lie; Grant us, as we come to die, Light at evening time.
4. Ho - ly, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! Dark-ness is not dark with thee. Those thou keepest al - ways see Light at evening time.

51 Now the day is over.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. EMMELAR.—J. BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shadows of the even - ing Steal across the sky.
Shadows of the evening Steal a - cross the sky.

2.
Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3.
Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4.
Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5.
Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

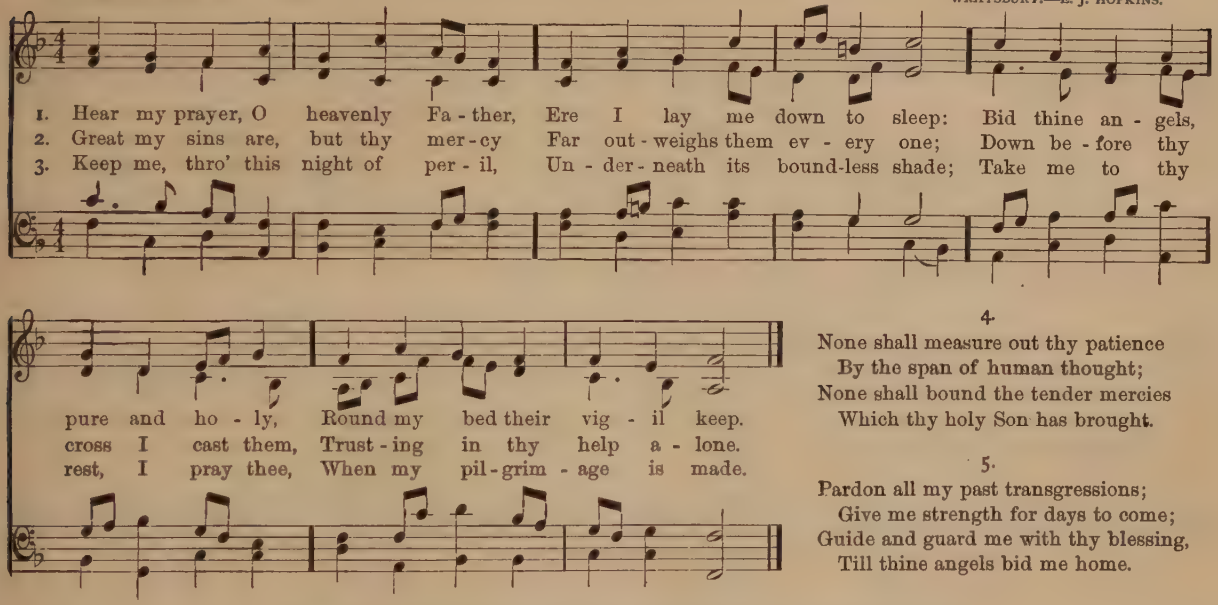
6.
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

7.
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

52 Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father.

MISS HARRIET PARR.

WRAYSBURY.—E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Hear my prayer, O heavenly Fa - ther, Ere I lay me down to sleep: Bid thine an - gels,
2. Great my sins are, but thy mer - cy Far out - weighs them ev - ery one; Down be - fore thy
3. Keep me, thro' this night of per - il, Un - der - neath its bound-less shade; Take me to thy
pure and ho - ly, Round my bed their vig - il keep.
cross I cast them, Trust - ing in thy help a - lone.
rest, I pray thee, When my pil - grim - age is made.

4.

None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has brought.

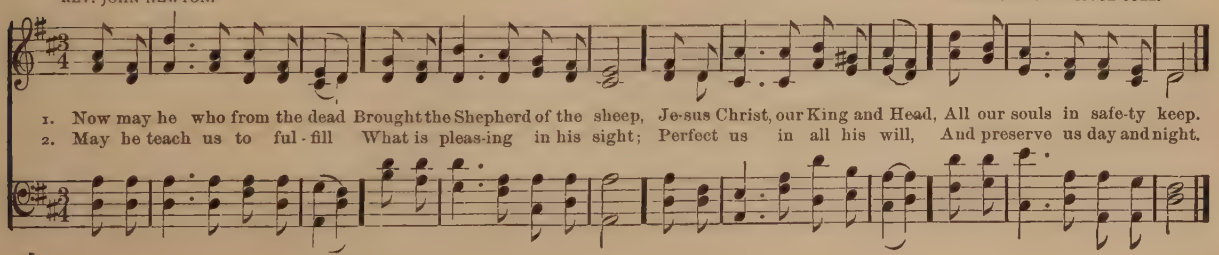
5.

Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.

53 Now may he who from the dead.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

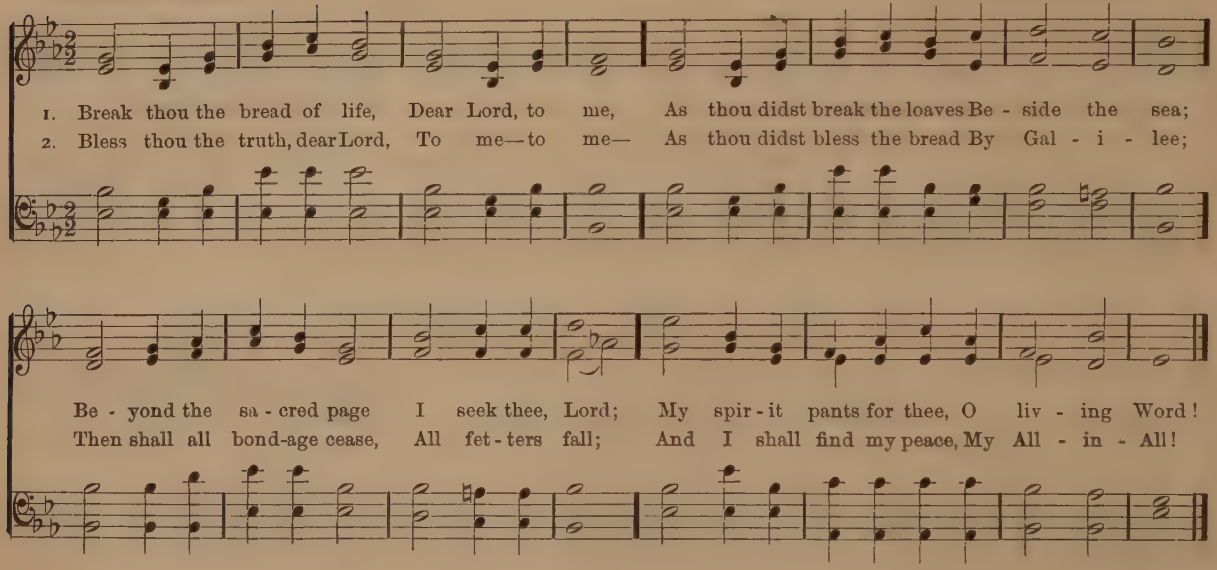
BEMINSTER.—BRISTOL COLL.


1. Now may he who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Je-sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe-ty keep.
2. May he teach us to ful - fill What is pleas-ing in his sight; Perfect us in all his will, And preserve us day and night.

54 Break thou the bread of life.

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

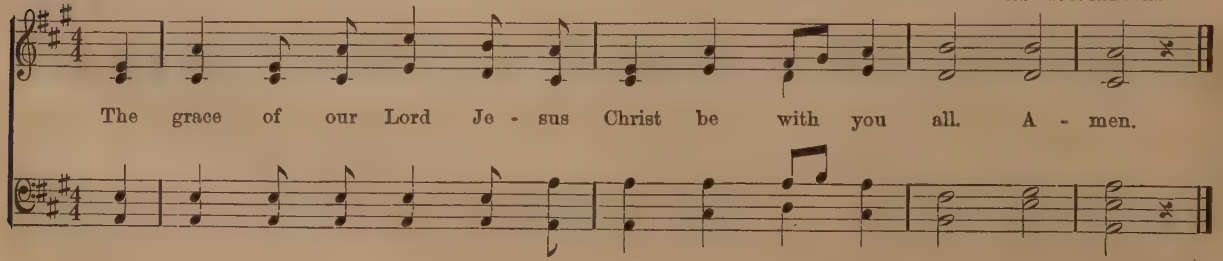
BREAD OF LIFE.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All!

55 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

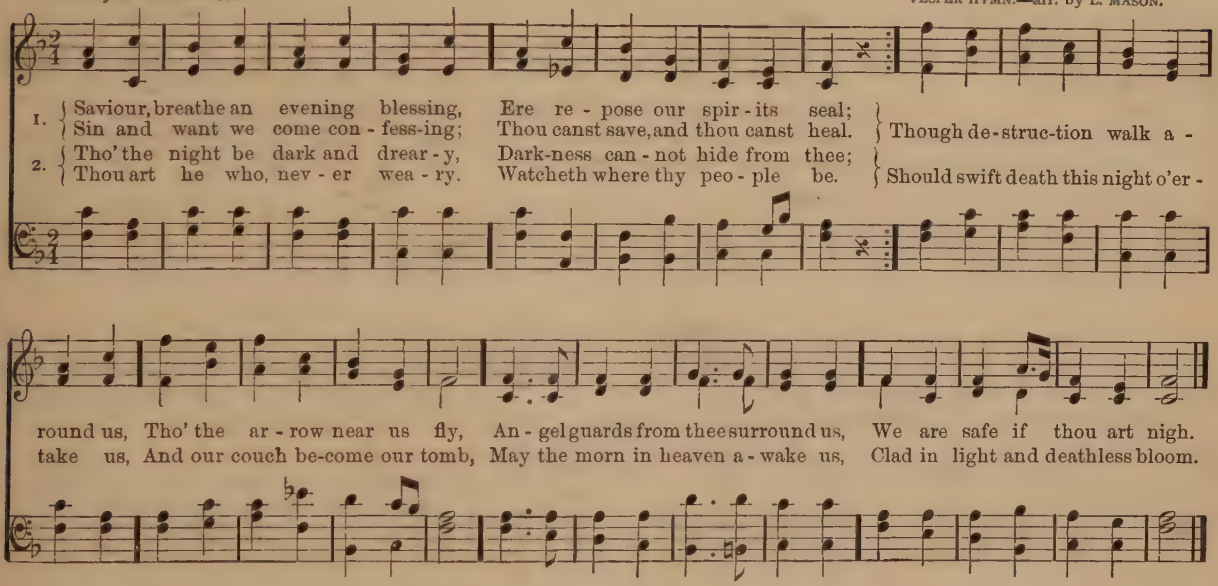
ROMANS, 16 : 24.

BENEDICTION.—W. F. SHERWIN.



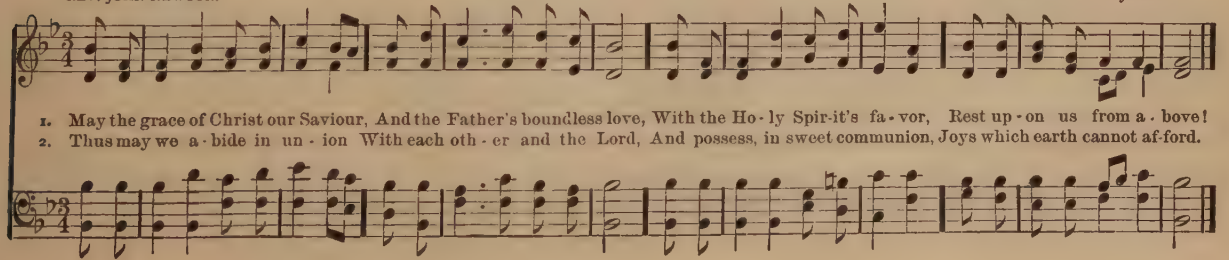
56 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

REV. JAMES EDMESTON. VESPER HYMN.—arr. by L. MASON.


1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. Though de - struc - tion walk a -
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from thee; Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry. Watcheth where thy peo - ple be. Should swift death this night o'er -
round us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly, An - gel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.
take us, And our couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

57 May the grace of Christ our Saviour.

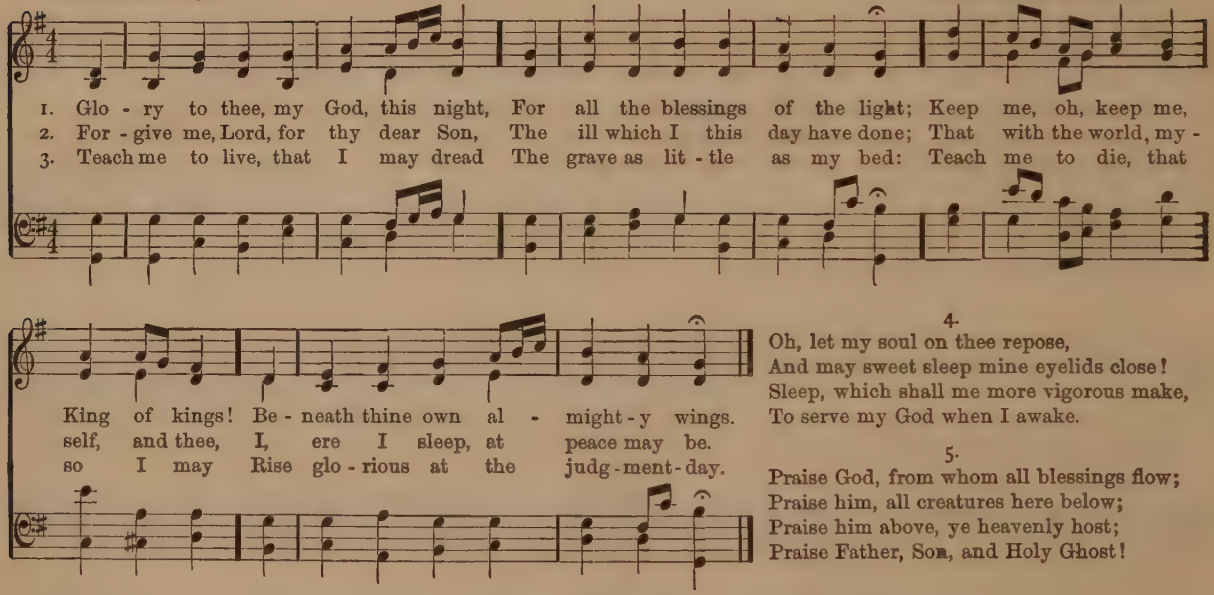
REV. JOHN NEWTON. STOCKWELL.—D. E. JONES.


1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove!
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

58 Glory to thee, my God, this night.

REV. THOMAS KEN, D.D.

EVENING HYMN.—T. TALLIS.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, oh, keep me,
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done; That with the world, my -
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed: Teach me to die, that
King of kings! Be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.
self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
so I may Rise glo - rious at the judg - ment - day.

4.

Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

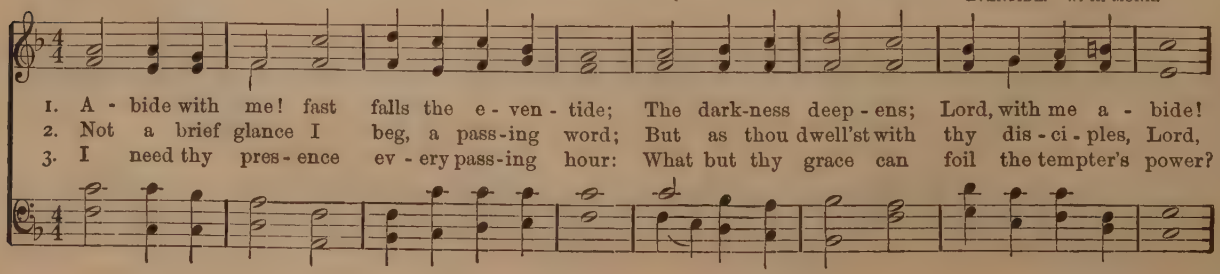
5.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

59 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

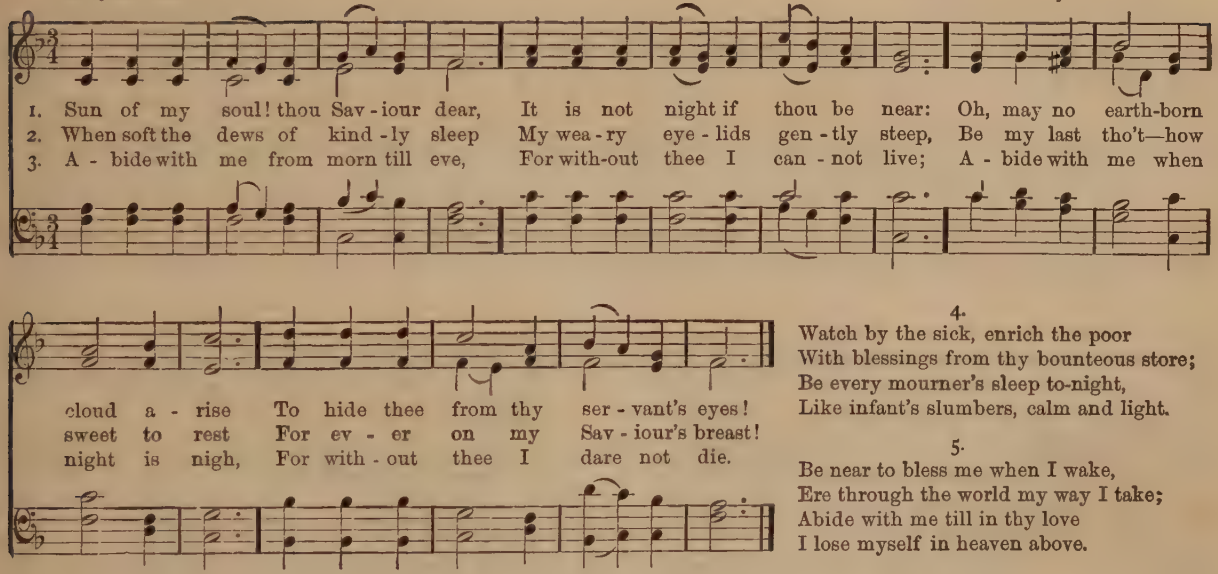
REV. HENRY F. LYTE.

EVENTIDE.—W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word; But as thou dwell'st with thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

60 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear.

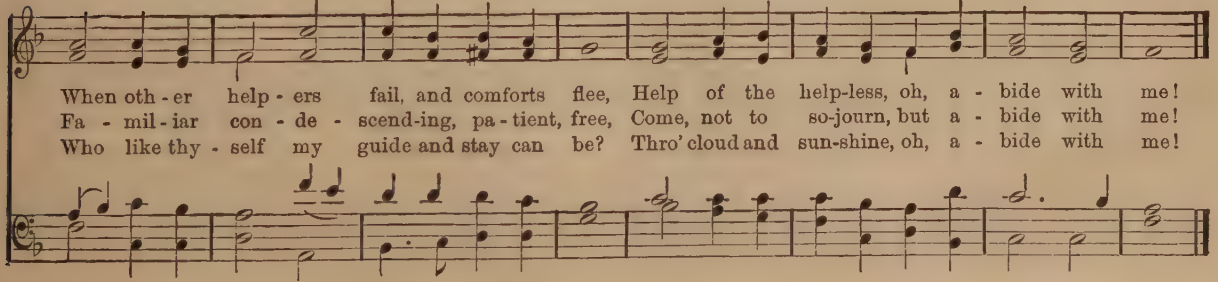
REV. JOHN KEBLE. HURSLEY.—arr. by W. H. MONK.


1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near: Oh, may no earth-born
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last tho't—how
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when
cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes!
sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
night is nigh, For with - out thee I dare not die.

4.
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy bounteous store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, calm and light.

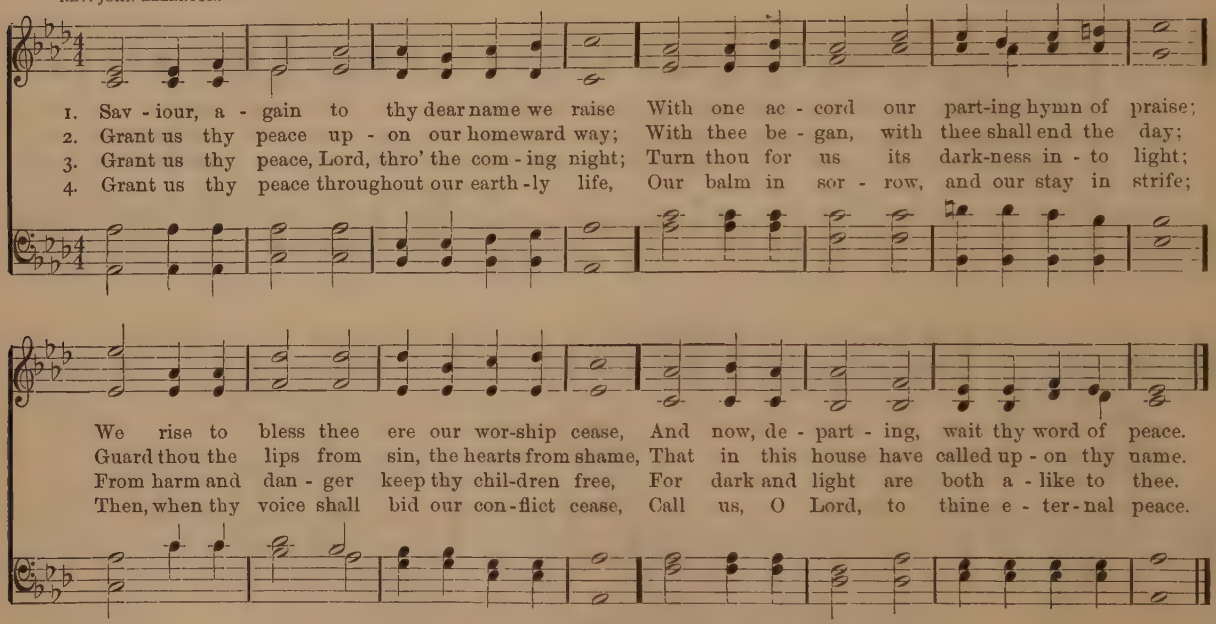
5.
Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

Abide with me.—Concluded.


When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Fa - mil - iar con - de - scend-ing, pa - tient, free, Come, not to so-journ, but a - bide with me!
Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!

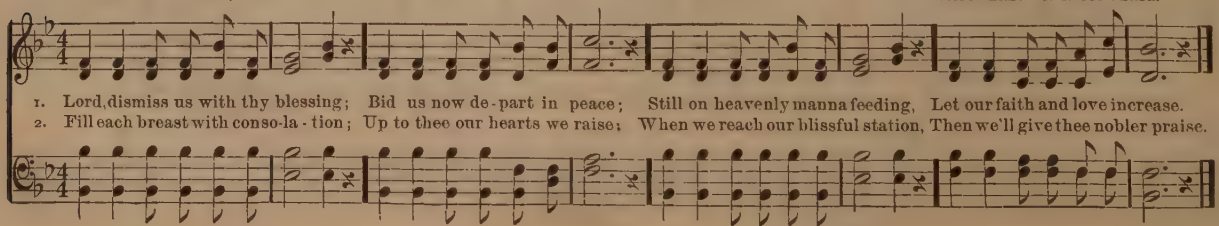
61 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. ELLERTON.—E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;
We rise to bless thee ere our wor-ship cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait thy word of peace.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
From harm and dan - ger keep thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

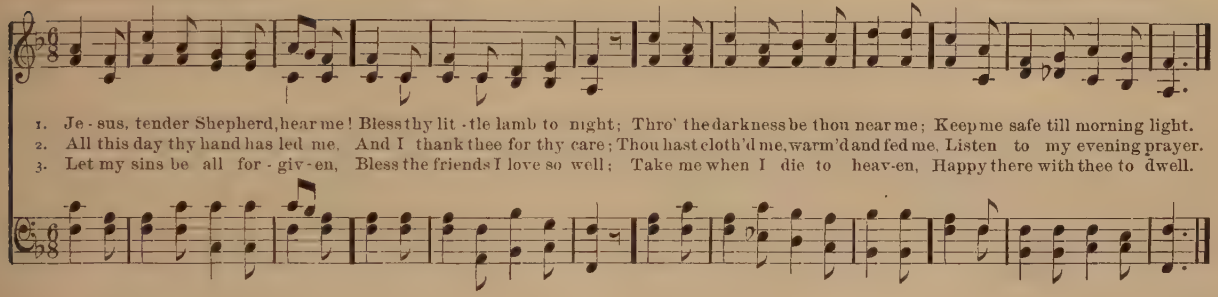
62 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.

REV. ROBERT HAWKER, D.D SHEPHERD.—C. C. CONVERSE.


1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Bid us now de-part in peace; Still on heavenly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase.
2. Fill each breast with conso-la - tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise; When we reach our blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

63 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

MISS MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. GEM.—C. H. KENT.


1. Je - sus, tender Shepherd, hear me! Bless thy lit - tle lamb to night; Thro' the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.
2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, Listen to my evening prayer.
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well; Take me when I die to heav-en, Happy there with thee to dwell.

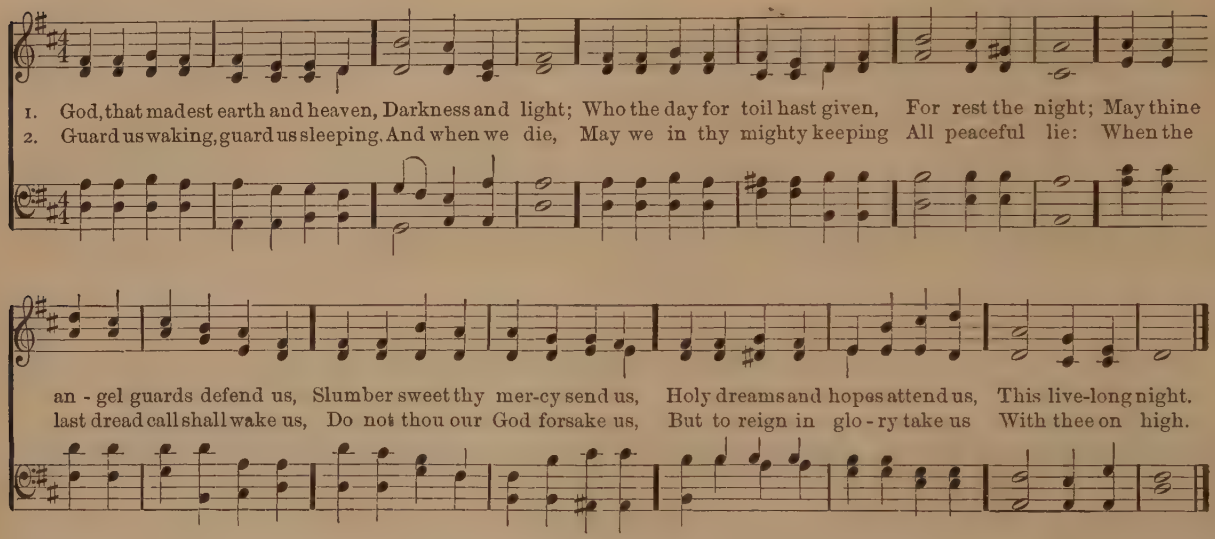
64 My sheep hear my voice.

JOHN 10: 27, 28. J. R. MURRAY.

And Je - sus said— My sheep hear my voice, hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, they follow, fol - low
me; my sheep hear my voice, hear my voice, and I know them; they follow me, and I give un - to them e - ter - nal life.

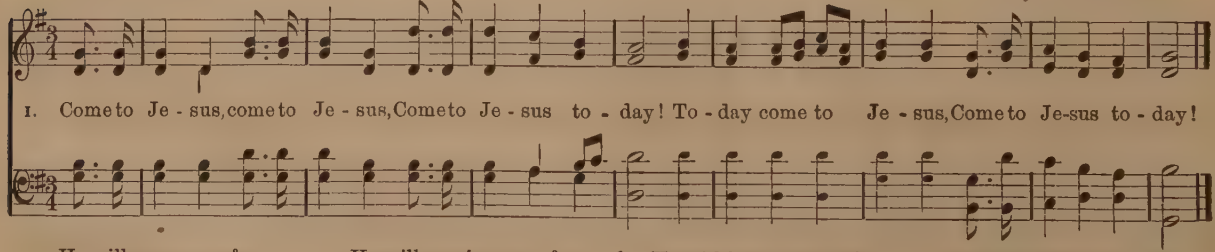
65 God, that madest earth and heaven.

REV. REGINALD HEBER, D.D. TEMPLE.—E. J. HOPKINS.


1. God, that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night; May thine
2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping, And when we die, May we in thy mighty keeping All peaceful lie: When the
an - gel guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.
last dread call shall wake us, Do not thou our God forsake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us With thee on high.

66 Come to Jesus to-day.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. ARR. by E. P. HAMMOND.

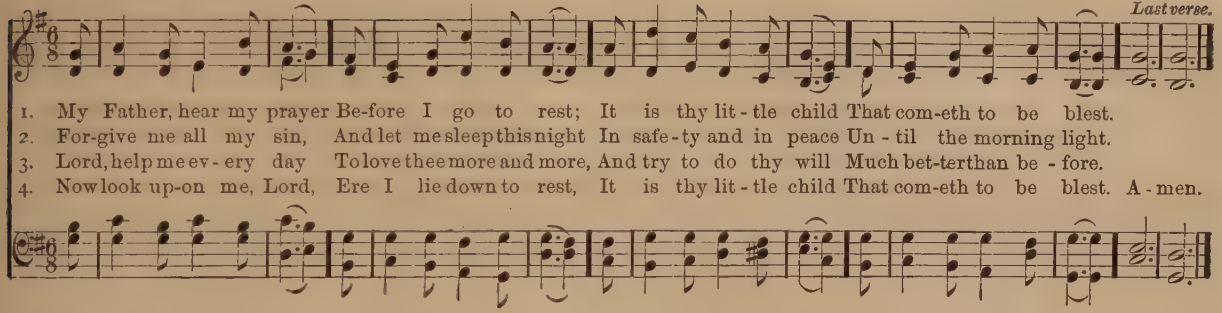


2. He will save you, &c.
3. Only trust him, &c.
4. He will receive you, &c.
5. He will hear you, &c.
6. He will have mercy, &c.
7. He will forgive you, &c.
8. He will cleanse you, &c.
9. Jesus loves you, &c.

67 My Father, hear my prayer.

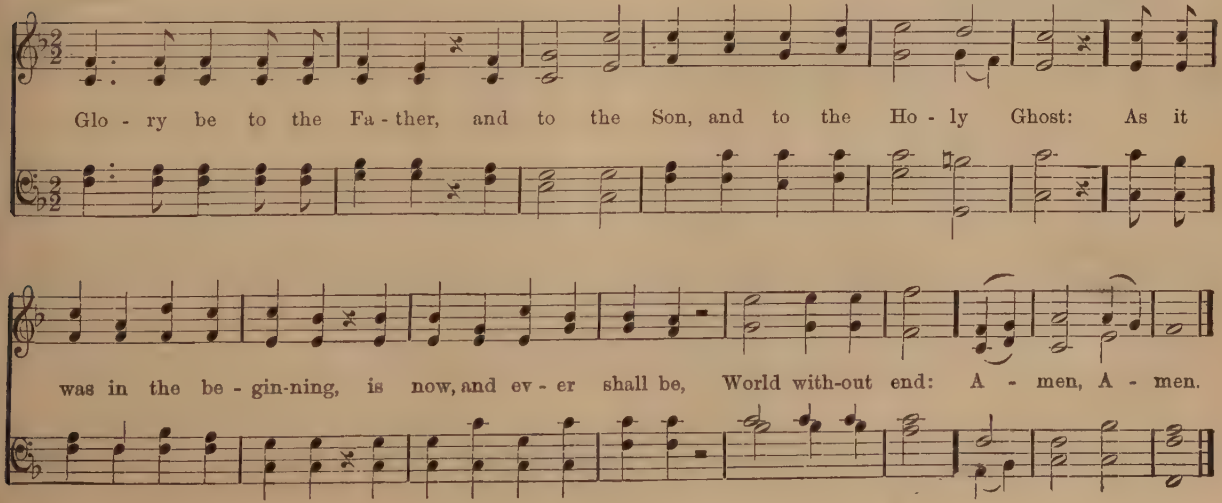
"E. C. W."—CHIL. HY. BOOK. KELSO.—R. BROWN-BOTHWICK.

Last verse.


1. My Father, hear my prayer Be-fore I go to rest; It is thy lit-tle child That com-eth to be blest.
2. For-give me all my sin, And let me sleep this night In safe-ty and in peace Un-til the morning light.
3. Lord, help me ev-ery day To love thee more and more, And try to do thy will Much bet-ter than be-fore.
4. Now look up-on me, Lord, Ere I lie down to rest, It is thy lit-tle child That com-eth to be blest. A-men.

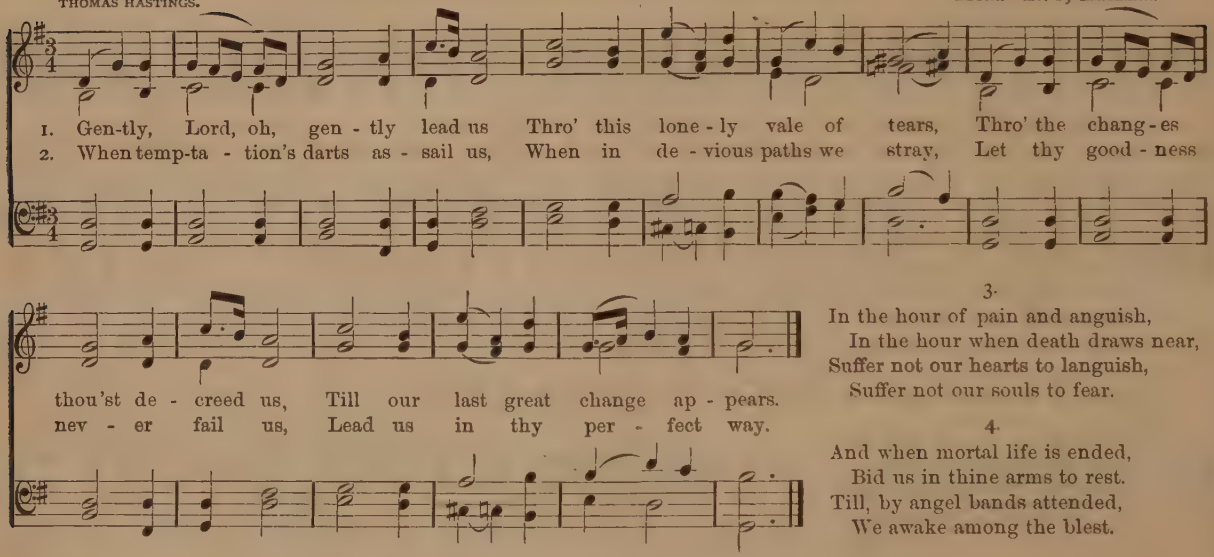
68 Glory be to the Father.

NICENE. GLORIA PATRI.—H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it
was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, World with-out end: A-men, A-men.

69 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us.

THOMAS HASTINGS. ELGIA.—arr. by EMMELAR.

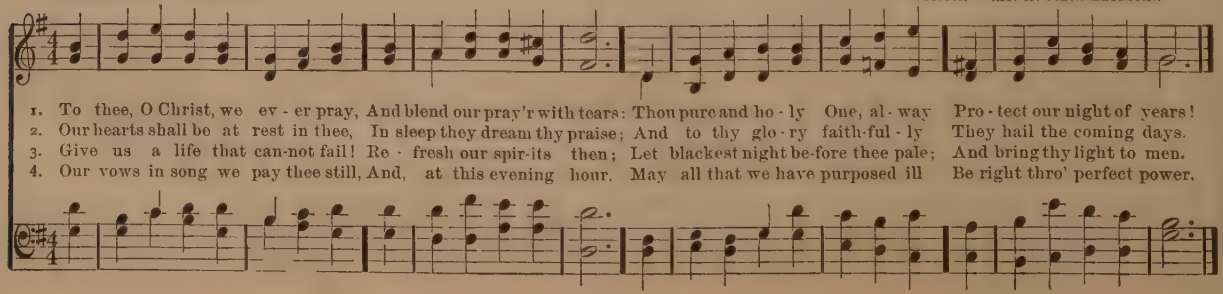

1. Gen-tly, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears, Thro' the chang - es
2. When temp-ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray, Let thy good - ness
thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.

3.
In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest.
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

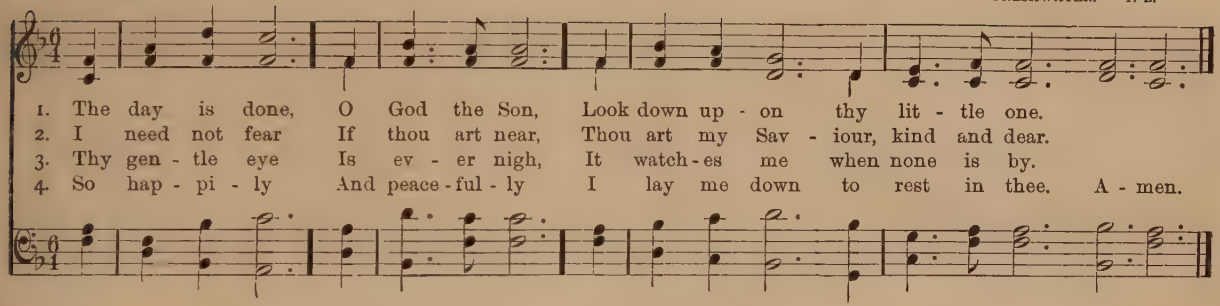
70 To thee, O Christ, we ever pray.

REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD. BUNYAN—arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


1. To thee, O Christ, we ev - er pray, And blend our pray'r with tears: Thou pure and ho - ly One, al - way Pro - tect our night of years!
2. Our hearts shall be at rest in thee, In sleep they dream thy praise; And to thy glo - ry faith-ful - ly They hail the coming days.
3. Give us a life that can-not fail! Re - fresh our spir-its then; Let blackest night be-fore thee pale; And bring thy light to men.
4. Our vows in song we pay thee still, And, at this evening hour, May all that we have purposed ill Be right thro' perfect power.

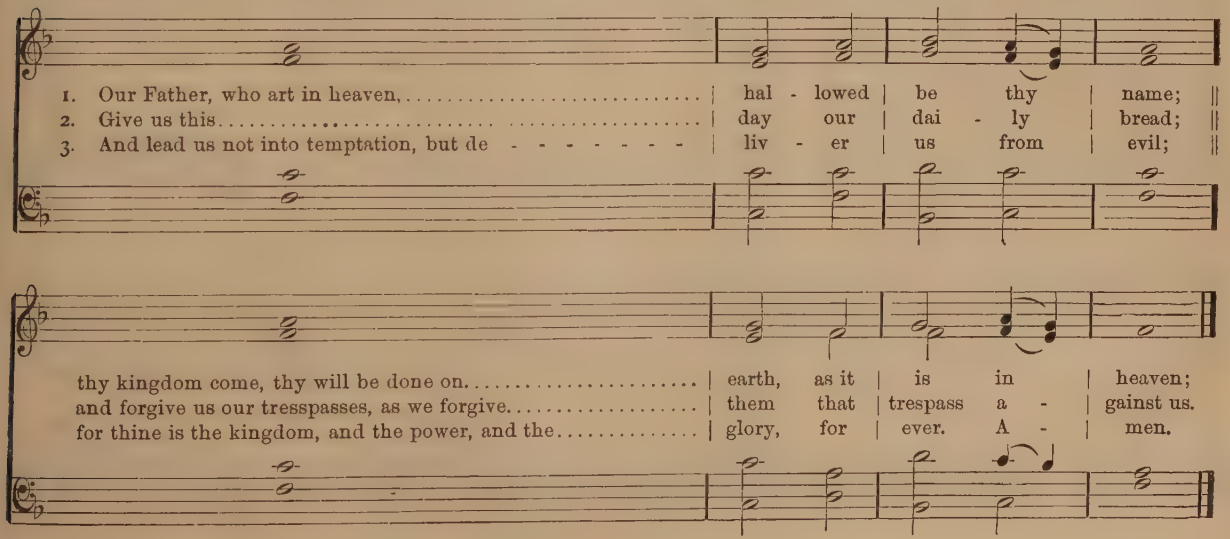
71 The day is done, O God the Son.

MRS. DUNSTERVILLE. FRESHWATER.—"T. B."


1. The day is done, O God the Son, Look down up - on thy lit - tle one.
2. I need not fear If thou art near, Thou art my Sav - iour, kind and dear.
3. Thy gen - tle eye Is ev - er nigh, It watch - es me when none is by.
4. So hap - pi - ly And peace - ful - ly I lay me down to rest in thee. A - men.

72 Our Father, who art in heaven.

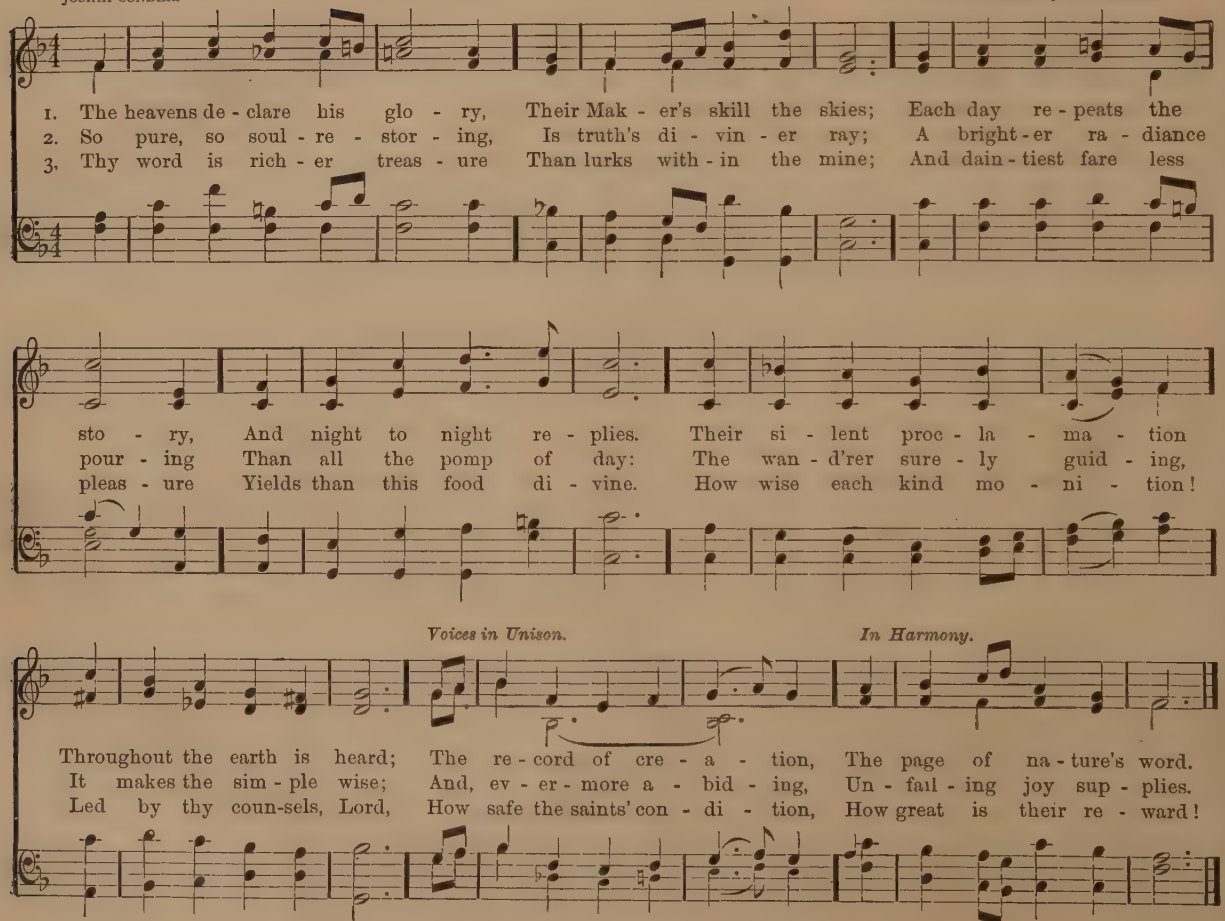
MATT. 6 : 9, 13. THE LORD'S PRAYER.—GREGORIAN.


1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hal - lowed be thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;
and forgive us our tresspasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. A - men.

The heavens declare his glory.

JOSIAH CONDER.

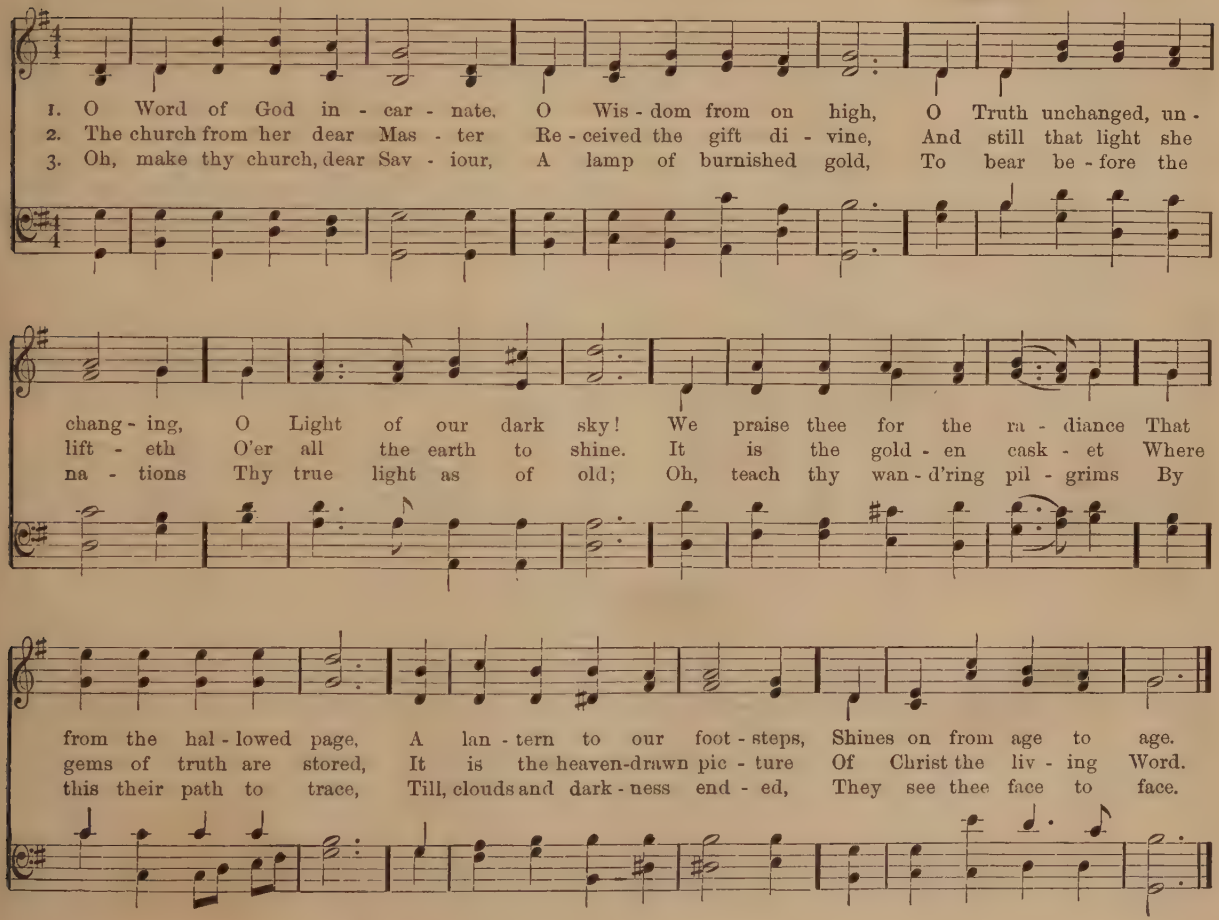
DAY OF REST.—J. W. ELLIOTT.


1. The heavens de - clare his glo - ry, Their Mak - er's skill the skies; Each day re - peats the
2. So pure, so soul - re - stor - ing, Is truth's di - vin - er ray; A bright - er ra - diance
3. Thy word is rich - er treas - ure Than lurks with - in the mine; And dain - tiest fare less
sto - ry, And night to night re - plies. Their si - lent proc - la - ma - tion
pour - ing Than all the pomp of day: The wan - d'rer sure - ly guid - ing,
pleas - ure Yields than this food di - vine. How wise each kind mo - ni - tion!
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Throughout the earth is heard; The re - cord of cre - a - tion, The page of na - ture's word.
It makes the sim - ple wise; And, ev - er - more a - bid - ing, Un - fail - ing joy sup - plies.
Led by thy coun-sels, Lord, How safe the saints' con - di - tion, How great is their re - ward!

O Word of God incarnate.

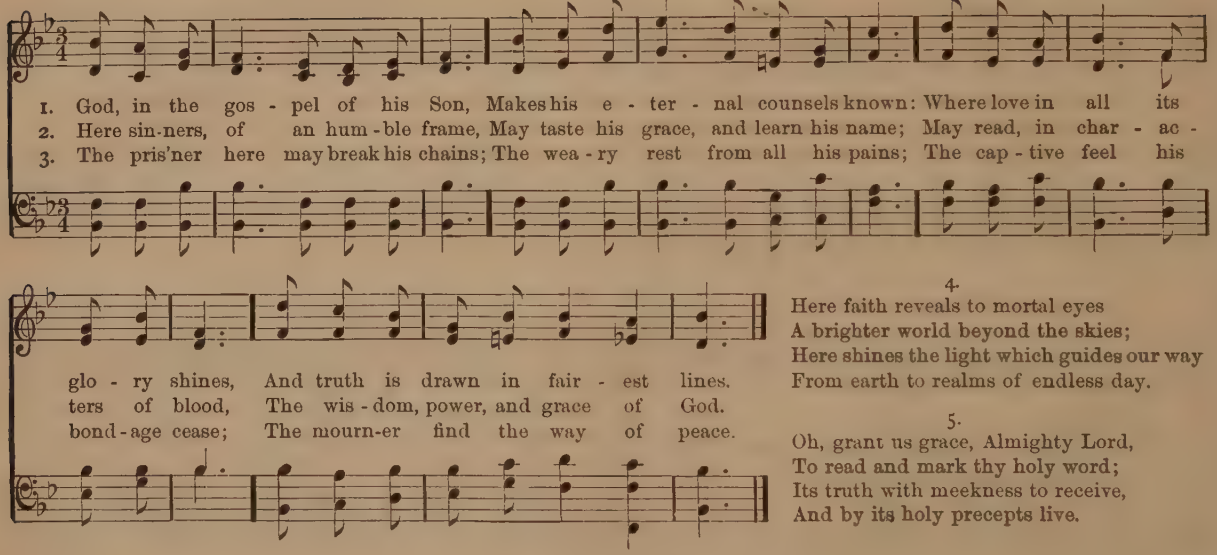
REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D.D.

CHENIES.—T. R. MATTHEWS.


1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un -
2. The church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine, And still that light she
3. Oh, make thy church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear be - fore the
chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That
lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the gold - en cask - et Where
na - tions Thy true light as of old; Oh, teach thy wan - d'ring pil - grims By
from the hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
gems of truth are stored, It is the heaven-drawn pic - ture Of Christ the liv - ing Word.
this their path to trace, Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see thee face to face.

75 God, in the gospel of his Son.

REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME. WOOD.—W. F. SHERWIN.

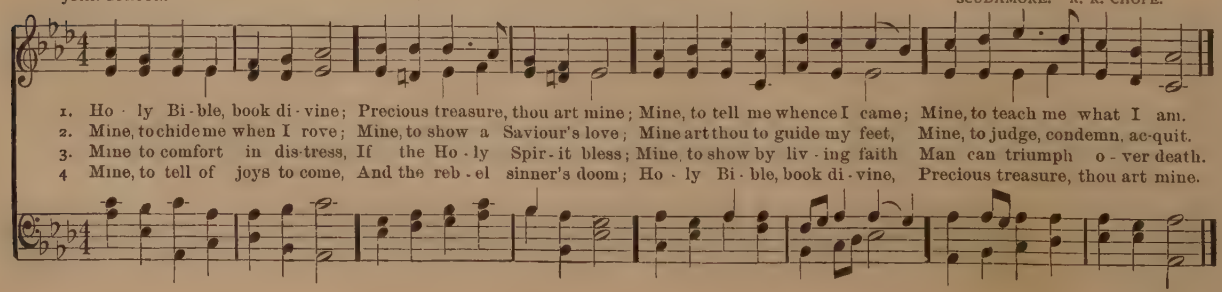

1. God, in the gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal counsels known: Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
2. Here sin-ners, of an hum - ble frame, May taste his grace, and learn his name; May read, in char - ac - ters of blood, The wis - dom, power, and grace of God.
3. The pris'ner here may break his chains; The wea - ry rest from all his pains; The cap - tive feel his bond - age cease; The mourn-er find the way of peace.

4.
Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5.
Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

76 Holy Bible, book divine.

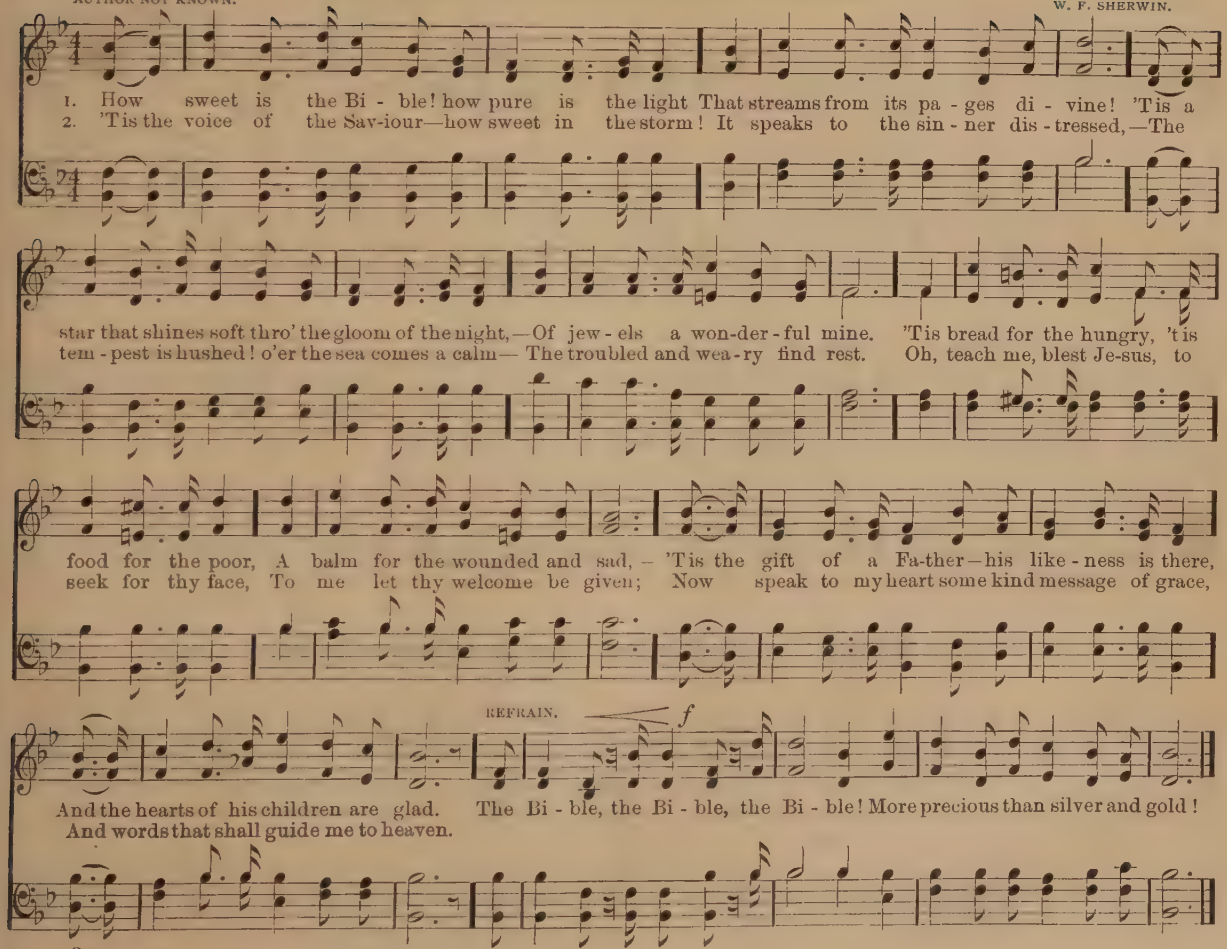
JOHN BURTON. SCUDAMORE.—R. R. CHOPE.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine; Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, condemn, ac-quit.
3. Mine to comfort in dis-tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless; Mine, to show by liv - ing faith Man can triumph o - ver death.
4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sinner's doom; Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

How sweet is the Bible.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

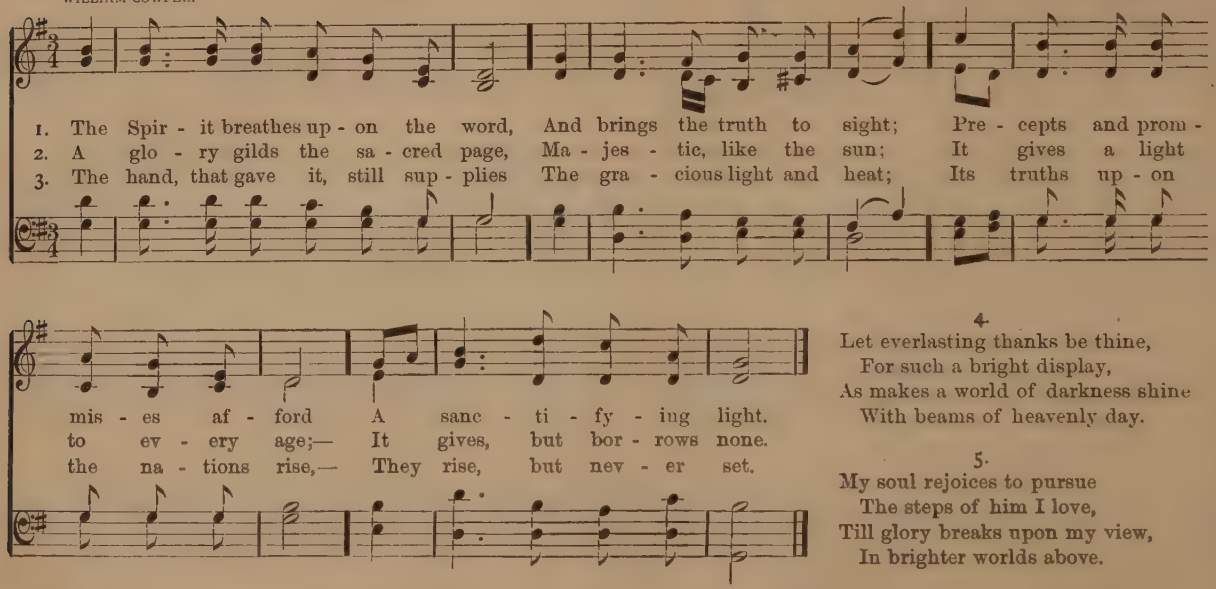
W. F. SHERWIN.


1. How sweet is the Bi - ble! how pure is the light That streams from its pa - ges di - vine! 'Tis a
2. 'Tis the voice of the Sav-iour—how sweet in the storm! It speaks to the sin - ner dis - tressed,—The
star that shines soft thro' the gloom of the night,—Of jew - els a won-der - ful mine. 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis
tem - pest is hushed! o'er the sea comes a calm— The troubled and wea - ry find rest. Oh, teach me, blest Je-sus, to
food for the poor, A balm for the wounded and sad, – 'Tis the gift of a Fa-ther—his like - ness is there,
seek for thy face, To me let thy welcome be given; Now speak to my heart some kind message of grace,
REFRAIN.
f
And the hearts of his children are glad. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! More precious than silver and gold!
And words that shall guide me to heaven.

78 The Spirit breathes upon the word.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LA MIRA.—W. B. BRADBURY.


1. The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight; Pre - cepts and prom -
2. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun; It gives a light
3. The hand, that gave it, still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat; Its truths up - on
mis - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.
to ev - ery age;— It gives, but bor - rows none.
the na - tions rise,— They rise, but nev - er set.

4.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

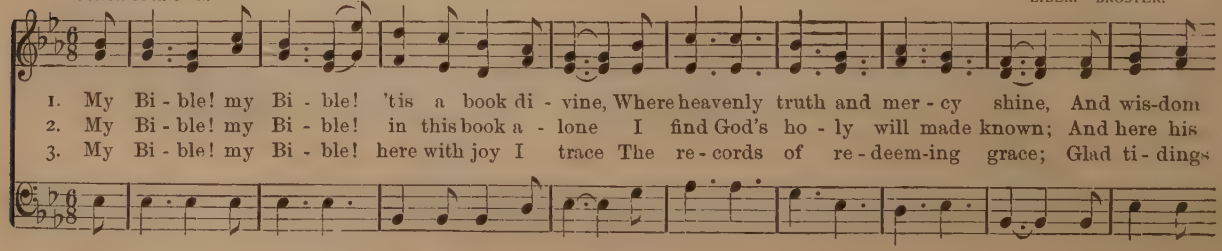
5.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

79 My Bible! my Bible! 'tis a book divine.

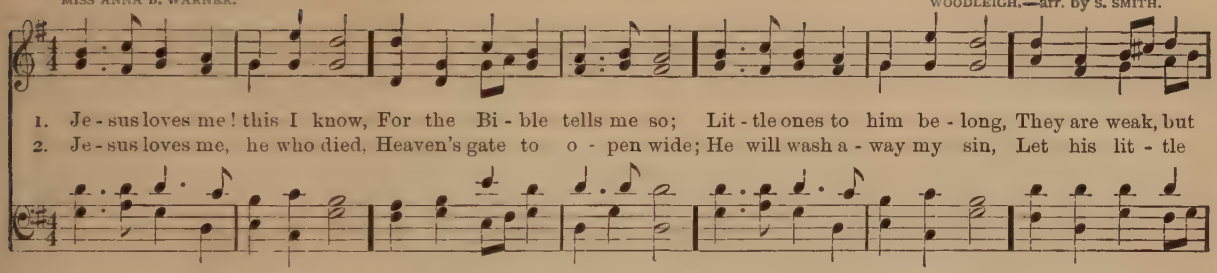
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

LIBER.—BROSTER.


1. My Bi - ble! my Bi - ble! 'tis a book di - vine, Where heavenly truth and mer - cy shine, And wis-dom
2. My Bi - ble! my Bi - ble! in this book a - lone I find God's ho - ly will made known; And here his
3. My Bi - ble! my Bi - ble! here with joy I trace The re - cords of re - deem-ing grace; Glad ti - dings

Jesus loves me! this I know.

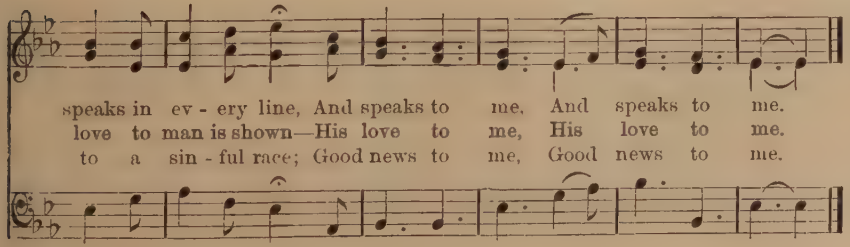
MISS ANNA B. WARNER. WOODLEIGH.—arr. by S. SMITH.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to him be - long, They are weak, but
2. Je - sus loves me, he who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle

3.
Jesus loves me, loves me still,
When I'm very weak and ill,
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.

4.
Jesus loves me, he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

My Bible! My Bible!—Concluded.

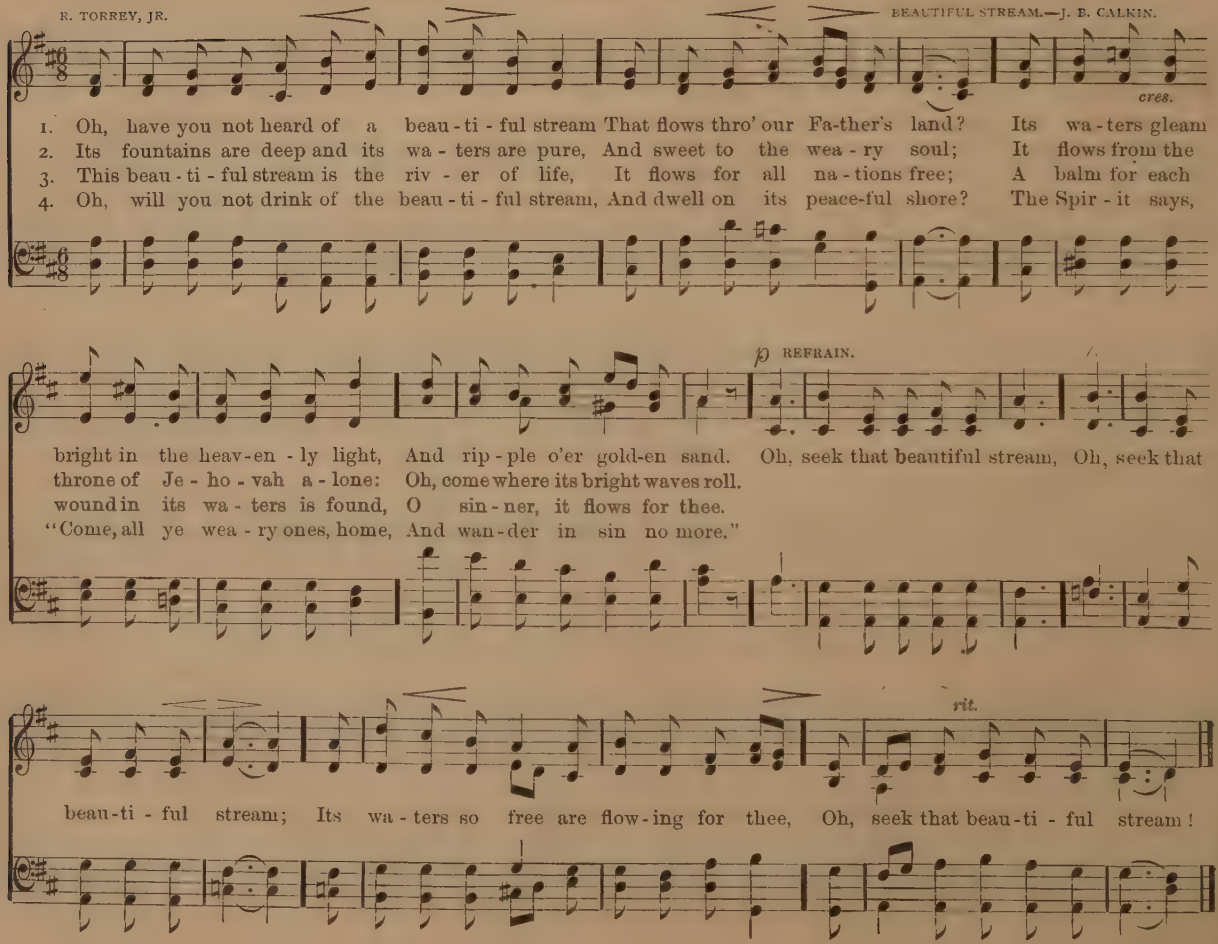

speaks in ev - ery line, And speaks to me, And speaks to me.
love to man is shown—His love to me, His love to me.
to a sin - ful race; Good news to me, Good news to me.

4.
My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:
Oh, this was wondrous love indeed!
‖: Christ bled for me. :‖

5.
My Bible! oh, that I may ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer
That I may see my Saviour there,
‖: Who died for me! :‖

81 Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream.

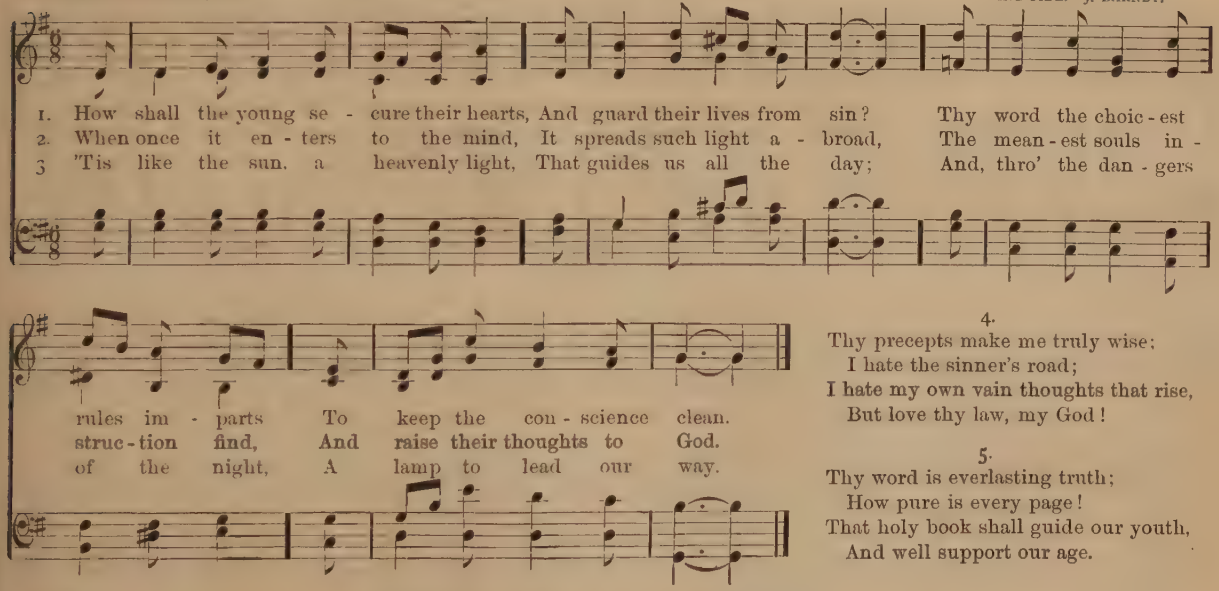
R. TORREY, JR. BEAUTIFUL STREAM.—J. B. CALKIN.


cres.
1. Oh, have you not heard of a beau-ti-ful stream That flows thro' our Fa-ther's land? Its wa-ters gleam
2. Its fountains are deep and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the wea-ry soul; It flows from the
3. This beau-ti-ful stream is the riv-er of life, It flows for all na-tions free; A balm for each
4. Oh, will you not drink of the beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore? The Spir-it says,
p REFRAIN.
bright in the heav-en-ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand. Oh, seek that beautiful stream, Oh, seek that
throne of Je-ho-vah a-lone: Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
wound in its wa-ters is found, O sin-ner, it flows for thee.
"Come, all ye wea-ry ones, home, And wan-der in sin no more."
rit.
beau-ti-ful stream; Its wa-ters so free are flow-ing for thee, Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream!

82 How shall the young secure their hearts.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

SPRING-TIDE.—J. BARNBY.


1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est
2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad, The mean - est souls in -
3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And, thro' the dan - gers
rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.
struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

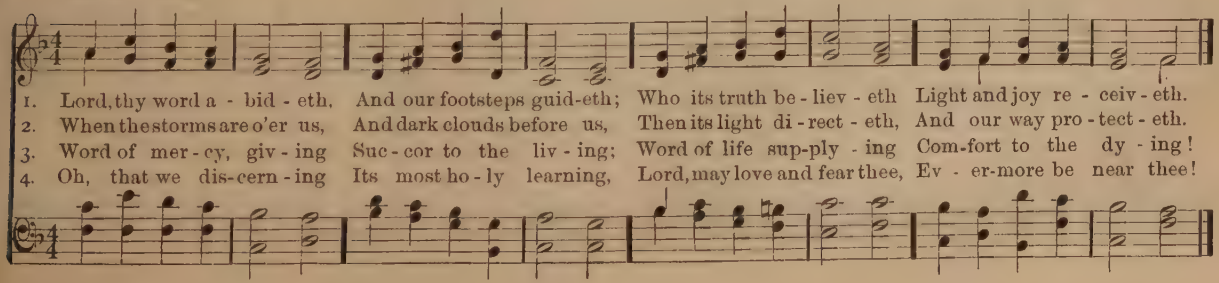
4.
Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5.
Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

83 Lord, thy word abideth.

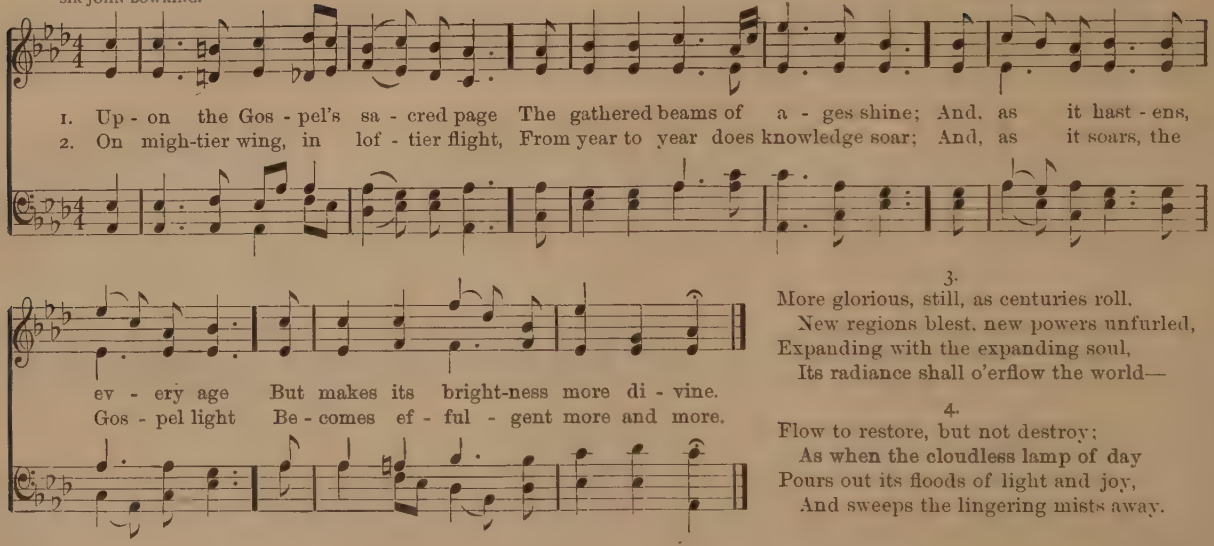
REV. H. W. BAKER.

PETROX.—W. BOYD.


1. Lord, thy word a - bid - eth, And our footsteps guid-eth; Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
2. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us, Then its light di - rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.
3. Word of mer - cy, giv - ing Suc - cor to the liv - ing; Word of life sup-ply - ing Com-fort to the dy - ing!
4. Oh, that we dis-cern - ing Its most ho - ly learning, Lord, may love and fear thee, Ev - er-more be near thee!

84 Upon the Gospel's sacred page.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. CAPELLO.—R. KREUTZER.

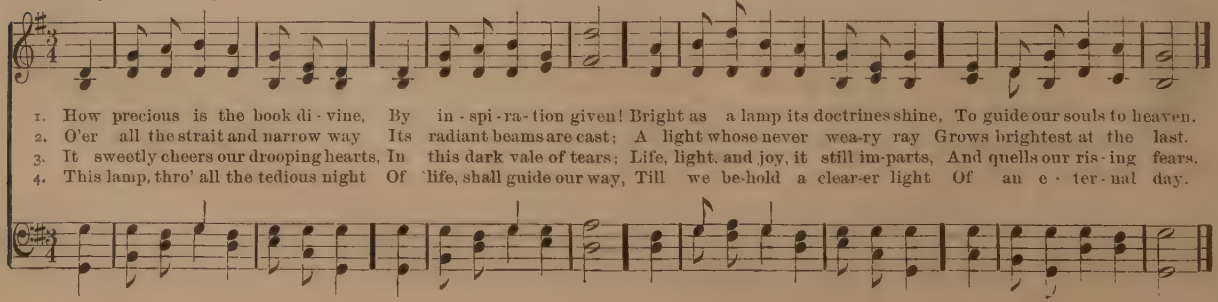

1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine; And, as it hast - ens,
2. On migh-tier wing, in lof - tier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar; And, as it soars, the
ev - ery age But makes its bright-ness more di - vine.
Gos - pel light Be - comes ef - ful - gent more and more.

3.
More glorious, still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—

4.
Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

85 How precious is the book divine.

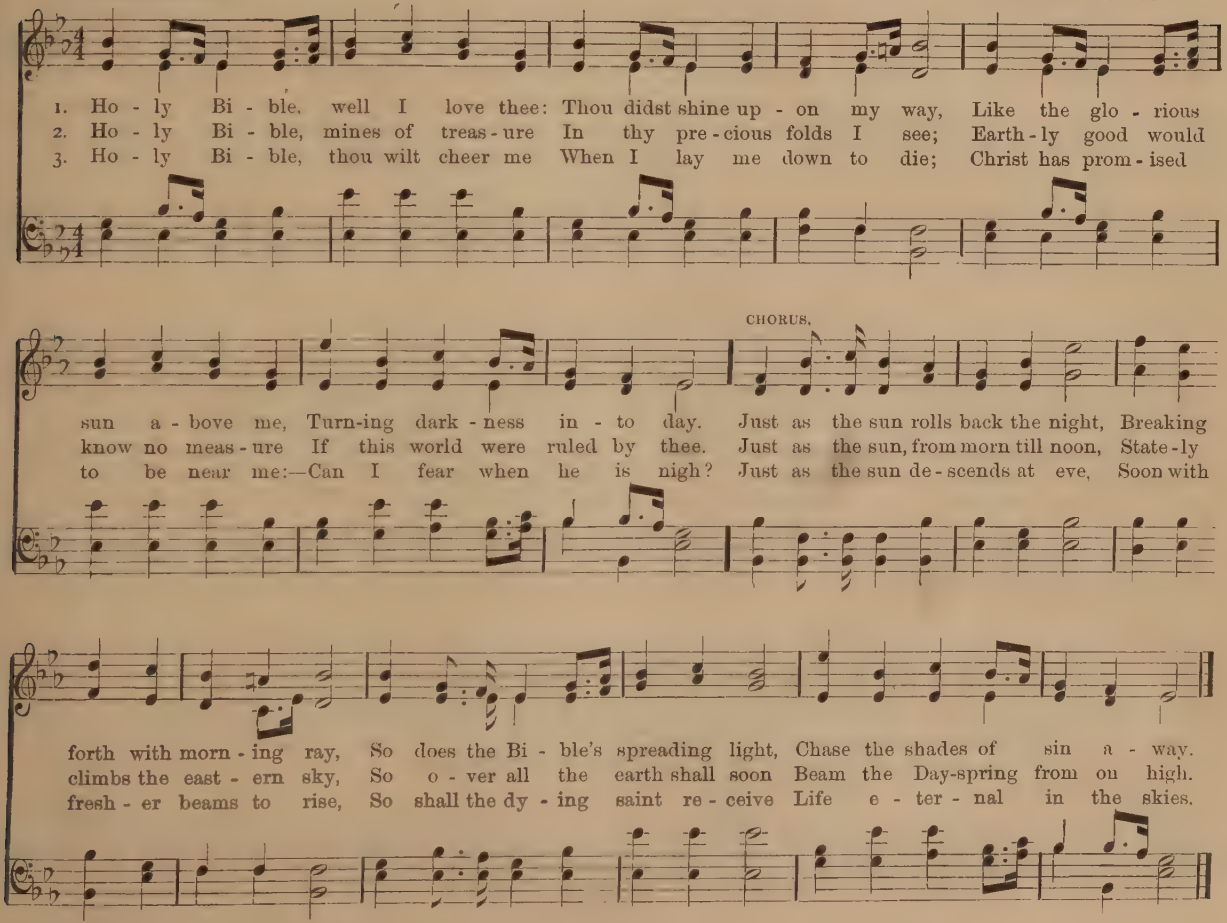
REV. JOHN FAWCETT, D.D. KNOX.—TEMPLE MELODIES.


1. How precious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
2. O'er all the strait and narrow way Its radiant beams are cast; A light whose never wea-ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
3. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy, it still im-parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
4. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we be-hold a clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

Holy Bible, well I love thee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

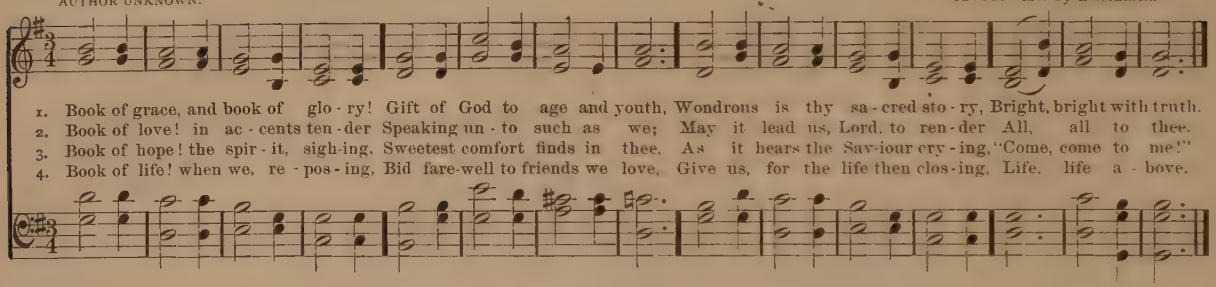
HOLY BIBLE.—C. F. ROOT.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, well I love thee: Thou didst shine up - on my way, Like the glo - rious
2. Ho - ly Bi - ble, mines of treas - ure In thy pre - cious folds I see; Earth - ly good would
3. Ho - ly Bi - ble, thou wilt cheer me When I lay me down to die; Christ has prom - ised
CHORUS.
sun a - bove me, Turn-ing dark - ness in - to day. Just as the sun rolls back the night, Breaking
know no meas - ure If this world were ruled by thee. Just as the sun, from morn till noon, State - ly
to be near me:—Can I fear when he is nigh? Just as the sun de - scends at eve, Soon with
forth with morn - ing ray, So does the Bi - ble's spreading light, Chase the shades of sin a - way.
climbs the east - ern sky, So o - ver all the earth shall soon Beam the Day-spring from on high.
fresh - er beams to rise, So shall the dy - ing saint re - ceive Life e - ter - nal in the skies.

87 Book of grace, and book of glory!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

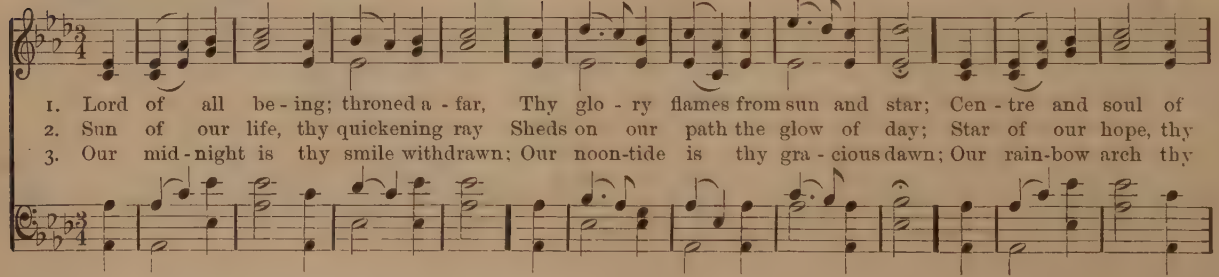
CLYDE.—arr. by EMMELAR.

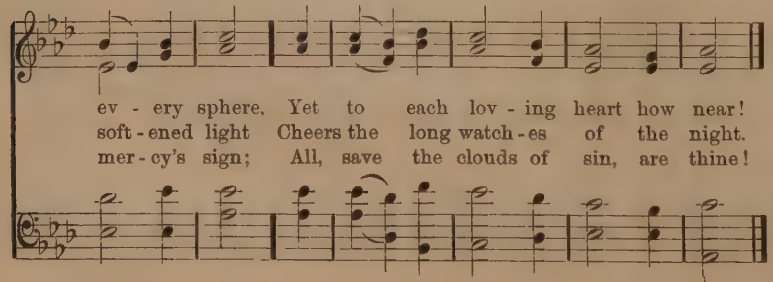

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.
2. Book of love! in ac - cents ten - der Speaking un - to such as we; May it lead us, Lord, to ren - der All, all to thee.
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh-ing. Sweetest comfort finds in thee. As it hears the Sav-iour cry - ing, "Come, come to me!"
4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare-well to friends we love, Give us, for the life then clos - ing, Life, life a - bove.

88 Lord of all being; throned afar.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LOUVAN.—V. C. TAYLOR.


1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of
2. Sun of our life, thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy
3. Our mid - night is thy smile withdrawn; Our noon-tide is thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain-bow arch thy


ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
mer - cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

O God, the Rock of Ages.

REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

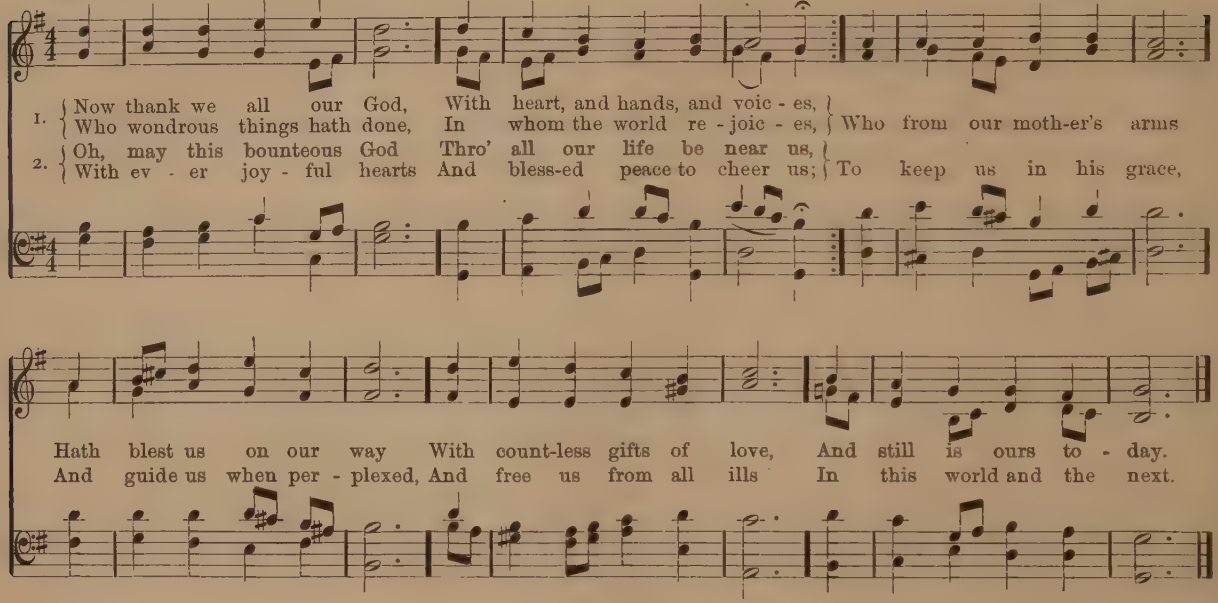
CAROLYN.—arr. by EMMELAR.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been, What time the tem - pest
2. Our years are like the shad-ows On sun - ny hills that lie, Or grass - es in the
3. O thou who canst not slum-ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale, Teach us a - right to
ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene: Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O
mead - ows That blos - som but to die: A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry, By
num - ber Our years be - fore they fail! On us thy mer - cy light - en, On
Lord, the same as now, To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last ing thou!
strang-ers quick - ly told, An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
us thy good - ness rest, And let thy Spir - it bright - en The hearts thy - self hast blessed!

90 Now thank we all our God.

MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr.

NUN DANKET.—J. CRUGER.


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re - joic - es, Who from our moth-er's arms
2. Oh, may this bounteous God Thro' all our life be near us,
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us; To keep us in his grace,
Hath blest us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And guide us when per - plexed, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

91 To thee, O God, we raise.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

TUNE—"NUN DANKET."

1.

To thee, O God, we raise
  Our voice in choral singing;
We come with prayer and praise,
  Our hearts' oblations bringing;
Thou art our fathers' God,
  And ever shalt be ours;
Our lips and lives shall laud
  Thy name, with all our powers.

2.

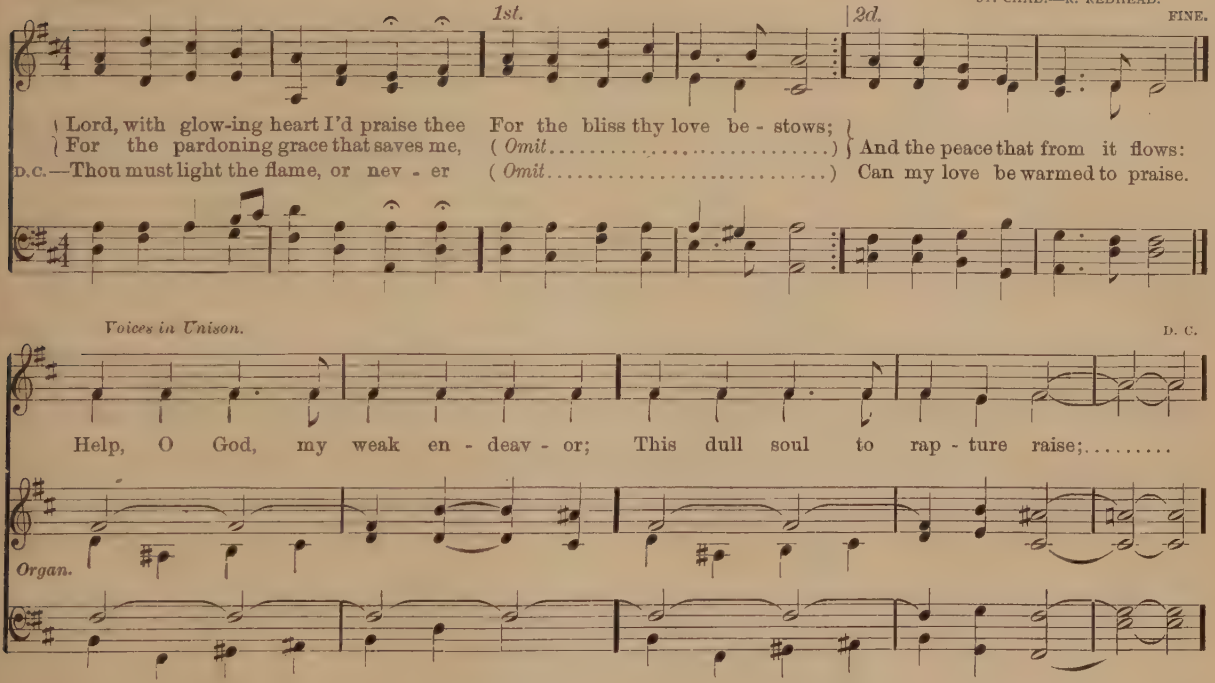
Thy goodness, like the dew
  On Hermon's hill descending,
Is every morning new,
  And tells of love unending.
We bless thy tender care
  That led our wayward feet,
Past every fatal snare,
  To streams and pastures sweet.

3.

We bless thy Son, who bore
  The cross, for sinners dying;
Thy Spirit we adore,
  The precious blood applying.
Let work and worship send
  Their incense unto thee;
Till song and service blend,
  Beside the crystal sea.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.

FRANCIS S. KEY. ST. CHAD.—R. REDHEAD.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be - stows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me, (Omit.....) And the peace that from it flows:
D.C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev - er (Omit.....) Can my love be warmed to praise.
Voices in Unison.
D. C.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise;.....
Organ.

2.

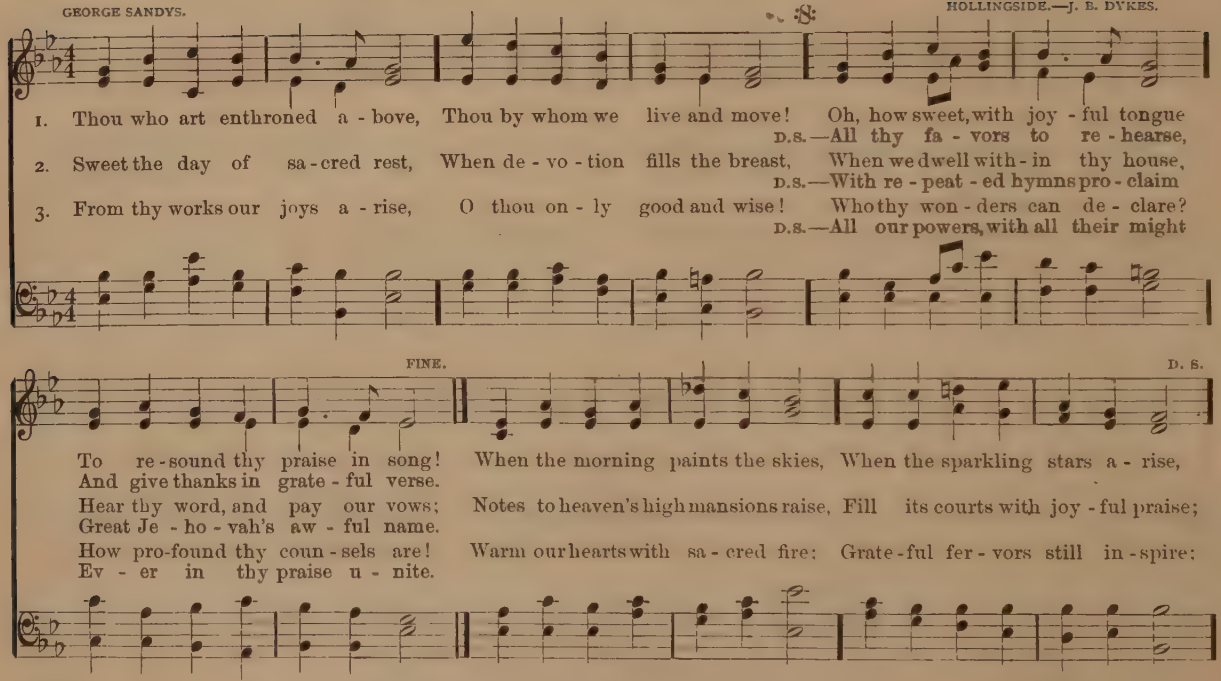
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

93 Thou who art enthroned above.

GEORGE SANDYS. HOLLINGSIDE.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Thou who art enthroned a - bove, Thou by whom we live and move! Oh, how sweet, with joy - ful tongue
D.S.—All thy fa - vors to re - hearse,
2. Sweet the day of sa - cred rest, When de - vo - tion fills the breast, When we dwell with - in thy house,
D.S.—With re - peat - ed hymns pro - claim
3. From thy works our joys a - rise, O thou on - ly good and wise! Who thy won - ders can de - clare?
D.S.—All our powers, with all their might
FINE.
D. S.
To re - sound thy praise in song! When the morning paints the skies, When the sparkling stars a - rise,
And give thanks in grate - ful verse.
Hear thy word, and pay our vows; Notes to heaven's high mansions raise, Fill its courts with joy - ful praise;
Great Je - ho - vah's aw - ful name.
How pro-found thy coun - sels are! Warm our hearts with sa - cred fire; Grate - ful fer - vors still in - spire;
Ev - er in thy praise u - nite.

94 Let us with a joyful mind.

JOHN MILTON. TUNE.—"HOLLINGSIDE."

1 Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state:—

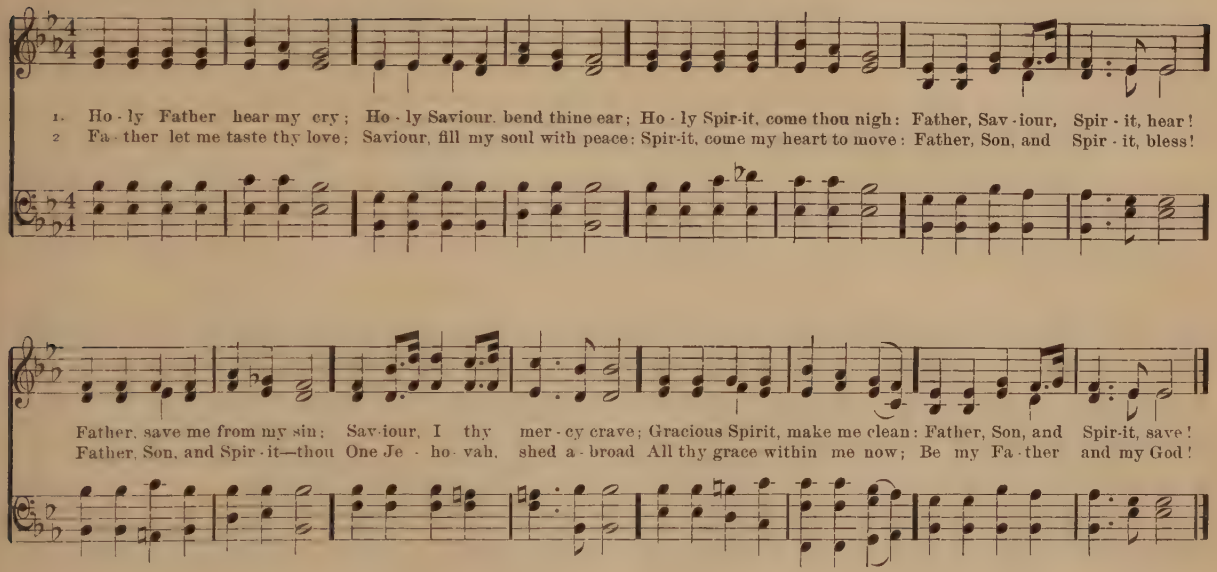
2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main:
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye:
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

95 Holy Father, hear my cry.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

DEUX ANGES.—arr. fr. BLUMENTHAL.


1. Ho - ly Father hear my cry; Ho - ly Saviour, bend thine ear; Ho - ly Spir-it, come thou nigh: Father, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear!
2 Fa - ther let me taste thy love; Saviour, fill my soul with peace: Spir-it, come my heart to move: Father, Son, and Spir - it, bless!
Father, save me from my sin; Sav-iour, I thy mer - cy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spir-it, save!
Father, Son, and Spir - it—thou One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad All thy grace within me now; Be my Fa - ther and my God!

96 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TUNE—"DEUX ANGES."

1.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2.

Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

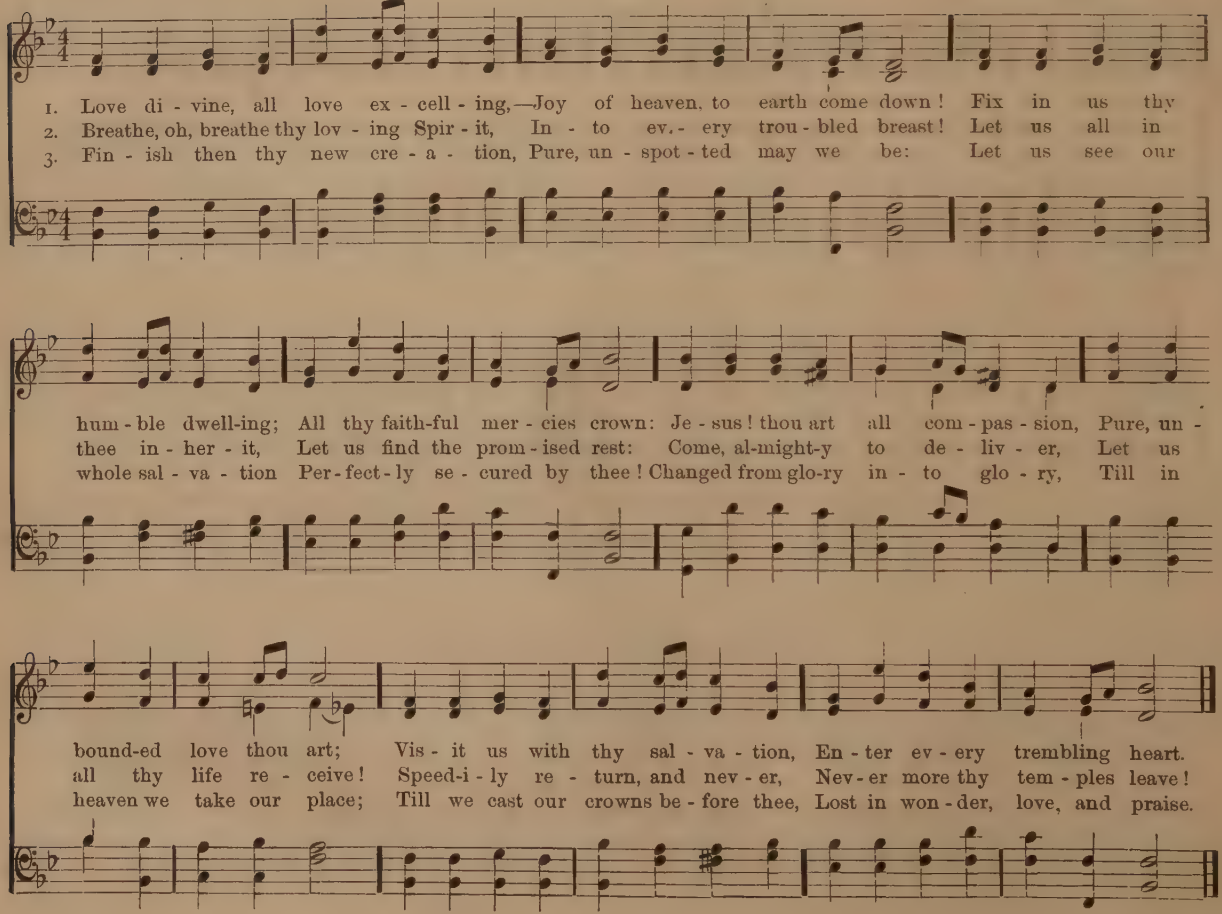
3.

Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

97 Love divine, all love excelling.

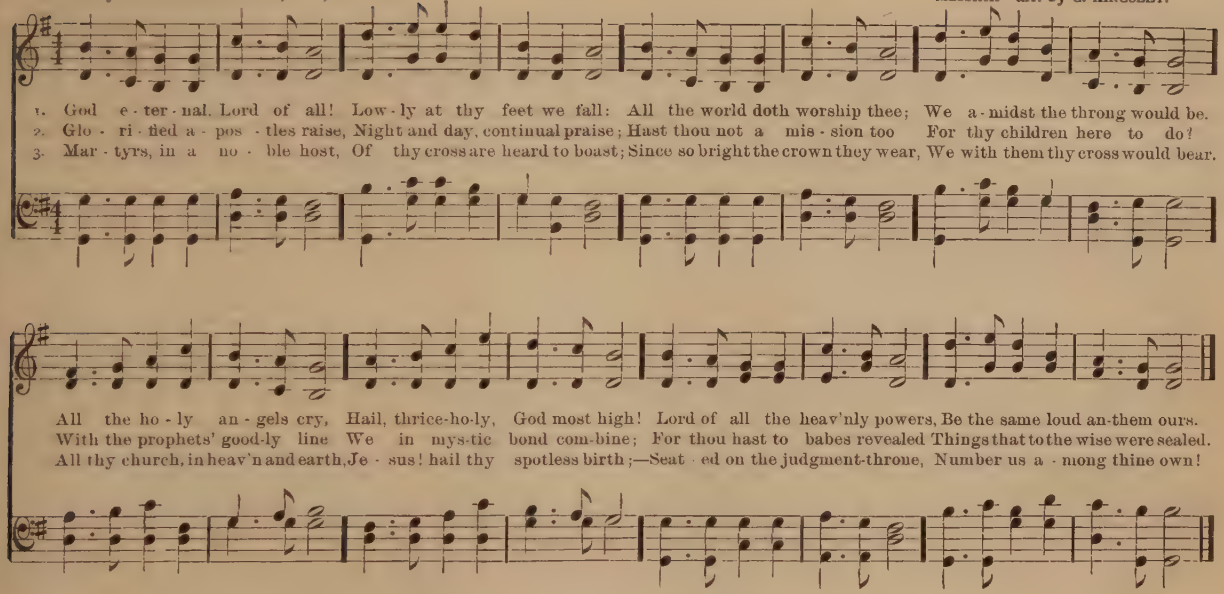
REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

LOVE DIVINE.—J. ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev. - ery trou - bled breast! Let us all in
3. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted may we be: Let us see our
hum - ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus! thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un -
thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest: Come, al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us
whole sal - va - tion Per-fect - ly se - cured by thee! Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in
bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
all thy life re - ceive! Speed-i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave!
heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

98 God eternal, Lord of all!

REV. JAMES ELVIN MILLARD, D.D., tr. MESSIAH—arr. by G. KINGSLEY.


1. God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Low - ly at thy feet we fall: All the world doth worship thee; We a - midst the throng would be.
2. Glo - ri - fied a - pos - tles raise, Night and day, continual praise; Hast thou not a mis - sion too For thy children here to do?
3. Mar - tyrs, in a no - ble host, Of thy cross are heard to boast; Since so bright the crown they wear, We with them thy cross would bear.
All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice-ho-ly, God most high! Lord of all the heav'nly powers, Be the same loud an-them ours.
With the prophets' good-ly line We in mys-tic bond com-bine; For thou hast to babes revealed Things that to the wise were sealed.
All thy church, in heav'n and earth, Je - sus! hail thy spotless birth;—Seat - ed on the judgment-throne, Number us a - mong thine own!

99 Glory be to God on high.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. TUNE—"MESSIAH."

1.

Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

2.

Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love!
Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

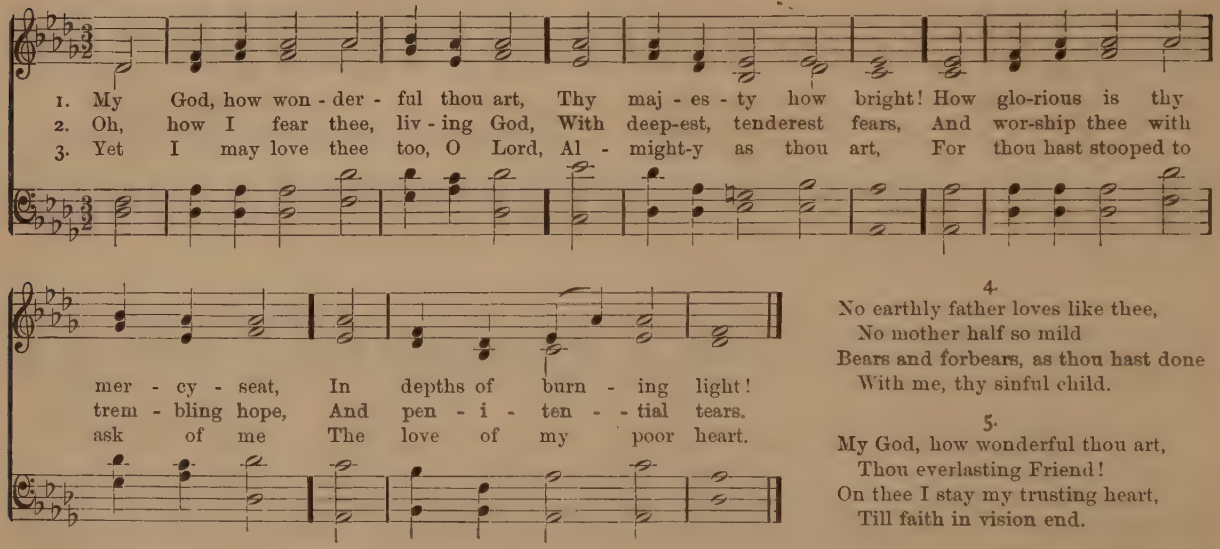
3.

Jesus! in thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by thy blood.
Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
One supreme eternal Three.

100 My God, how wonderful thou art.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D.

CORINTH.—LOWELL MASON.


1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright! How glo-rious is thy
2. Oh, how I fear thee, liv - ing God, With deep-est, tenderest fears, And wor-ship thee with
3. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord, Al - might-y as thou art, For thou hast stooped to
mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
trem - bling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.
ask of me The love of my poor heart.

4.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

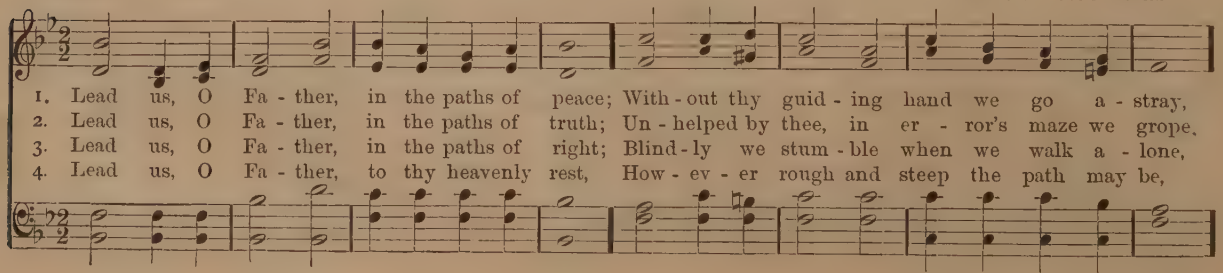
5.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

101 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.

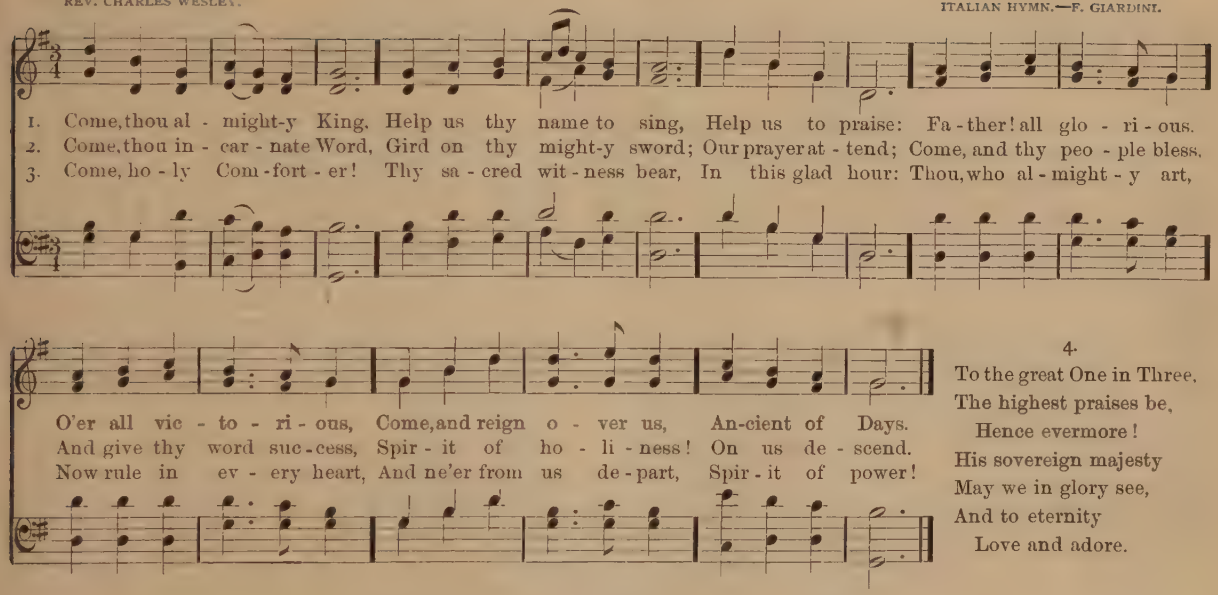
WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

ASSURANCE.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out thy guid - ing hand we go a - stray,
2. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of truth; Un - helped by thee, in er - ror's maze we grope,
3. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of right; Blind - ly we stum - ble when we walk a - lone,
4. Lead us, O Fa - ther, to thy heavenly rest, How - ev - er rough and steep the path may be,

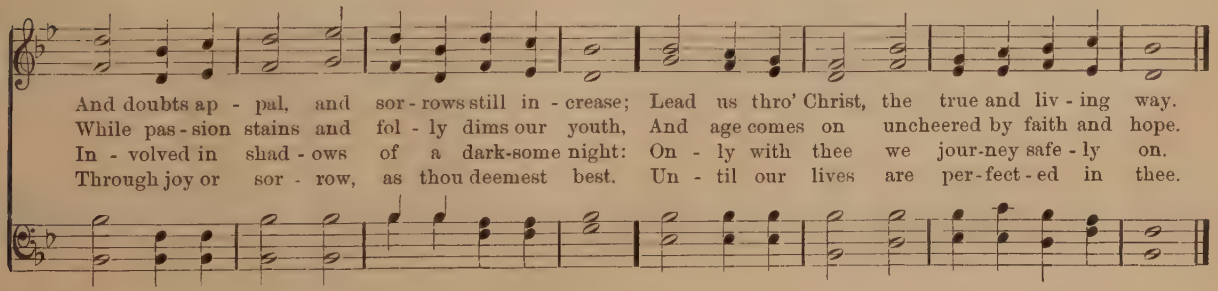
102 Come, thou almighty King.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN.—F. GIARDINI.


1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all glo - ri - ous.
2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might-y sword; Our prayer at - tend; Come, and thy peo - ple bless.
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art,
O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
And give thy word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
Now rule in ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!

4.
To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

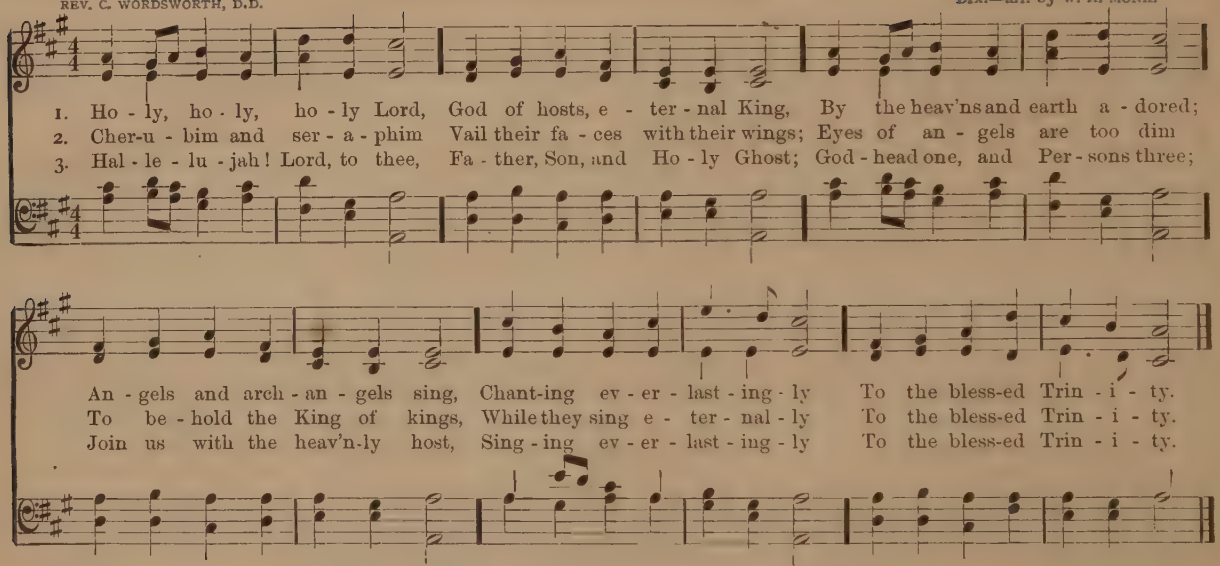
Lead us, O Father.—Concluded.


And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing way.
While pas - sion stains and fol - ly dims our youth, And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
In - volved in shad - ows of a dark-some night: On - ly with thee we jour-ney safe - ly on.
Through joy or sor - row, as thou deemest best. Un - til our lives are per-fect - ed in thee.

103 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

REV. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D.

DIX.—arr. by W. H. MONK.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King, By the heav'ns and earth a - dored;
2. Cher-u - bim and ser - a - phim Vail their fa - ces with their wings; Eyes of an - gels are too dim
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to thee, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost; God - head one, and Per - sons three;
An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e - ter - nal - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
Join us with the heav'n-ly host, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

104 As with gladness men of old.

REV. WILLIAM C. DIX.

TUNE.—"DIX."

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way:
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

105 Hark! the herald angels sing.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. HERALD ANGELS.—arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

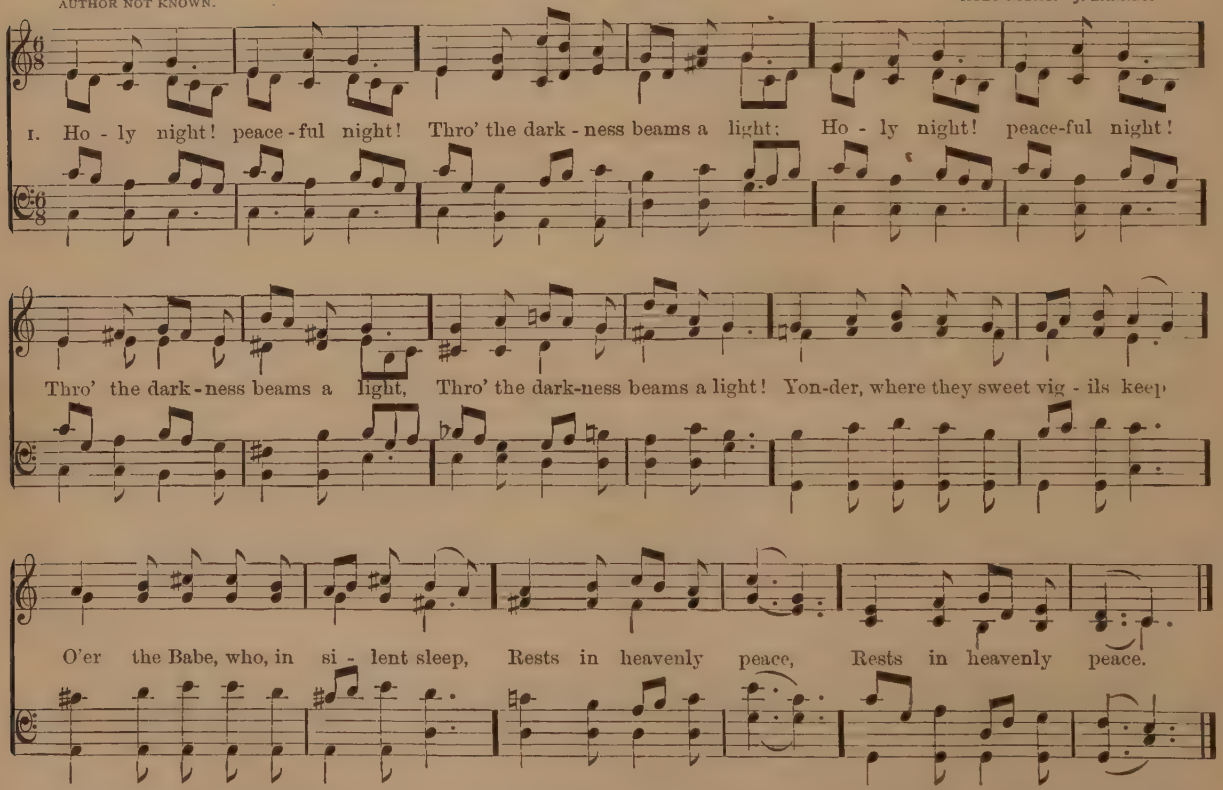
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and
2. Christ, by high-est heaven a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring
3. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteous-ness! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with
sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic
of the Virgin's womb: Vailed in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with
heal - ing in his wings: Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the
host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem! With th' angel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man-u - el! Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man - u - el!
sons of earth, Born to give them second birth; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

106

Holy night! peaceful night!

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

HOLY NIGHT.—J. BARNBY.


1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light: Ho - ly night! peace-ful night!
Thro' the dark - ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light! Yon-der, where they sweet vig - ils keep
O'er the Babe, who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!

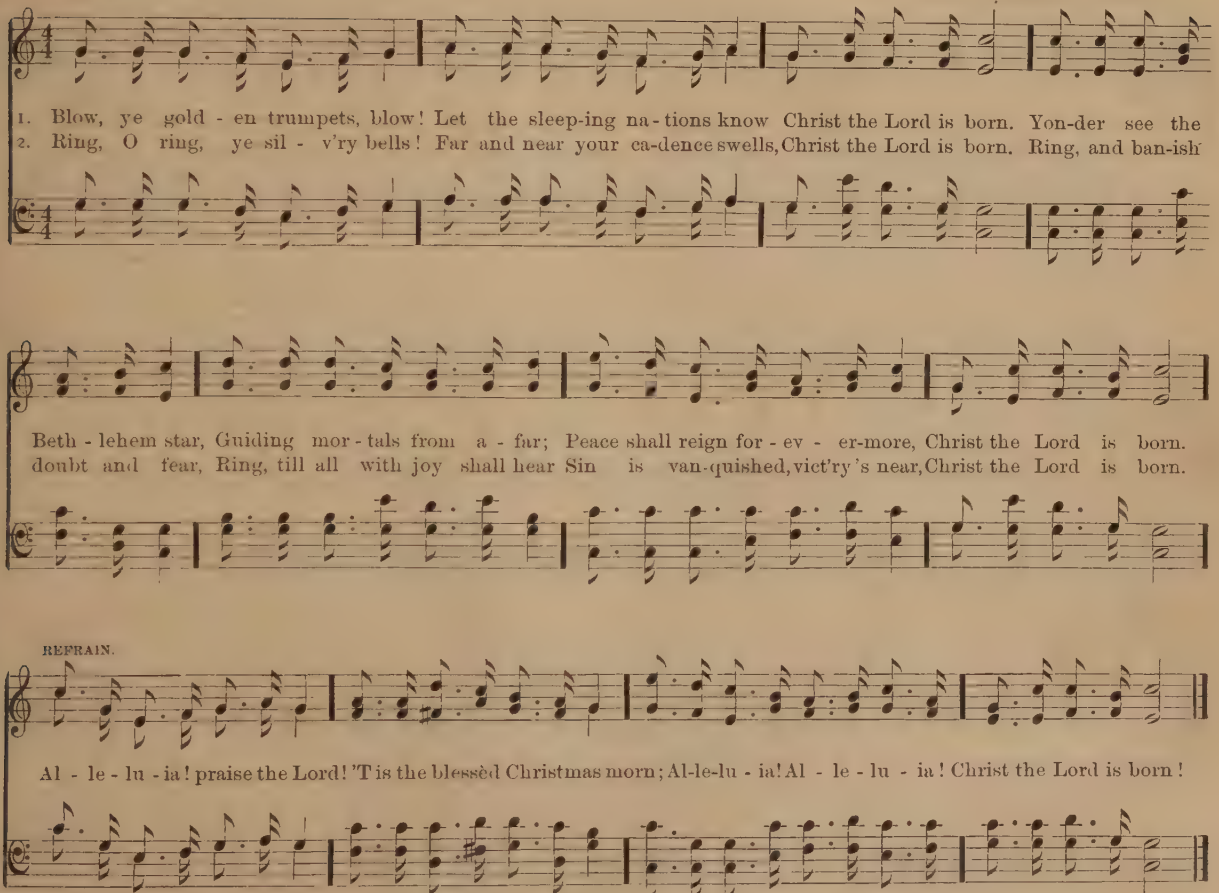
3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

107 Blow, ye golden trumpets, blow!

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

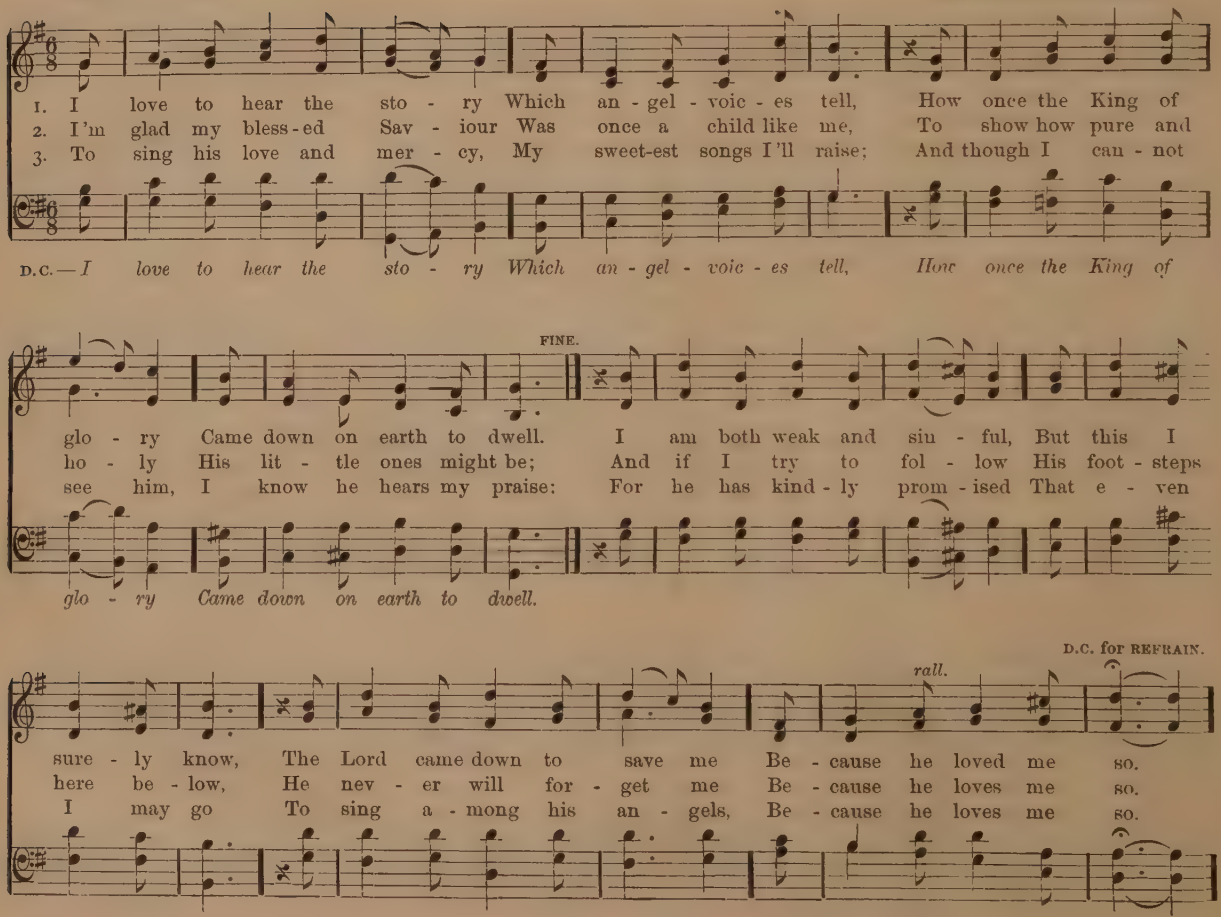
GOLDEN TRUMPETS.—COMPOSER UNKNOWN.


1. Blow, ye gold - en trumpets, blow! Let the sleep-ing na - tions know Christ the Lord is born. Yon-der see the
2. Ring, O ring, ye sil - v'ry bells! Far and near your ca-dence swells, Christ the Lord is born. Ring, and ban-ish
Beth - lehem star, Guiding mor - tals from a - far; Peace shall reign for - ev - er-more, Christ the Lord is born.
doubt and fear, Ring, till all with joy shall hear Sin is van-quished, vict'ry's near, Christ the Lord is born.
REFRAIN.
Al - le - lu - ia! praise the Lord! 'T is the blessèd Christmas morn; Al-le-lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is born!

108 I love to hear the story.

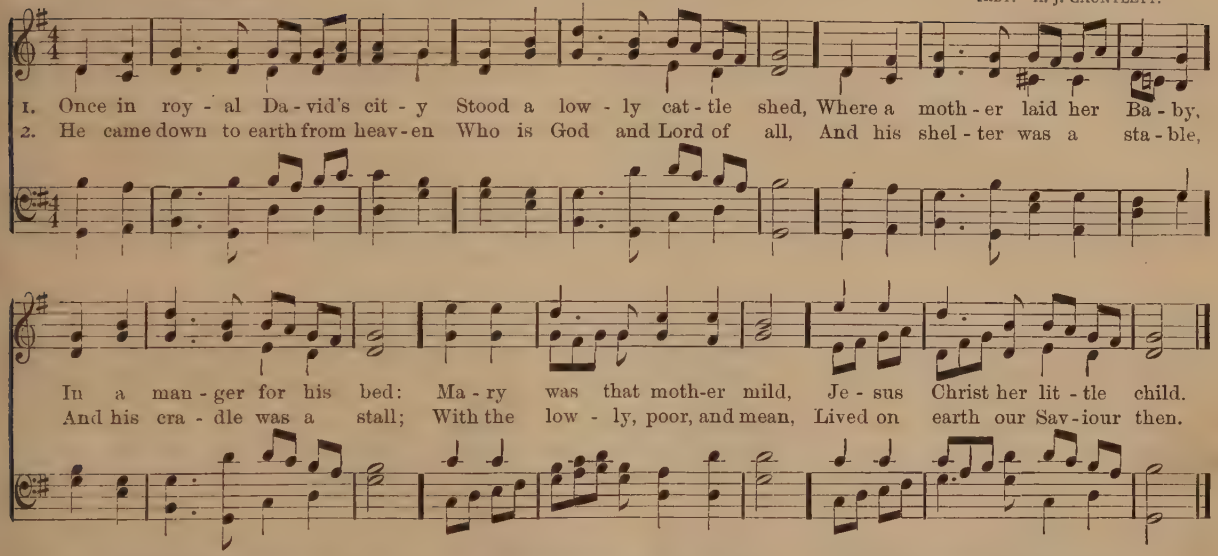
MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

GOOD-WILL—S. W. WILKINSON.


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel - voic - es tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing his love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise; And though I can - not
D.C. — I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel - voic - es tell, How once the King of
FINE.
glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps
see him, I know he hears my praise: For he has kind - ly prom - ised That e - ven
glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
D.C. for REFRAIN.
rall.
sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me Be - cause he loved me so.
here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me Be - cause he loves me so.
I may go To sing a - mong his an - gels, Be - cause he loves me so.

109 Once in royal David's city.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. IRBY.—H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by,
2. He came down to earth from heav - en Who is God and Lord of all, And his shel - ter was a sta - ble,
In a man - ger for his bed: Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
And his cra - dle was a stall; With the low - ly, poor, and mean, Lived on earth our Sav - iour then.

3 And, thro' all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

110 One there is above all others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. TUNE.—"IRBY."

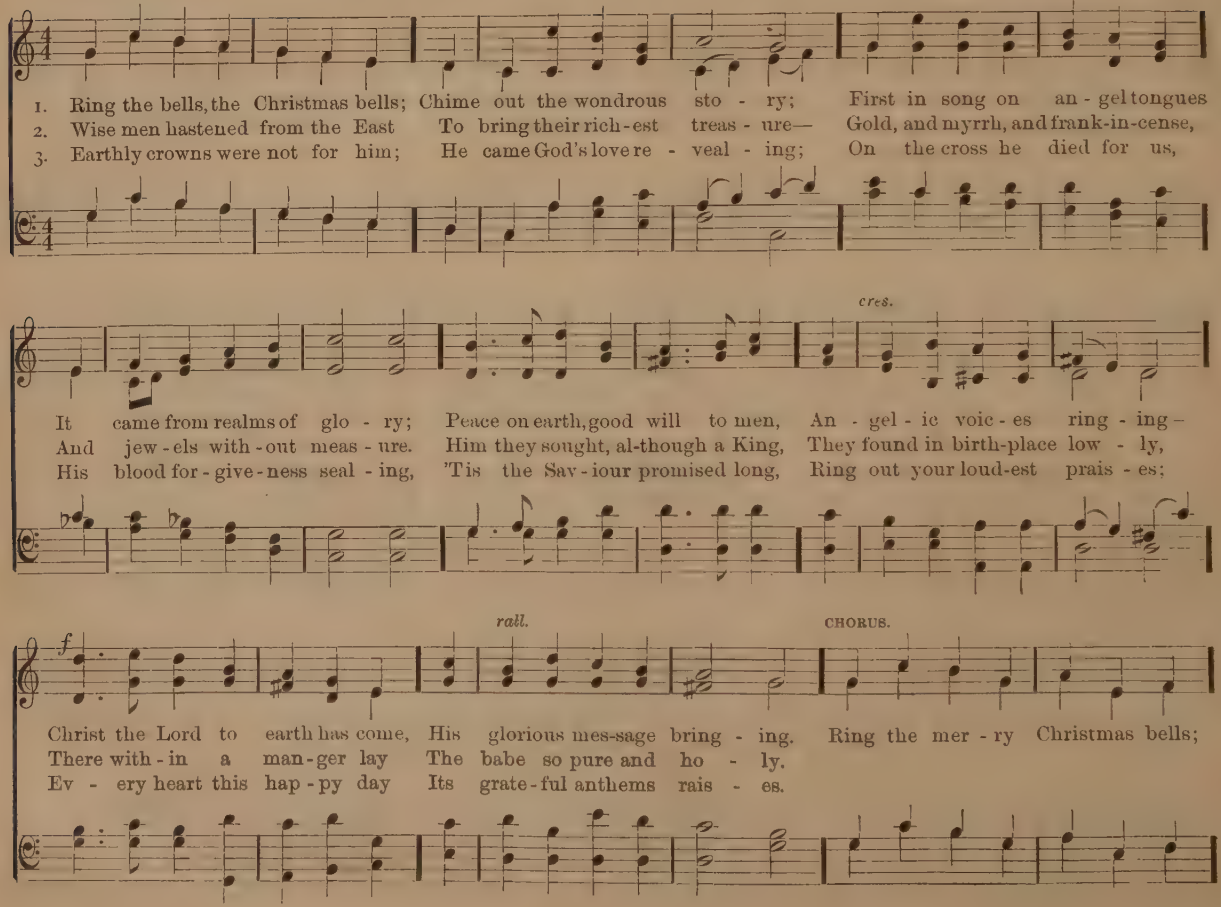
1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

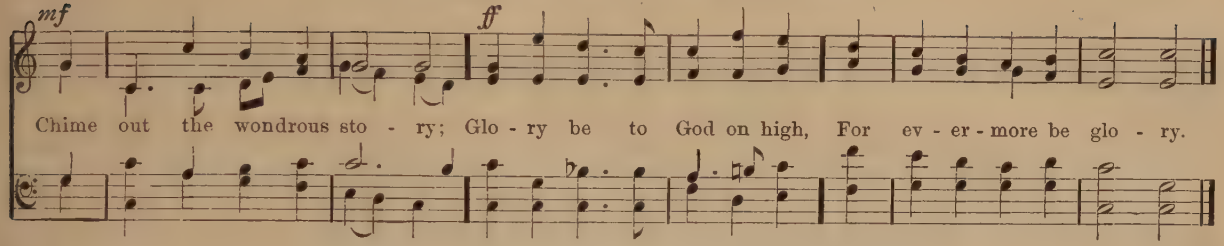
3 Oh, for grace our hearts so soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

MISS AGNES BURNEY. CHIME.—ARTHUR H. BROWN.

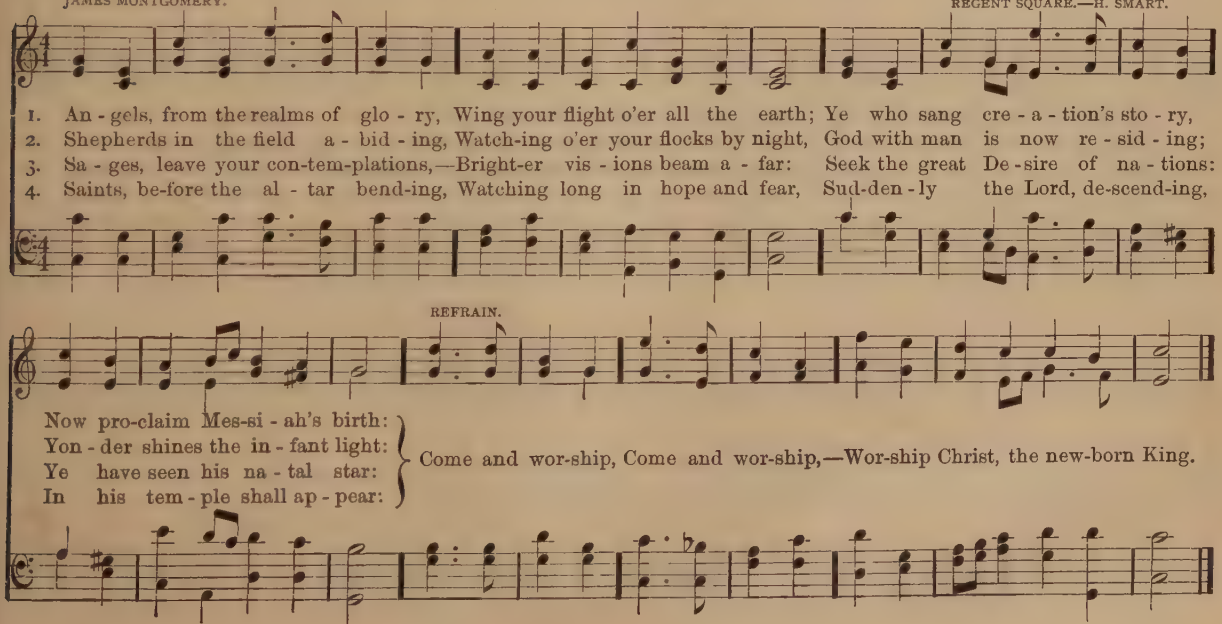

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; First in song on an - gel tongues
2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their rich - est treas - ure— Gold, and myrrh, and frank-in-cense,
3. Earthly crowns were not for him; He came God's love re - veal - ing; On the cross he died for us,
cres.
It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An - gel - ic voic - es ring - ing -
And jew - els with - out meas - ure. Him they sought, al-though a King, They found in birth-place low - ly,
His blood for - give - ness seal - ing, 'Tis the Sav - iour promised long, Ring out your loud-est prais - es;
rall.
CHORUS.
f
Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious mes-sage bring - ing. Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells;
There with - in a man - ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.
Ev - ery heart this hap - py day Its grate - ful anthems rais - es.

Ring the bells.—Concluded.



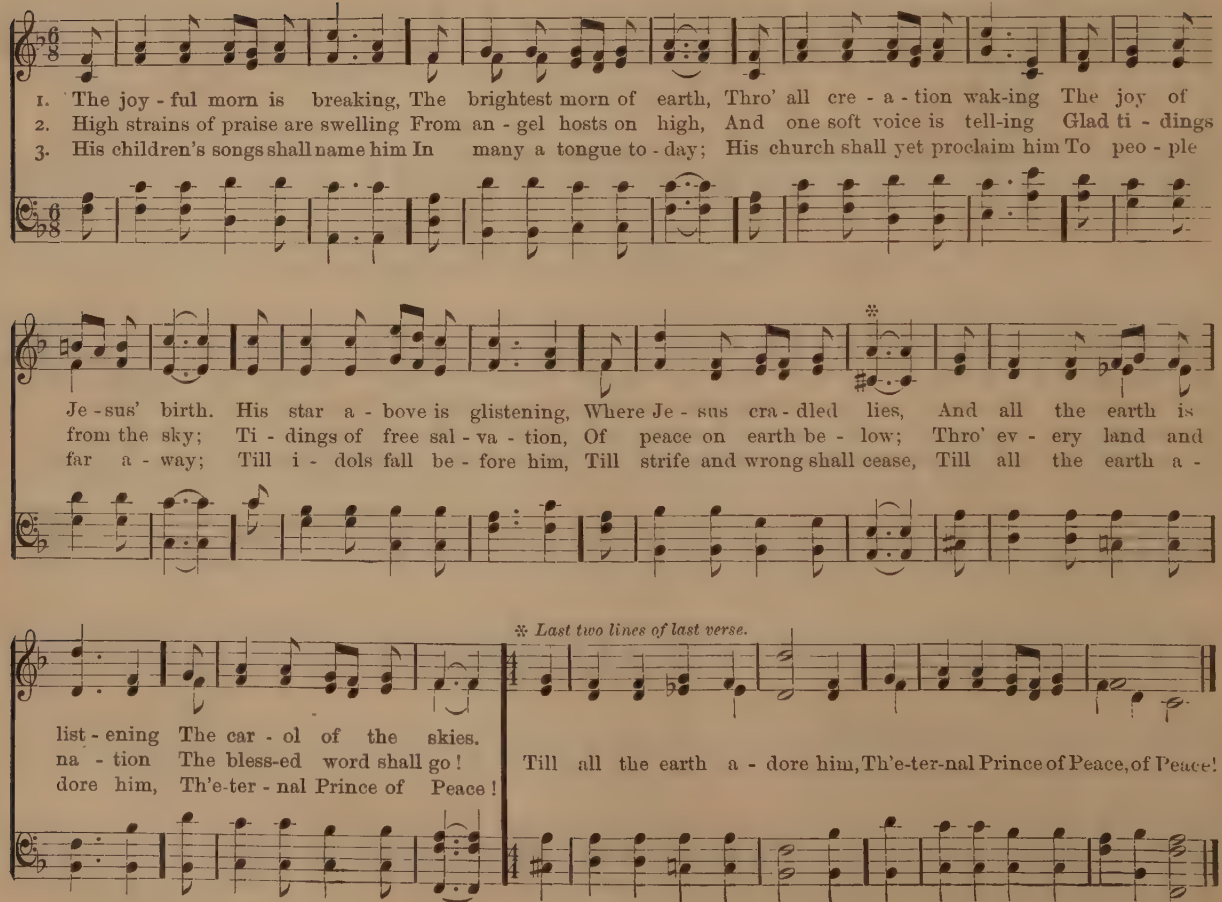
112 Angels, from the realms of glory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. REGENT SQUARE.—H. SMART.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing;
3. Sa - ges, leave your con-tem-plations,—Bright-er vis - ions beam a - far: Seek the great De - sire of na - tions:
4. Saints, be-fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watching long in hope and fear, Sud-den - ly the Lord, de-scend-ing,
REFRAIN.
Now pro-claim Mes-si - ah's birth:
Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
Ye have seen his na - tal star:
In his tem - ple shall ap - pear:
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,—Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

The joyful morn is breaking.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. CHRISTMAS MORN.—E. J. HOPKINS.

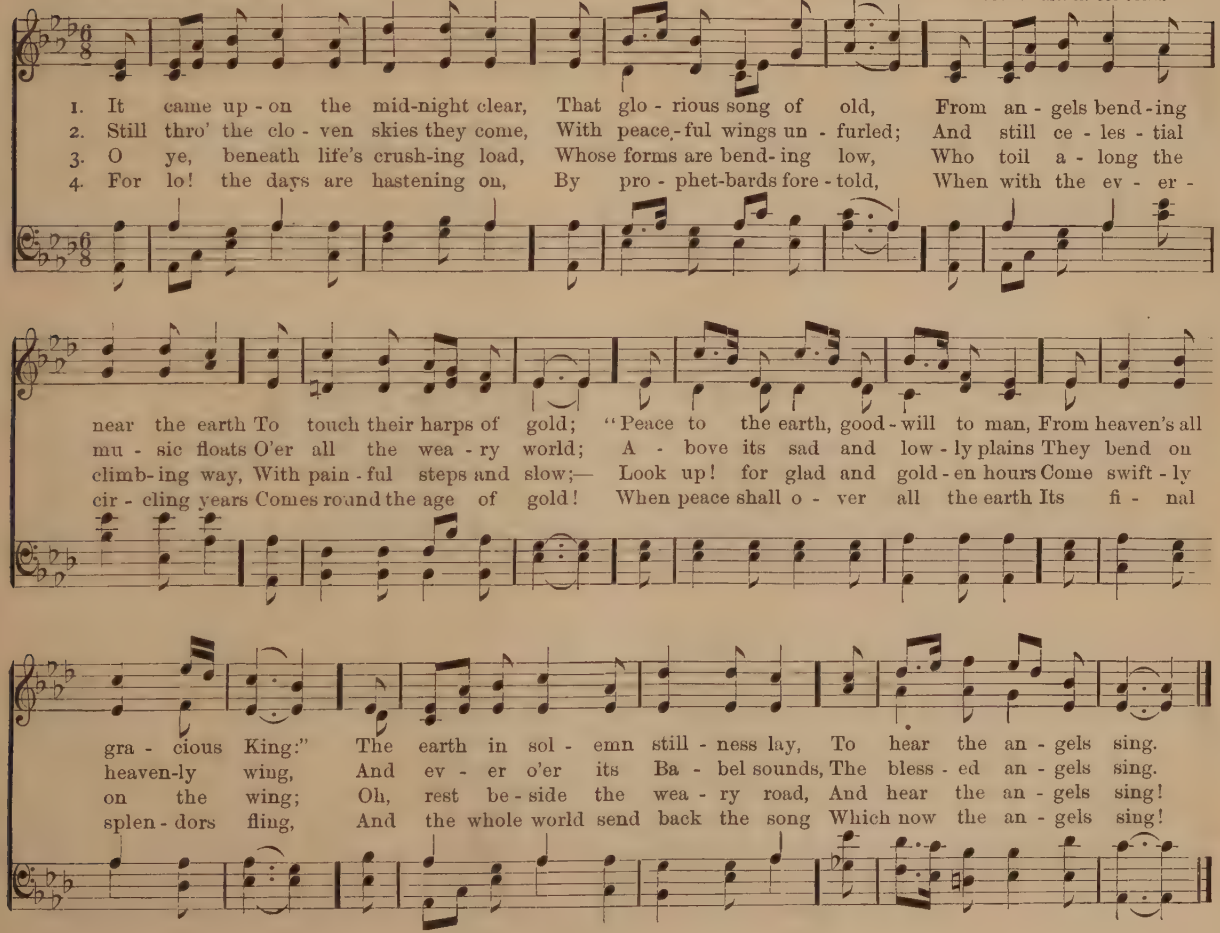

1. The joy - ful morn is breaking, The brightest morn of earth, Thro' all cre - a - tion wak-ing The joy of
2. High strains of praise are swelling From an - gel hosts on high, And one soft voice is tell-ing Glad ti - dings
3. His children's songs shall name him In many a tongue to - day; His church shall yet proclaim him To peo - ple
Je - sus' birth. His star a - bove is glistening, Where Je - sus cra - dled lies, And all the earth is
from the sky; Ti - dings of free sal - va - tion, Of peace on earth be - low; Thro' ev - ery land and
far a - way; Till i - dols fall be - fore him, Till strife and wrong shall cease, Till all the earth a -
list - ening The car - ol of the skies.
na - tion The bless-ed word shall go!
dore him, Th'e-ter - nal Prince of Peace!
Till all the earth a - dore him, Th'e-ter-nal Prince of Peace, of Peace!

* *Last two lines of last verse.*

114 It came upon the midnight clear.

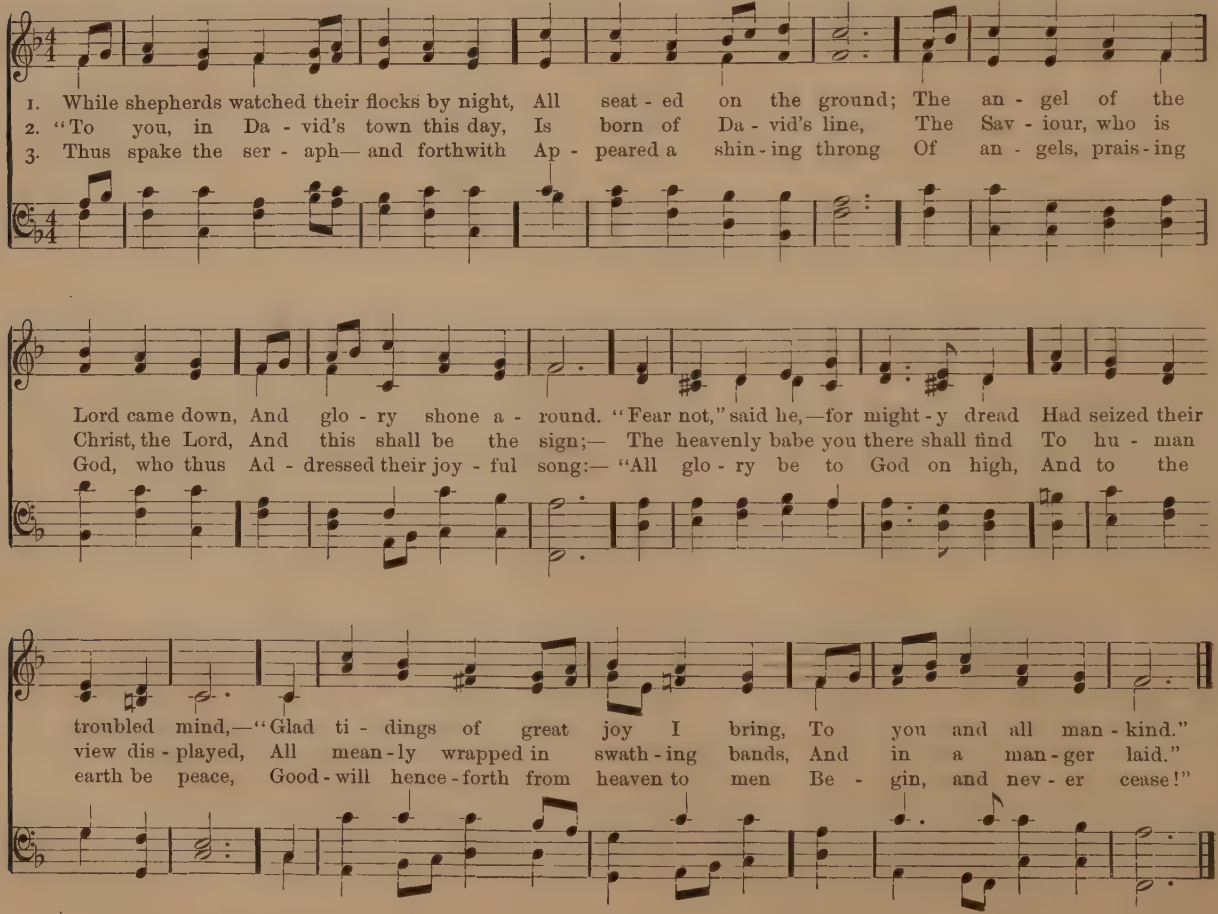
REV. EDMUMD H. SEARS, D.D.

CONCONE.—arr. fr. CONCONE.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still ce - les - tial
3. O ye, beneath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low, Who toil a - long the
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By pro - phet-bards fore - told, When with the ev - er -
near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good - will to man, From heaven's all
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on
climb-ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;— Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly
cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold! When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal
gra - cious King:" The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
heaven-ly wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
on the wing; Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
splen - dors fling, And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

115 While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

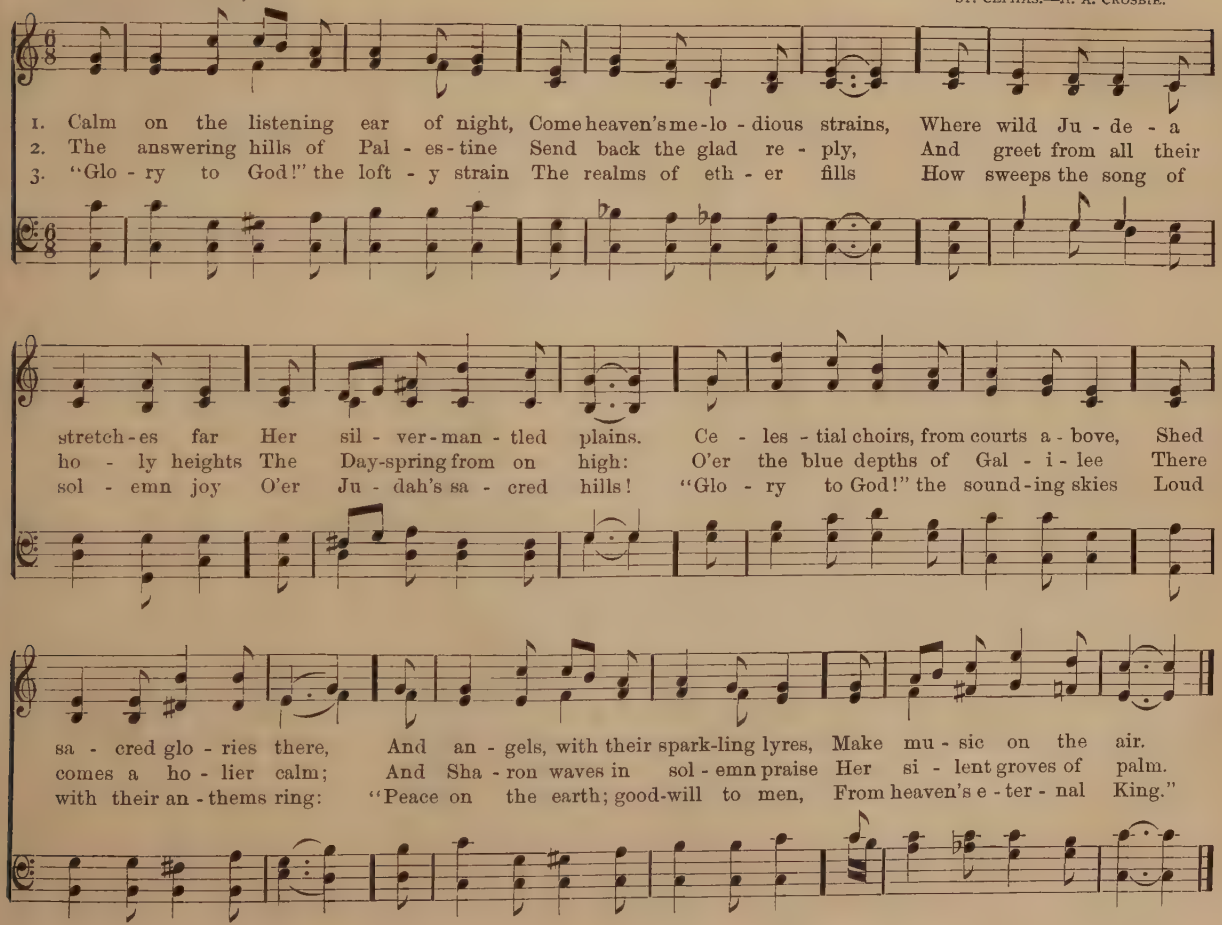
NAHUM TATE. NOEL.—arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground; The an - gel of the
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour, who is
3. Thus spake the ser - aph— and forthwith Ap - peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels, prais - ing
Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seized their
Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;— The heavenly babe you there shall find To hu - man
God, who thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song:— "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the
troubled mind,—"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind."
view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
earth be peace, Good - will hence - forth from heaven to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"

116 Calm on the listening ear of night.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, D.D.

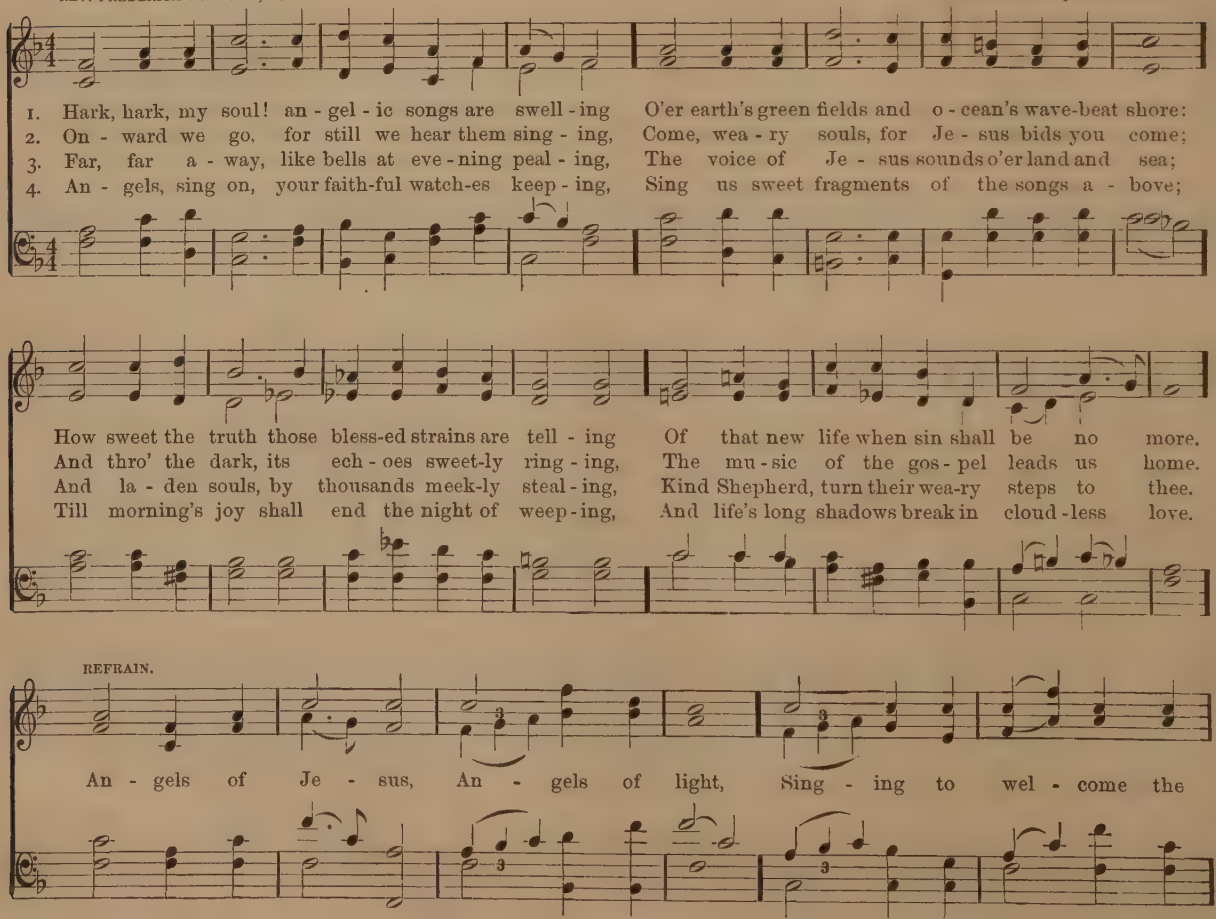
ST. CEPHAS.—H. A. CROSBIE.


1. Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Ju-de-a
2. The answering hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re-ply, And greet from all their
3. "Glo-ry to God!" the loft-y strain The realms of eth-er fills How sweeps the song of
stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains. Ce-les-tial choirs, from courts a-bove, Shed
ho-ly heights The Day-spring from on high: O'er the blue depths of Gal-i-lee There
sol-emn joy O'er Ju-dah's sa-cred hills! "Glo-ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud
sa-cred glo-ries there, And an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air.
comes a ho-lier calm; And Sha-ron waves in sol-emn praise Her si-lent groves of palm.
with their an-thems ring: "Peace on the earth; good-will to men, From heaven's e-ter-nal King."

117 Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D.

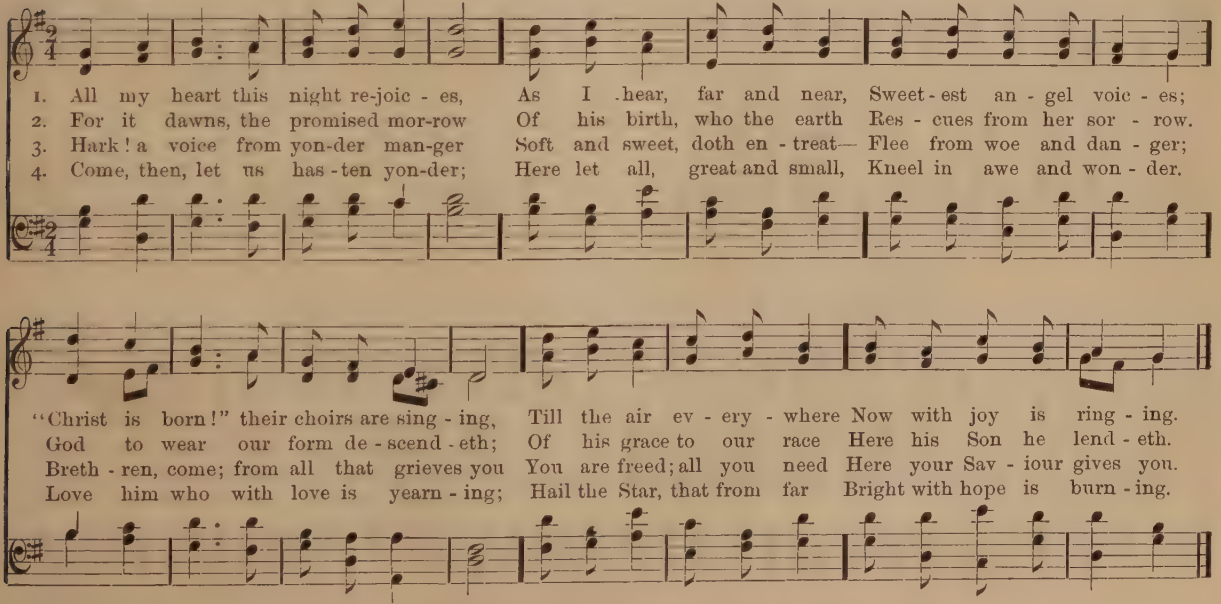
VOX ANGELICA.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore:
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove;
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And la - den souls, by thousands meek-ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
REFRAIN.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

Hark, hark, my soul!—Concluded.

118 All my heart this night rejoices.

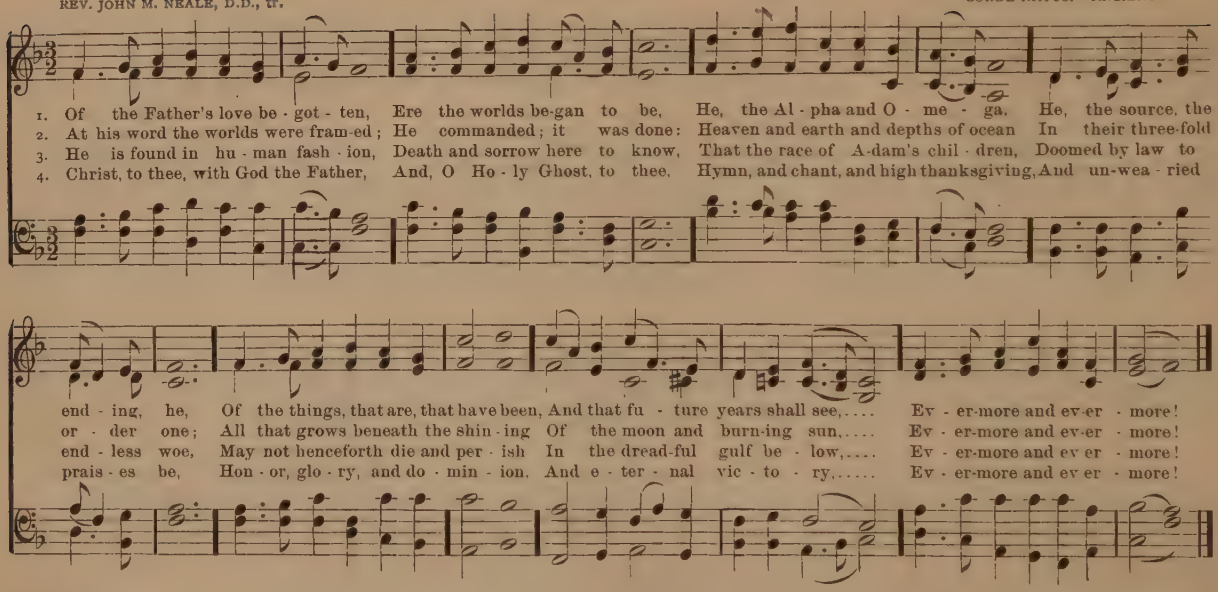
MISS CATHARINE WINKWORTH, tr. BONN.—J. G. EBELING.


1. All my heart this night re-joic - es, As I hear, far and near, Sweet - est an - gel voic - es;
2. For it dawns, the promised mor-row Of his birth, who the earth Res - cues from her sor - row.
3. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger Soft and sweet, doth en - treat— Flee from woe and dan - ger;
4. Come, then, let us has - ten yon-der; Here let all, great and small, Kneel in awe and won - der.
"Christ is born!" their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing.
God to wear our form de - scend - eth; Of his grace to our race Here his Son he lend - eth.
Breth - ren, come; from all that grieves you You are freed; all you need Here your Sav - iour gives you.
Love him who with love is yearn - ing; Hail the Star, that from far Bright with hope is burn - ing.

119 Of the Father's love begotten.

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D., tr.

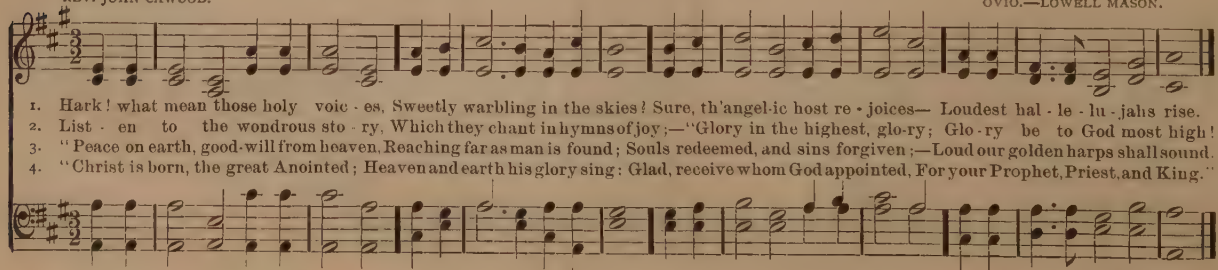
CORDE NATUS.—ANCIENT.


1. Of the Father's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be, He, the Al - pha and O - me - ga, He, the source, the
2. At his word the worlds were fram-ed; He commanded; it was done: Heaven and earth and depths of ocean In their three-fold
3. He is found in hu - man fash - ion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of A-dam's chil - dren, Doomed by law to
4. Christ, to thee, with God the Father, And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to thee, Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving, And un-wea - ried
end - ing, he, Of the things, that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see,.... Ev - er-more and ev-er - more!
or - der one; All that grows beneath the shin - ing Of the moon and burn-ing sun,.... Ev - er-more and ev-er - more!
end - less woe, May not henceforth die and per - ish In the dread-ful gulf be - low,.... Ev - er-more and ev er - more!
prais - es be, Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - ion, And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry,..... Ev - er-more and ev er - more!

120 Hark! what mean those holy voices.

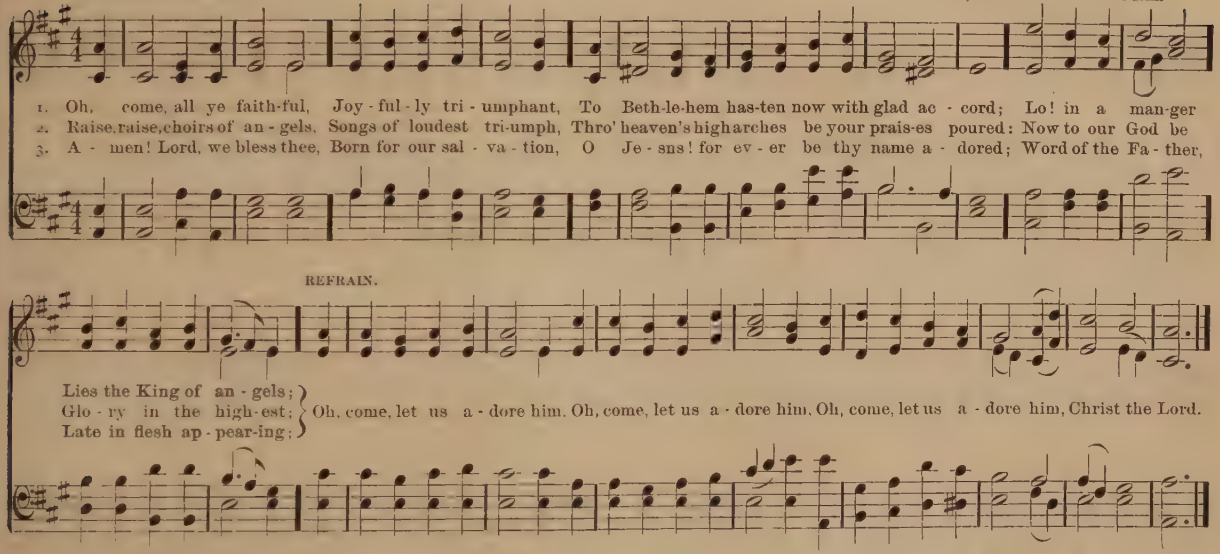
REV. JOHN CAWOOD.

OVIO.—LOWELL MASON.


1. Hark! what mean those holy voic - es, Sweetly warbling in the skies! Sure, th'angel-ic host re - joices— Loudest hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
2. List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—"Glory in the highest, glo-ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!
3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—Loud our golden harps shall sound.
4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his glory sing: Glad, receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

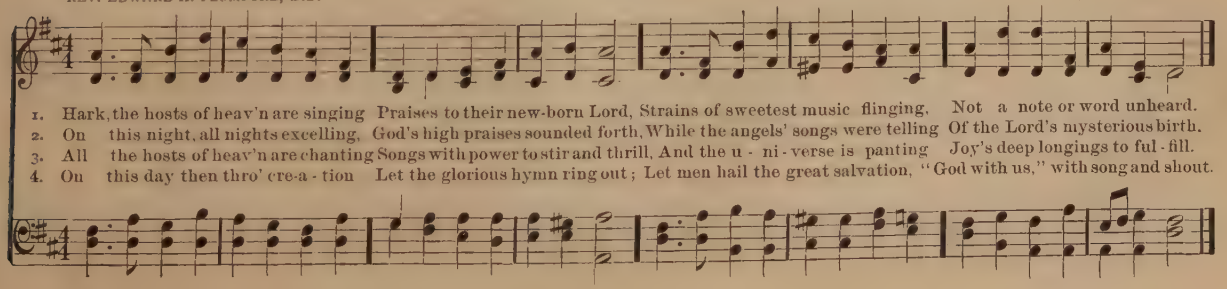
121 Oh, come, all ye faithful.

REV. WILLIAM MERCER, tr. ADESTE, FIDELES.—M. PORTUGAL.


1. Oh, come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly tri-umphant, To Beth-le-hem has-ten now with glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger
2. Raise, raise, choirs of an-gels, Songs of loudest tri-umph, Thro' heaven's high arches be your prais-es poured: Now to our God be
3. A-men! Lord, we bless thee, Born for our sal-va-tion, O Je-sus! for ev-er be thy name a-dored; Word of the Fa-ther,
REFRAIN.
Lies the King of an-gels;
Glo-ry in the high-est;
Late in flesh ap-pear-ing;
Oh, come, let us a-dore him. Oh, come, let us a-dore him. Oh, come, let us a-dore him, Christ the Lord.

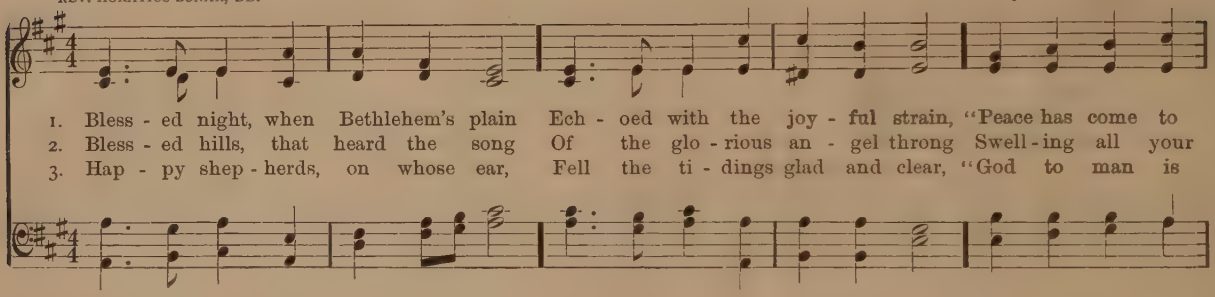
122 Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing.

REV. EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. OSWALD.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark, the hosts of heav'n are singing Praises to their new-born Lord, Strains of sweetest music flinging. Not a note or word unheard.
2. On this night, all nights excelling, God's high praises sounded forth, While the angels' songs were telling Of the Lord's mysterious birth.
3. All the hosts of heav'n are chanting Songs with power to stir and thrill, And the u-ni-verse is panting Joy's deep longings to ful-fill.
4. On this day then thro' cre-a-tion Let the glorious hymn ring out; Let men hail the great salvation, "God with us," with song and shout.

123 Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, DD. EANSWYTH.—J. W. SIDEBOTHAM.


1. Bless - ed night, when Bethlehem's plain Ech - oed with the joy - ful strain, "Peace has come to
2. Bless - ed hills, that heard the song Of the glo - rious an - gel throng Swell - ing all your
3. Hap - py shep - herds, on whose ear, Fell the ti - dings glad and clear, "God to man is
earth a - gain."
slopes a - long.
draw-ing near."
Al - le - lu - ia!

4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise, -
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

5 Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia!

6 We adore thee as our King,
And to thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to thee bring.
Alleluia!

7 Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of glory, King of Peace,
Never shall thy kingdom cease!
Alleluia!

124 Hark, what music fills the sky!

E. WIGLESWORTH.

TUNE.—"EANSWYTH."

1 Hark, what music fills the sky!
Glory be to God on high,
Angels sing, and hosts reply,
Alleluia!

2 To the sons of men is given
God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,
Pledge of grace, and sin forgiven,
Alleluia!

3 Righteousness and peace embrace,
For the Prince of peace doth place
His right hand on Adam's race,
Alleluia!

4 Would ye see the wondrous sign,
In a manger, Child Divine,
Lies the Heir of David's line,
Alleluia!

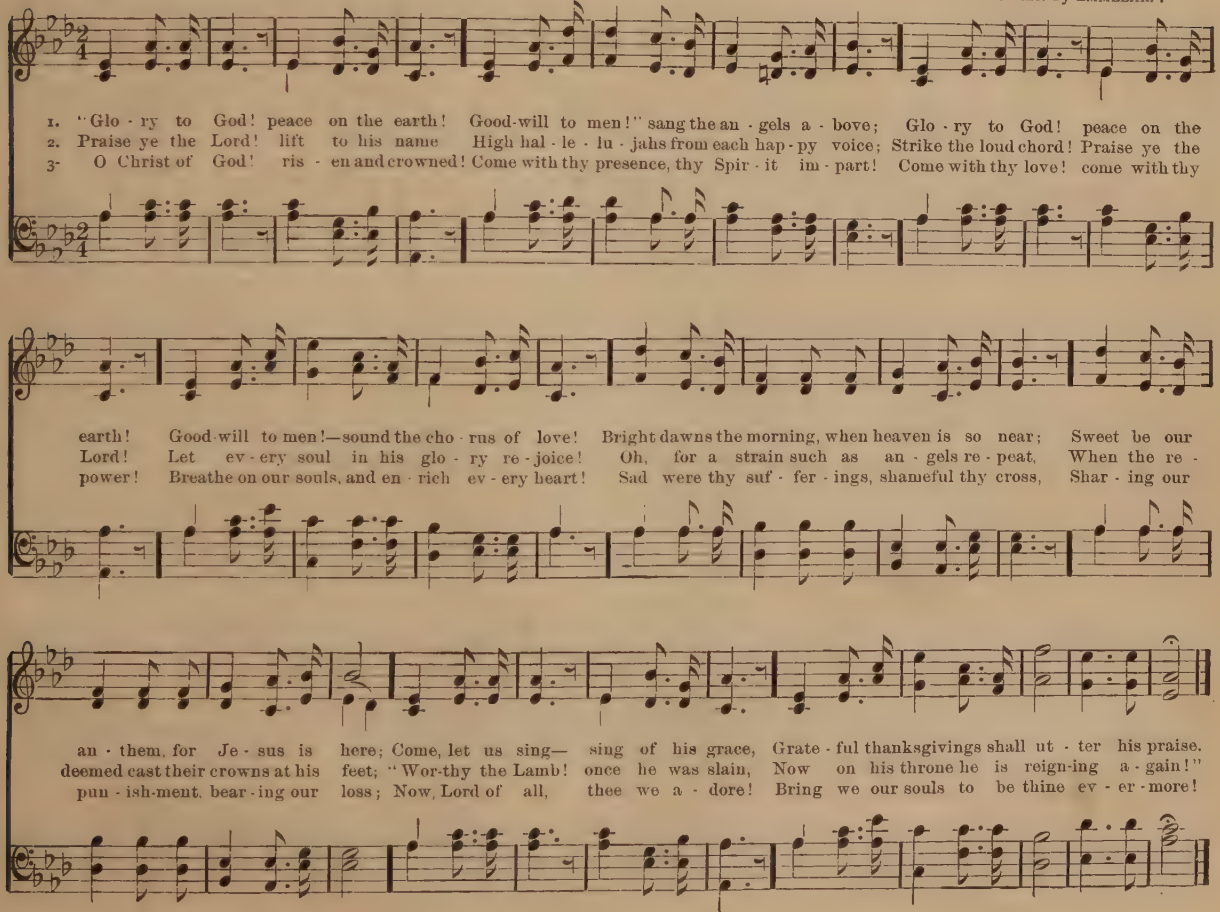
5 Thee we owe as Lord and King,
And as tribute meet we bring
Songs which angels cannot sing,
Alleluia!

6 Him we praise, himself who gave
To the manger and the grave
All to ransom and to save.
Alleluia!

125 Glory to God! peace on the earth!

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

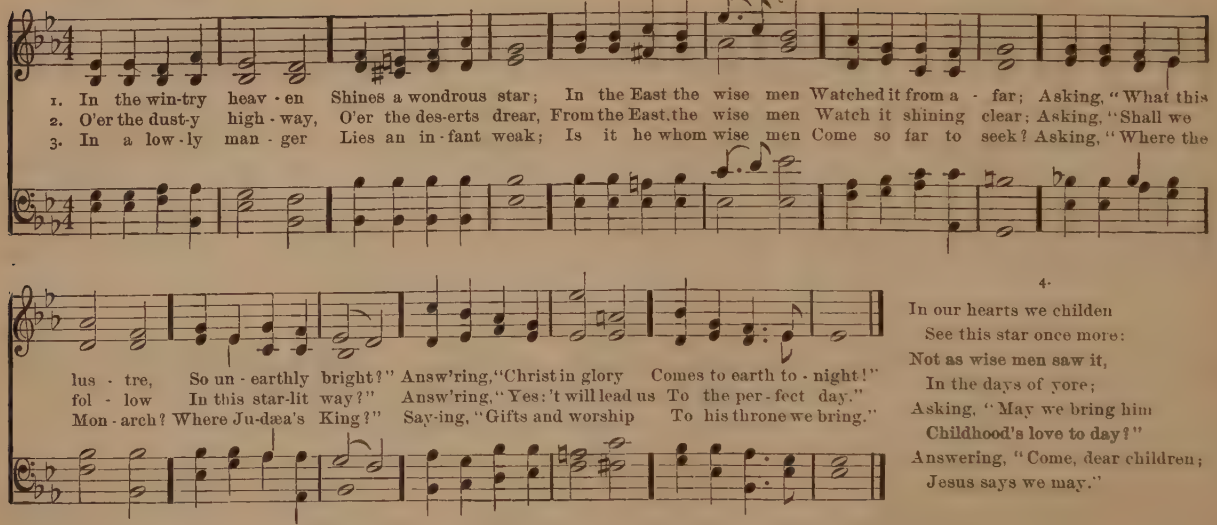
CAROLUS.—arr. by EMMELAR. .


1. "Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to men!" sang the an - gels a - bove; Glo - ry to God! peace on the
2. Praise ye the Lord! lift to his name High hal - le - lu - jahs from each hap - py voice; Strike the loud chord! Praise ye the
3. O Christ of God! ris - en and crowned! Come with thy presence, thy Spir - it im - part! Come with thy love! come with thy
earth! Good-will to men!—sound the cho - rus of love! Bright dawns the morning, when heaven is so near; Sweet be our
Lord! Let ev - ery soul in his glo - ry re - joice! Oh, for a strain such as an - gels re - peat, When the re -
power! Breathe on our souls, and en - rich ev - ery heart! Sad were thy suf - fer - ings, shameful thy cross, Shar - ing our
an - them, for Je - sus is here; Come, let us sing— sing of his grace, Grate - ful thanksgivings shall ut - ter his praise.
deemed cast their crowns at his feet; "Wor-thy the Lamb! once he was slain, Now on his throne he is reign-ing a - gain!"
pun - ish-ment, bear - ing our loss; Now, Lord of all, thee we a - dore! Bring we our souls to be thine ev - er - more!

126 In the wintry heaven.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

SPES CELESTIS.—W. A. SMITH.


1. In the win-try heav-en Shines a wondrous star; In the East the wise men Watched it from a-far; Asking, "What this
2. O'er the dust-y high-way, O'er the des-erts drear, From the East, the wise men Watch it shining clear; Asking, "Shall we
3. In a low-ly man-ger Lies an in-fant weak; Is it he whom wise men Come so far to seek? Asking, "Where the
lus-tre, So un-earthly bright?" Answ'ring, "Christ in glory Comes to earth to-night!"
fol-low In this star-lit way?" Answ'ring, "Yes: 't will lead us To the per-fect day."
Mon-arch? Where Ju-dæa's King?" Say-ing, "Gifts and worship To his throne we bring."

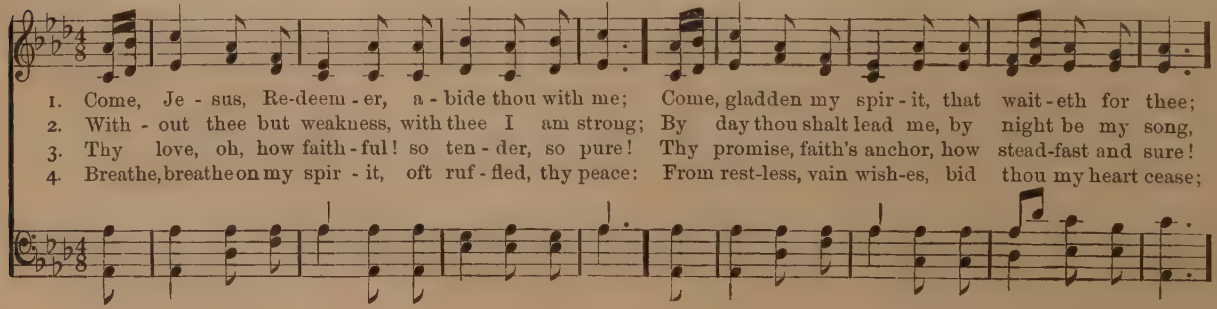
4.

In our hearts we childen
See this star once more:
Not as wise men saw it,
In the days of yore;
Asking, "May we bring him
Childhood's love to day?"
Answering, "Come, dear children;
Jesus says we may."

127 Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

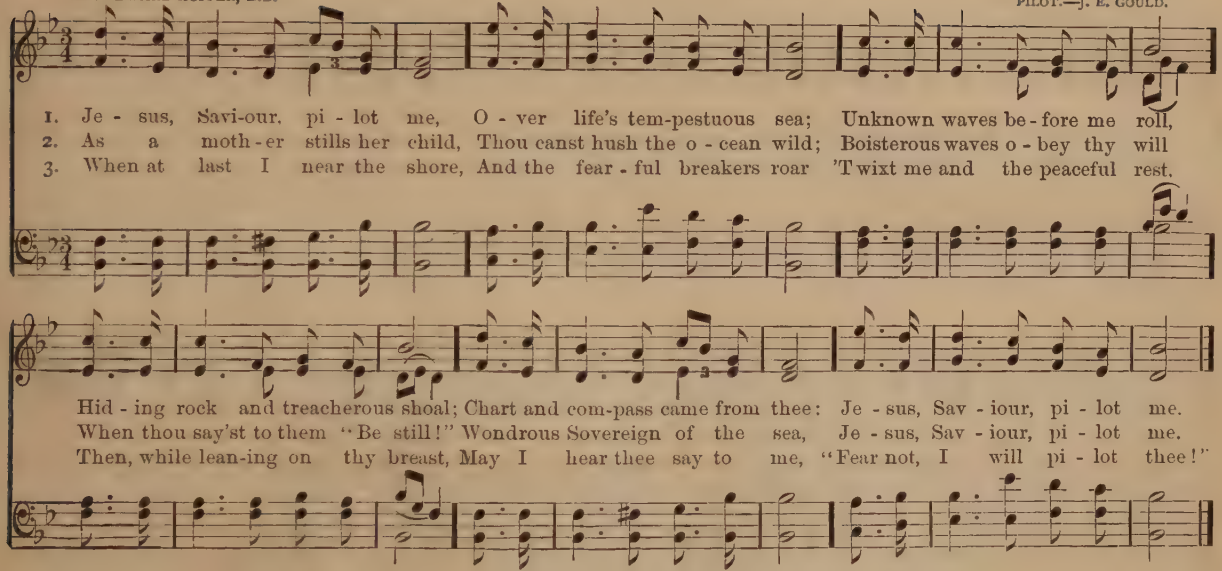
MAGILL.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. Come, Je-sus, Re-deem-er, a-bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir-it, that wait-eth for thee;
2. With-out thee but weakness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song,
3. Thy love, oh, how faith-ful! so ten-der, so pure! Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-fast and sure!
4. Breathe, breathe on my spir-it, oft ruf-fled, thy peace: From rest-less, vain wish-es, bid thou my heart cease;

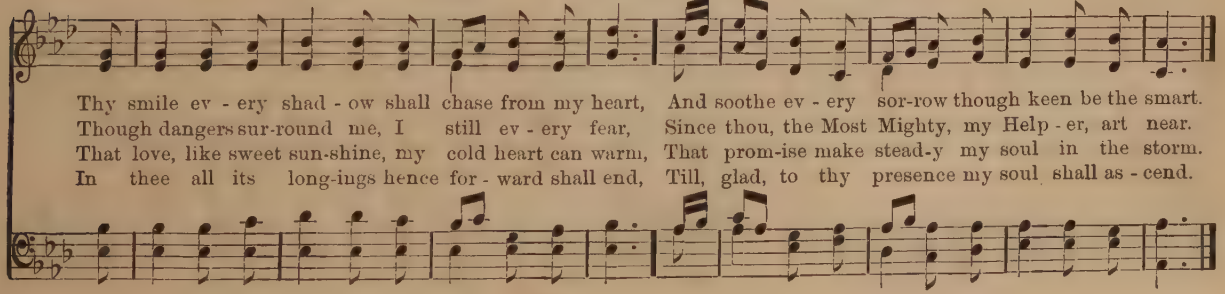
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D.

PILOT.—J. E. GOULD.

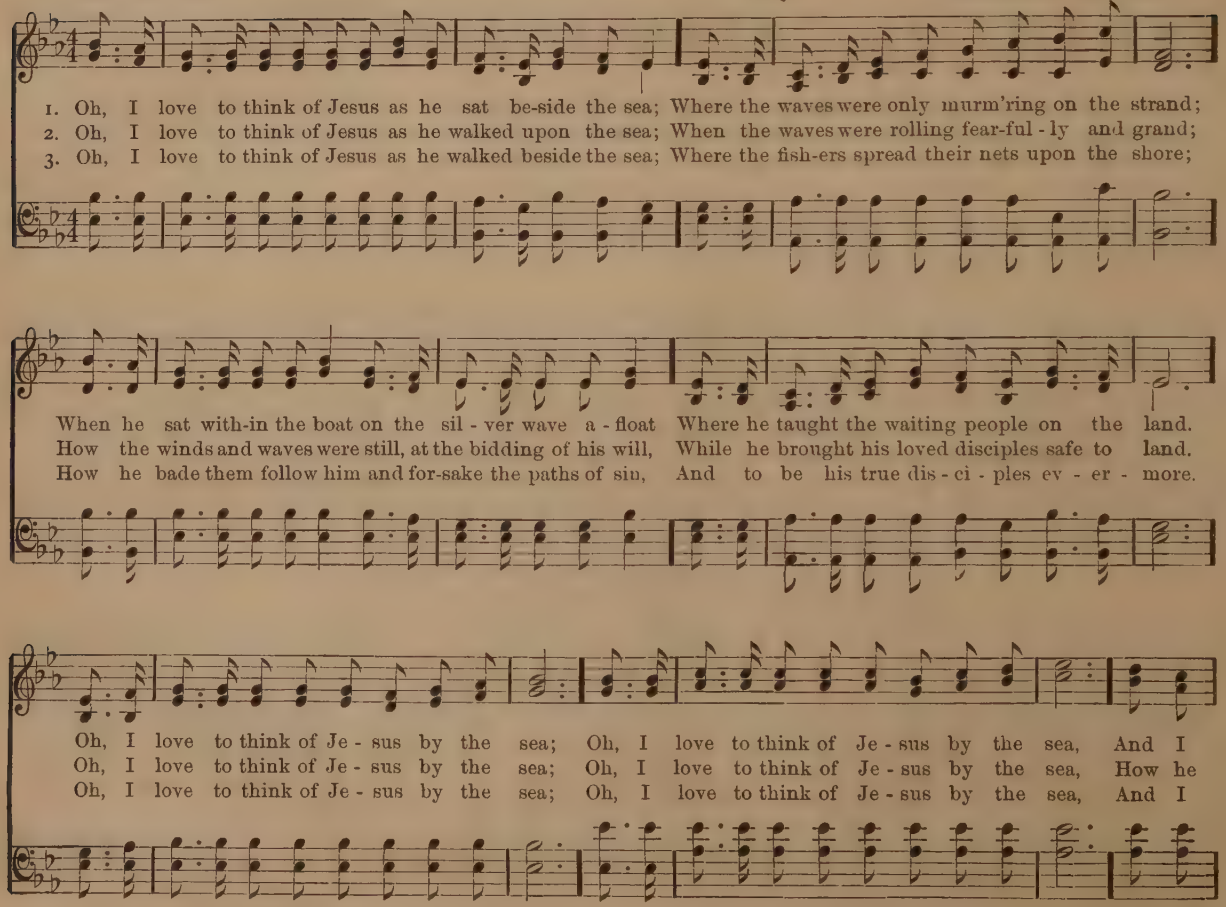

1. Je - sus, Savi-our, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea; Unknown waves be - fore me roll,
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild; Boisterous waves o - bey thy will
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest.
Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and com-pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
When thou say'st to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Then, while lean-ing on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Come, Jesus, Redeemer.—Concluded.

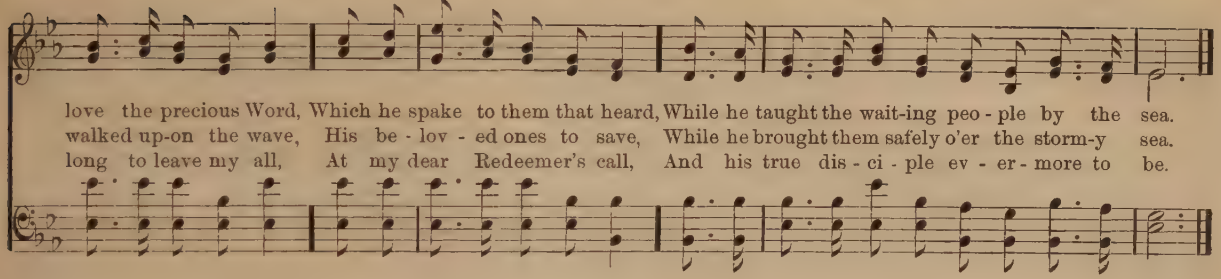

Thy smile ev - ery shad - ow shall chase from my heart, And soothe ev - ery sor-row though keen be the smart.
Though dangers sur-round me, I still ev - ery fear, Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Help - er, art near.
That love, like sweet sun-shine, my cold heart can warm, That prom-ise make stead-y my soul in the storm.
In thee all its long-ings hence for - ward shall end, Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall as - cend.

129 Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea.

From "THE PRIZE." BY THE SEA.—GEO. F. ROOT.

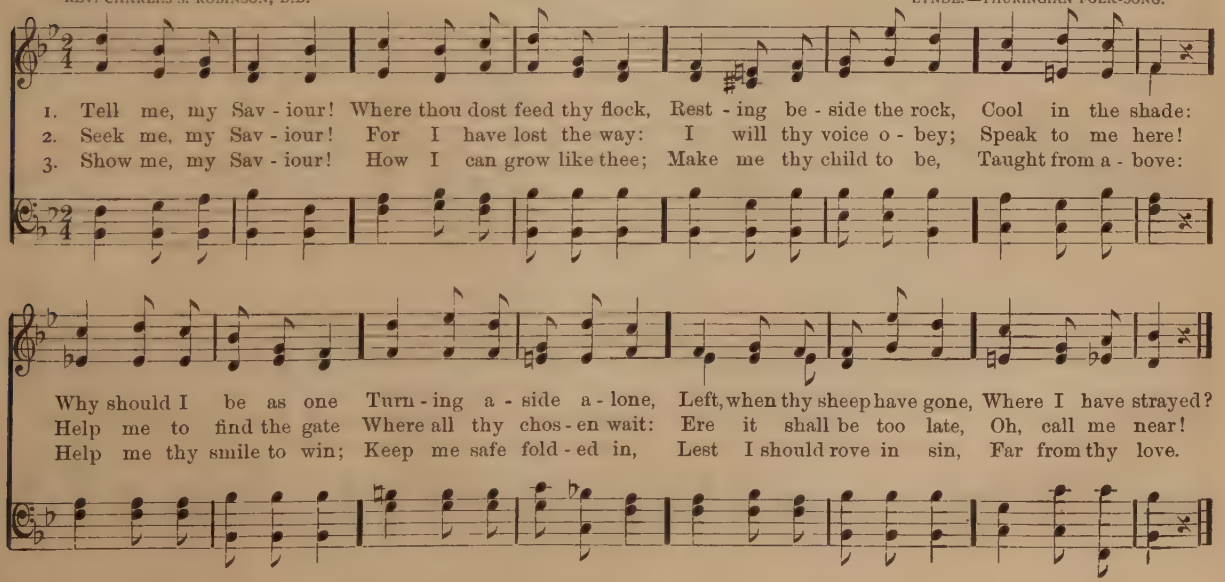

1. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he sat be-side the sea; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the strand;
2. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea; When the waves were rolling fear-ful - ly and grand;
3. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea; Where the fish-ers spread their nets upon the shore;
When he sat with-in the boat on the sil - ver wave a - float Where he taught the waiting people on the land.
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will, While he brought his loved disciples safe to land.
How he bade them follow him and for-sake the paths of sin, And to be his true dis - ci - ples ev - er - more.
Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I
Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he
Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I

Oh, I love to think of Jesus.—Concluded.


love the precious Word, Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait-ing peo - ple by the sea.
walked up-on the wave, His be - lov - ed ones to save, While he brought them safely o'er the storm-y sea.
long to leave my all, At my dear Redeemer's call, And his true dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

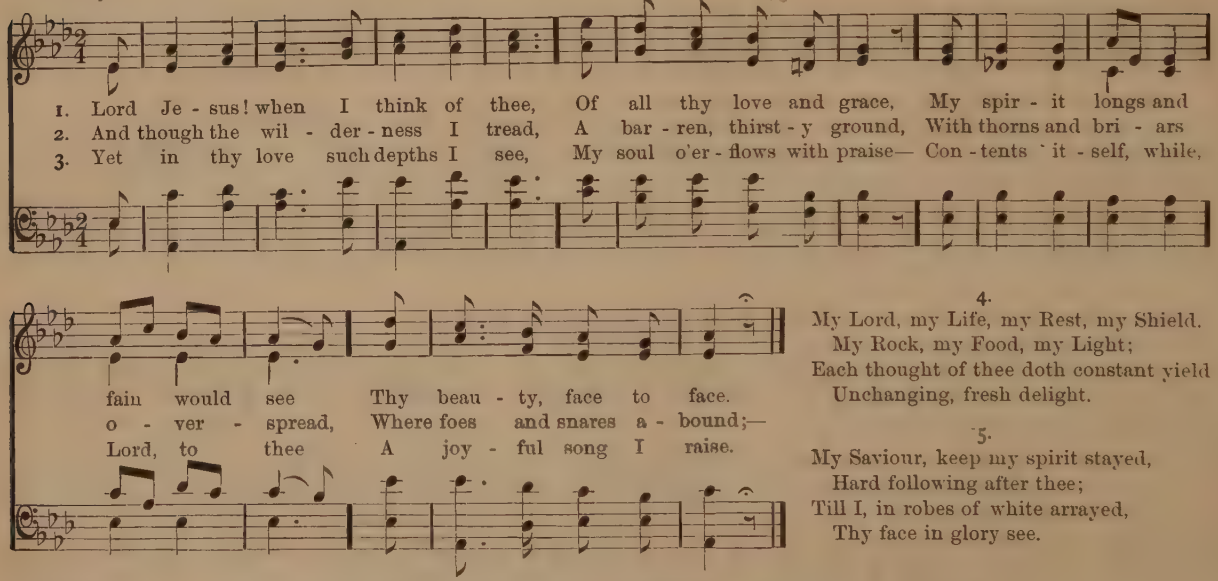
130 Tell me, my Saviour!

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D. LYNDE.—THURINGIAN FOLK-SONG.


1. Tell me, my Sav - iour! Where thou dost feed thy flock, Rest - ing be - side the rock, Cool in the shade:
2. Seek me, my Sav - iour! For I have lost the way: I will thy voice o - bey; Speak to me here!
3. Show me, my Sav - iour! How I can grow like thee; Make me thy child to be, Taught from a - bove:
Why should I be as one Turn - ing a - side a - lone, Left, when thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?
Help me to find the gate Where all thy chos - en wait: Ere it shall be too late, Oh, call me near!
Help me thy smile to win; Keep me safe fold - ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from thy love.

131 Lord Jesus! when I think of thee.

REV. JAMES G. DECK. HUMMEL.—C. ZEUNER.

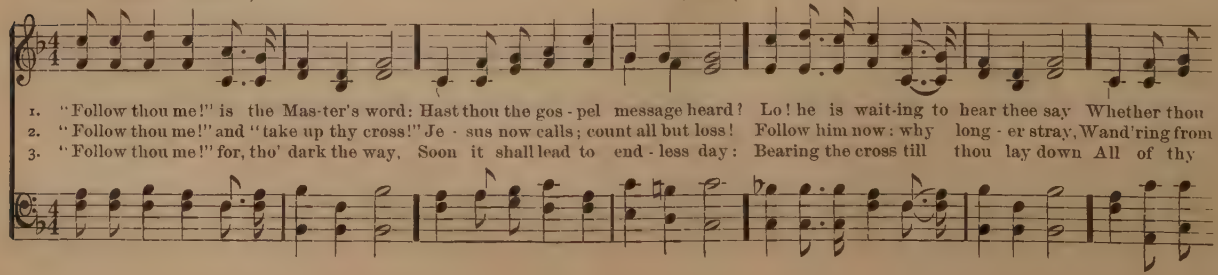

1. Lord Je - sus! when I think of thee, Of all thy love and grace, My spir - it longs and
2. And though the wil - der - ness I tread, A bar - ren, thirst - y ground, With thorns and bri - ars
3. Yet in thy love such depths I see, My soul o'er - flows with praise— Con - tents it - self, while,
fain would see Thy beau - ty, face to face.
o - ver - spread, Where foes and snares a - bound;—
Lord, to thee A joy - ful song I raise.

4.
My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield.
My Rock, my Food, my Light;
Each thought of thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5.
My Saviour, keep my spirit stayed,
Hard following after thee;
Till I, in robes of white arrayed,
Thy face in glory see.

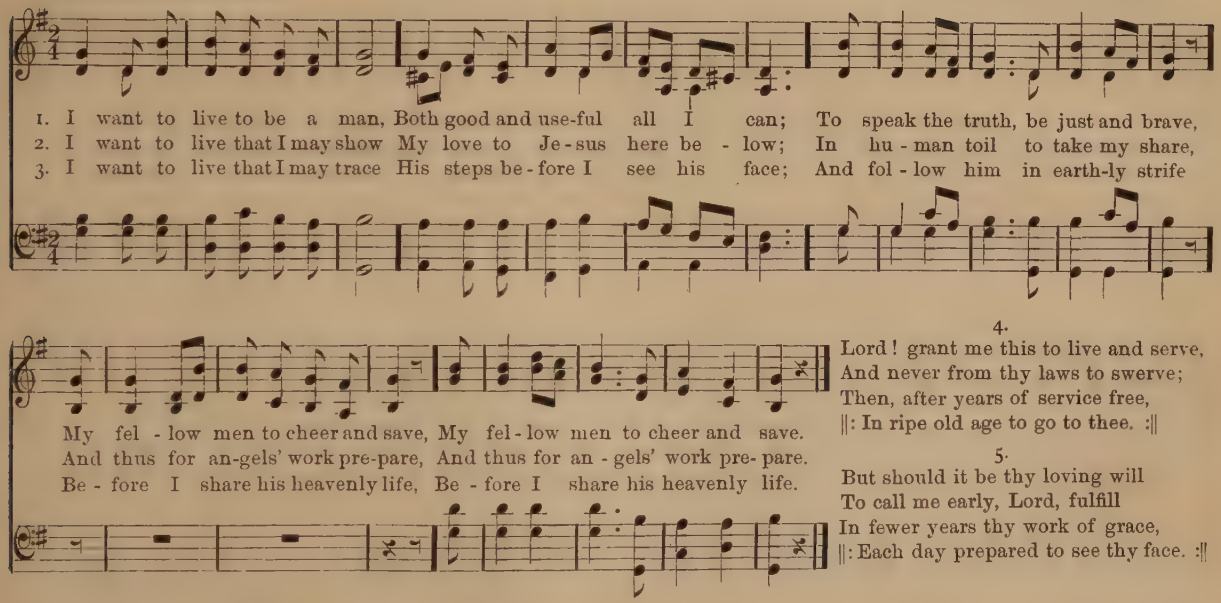
132 "Follow thou me!" is the Master's word.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. FOLLOW.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. "Follow thou me!" is the Mas-ter's word: Hast thou the gos - pel message heard? Lo! he is wait-ing to hear thee say Whether thou
2. "Follow thou me!" and "take up thy cross!" Je - sus now calls; count all but loss! Follow him now: why long - er stray, Wand'ring from
3. "Follow thou me!" for, tho' dark the way, Soon it shall lead to end - less day: Bearing the cross till thou lay down All of thy

133 I want to live to be a man.

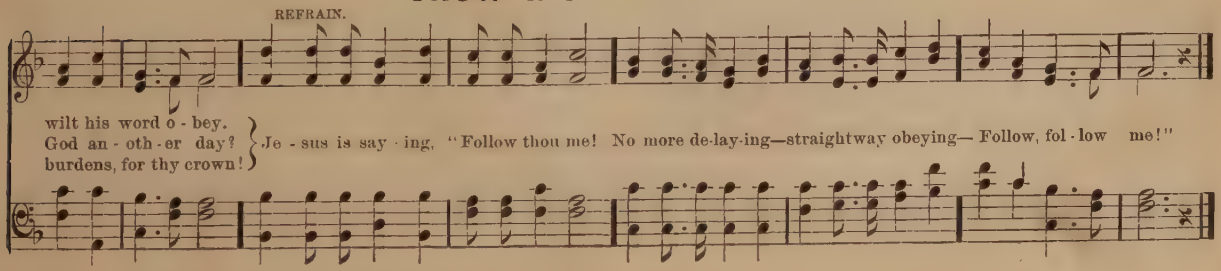
REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. DARLEY.—W. H. W. DARLEY.


1. I want to live to be a man, Both good and use-ful all I can; To speak the truth, be just and brave,
2. I want to live that I may show My love to Je-sus here be-low; In hu-man toil to take my share,
3. I want to live that I may trace His steps be-fore I see his face; And fol-low him in earth-ly strife
My fel-low men to cheer and save, My fel-low men to cheer and save.
And thus for an-gels' work pre-pare, And thus for an-gels' work pre-pare.
Be-fore I share his heavenly life, Be-fore I share his heavenly life.

4.
Lord! grant me this to live and serve,
And never from thy laws to swerve;
Then, after years of service free,
‖: In ripe old age to go to thee. :‖

5.
But should it be thy loving will
To call me early, Lord, fulfill
In fewer years thy work of grace,
‖: Each day prepared to see thy face. :‖

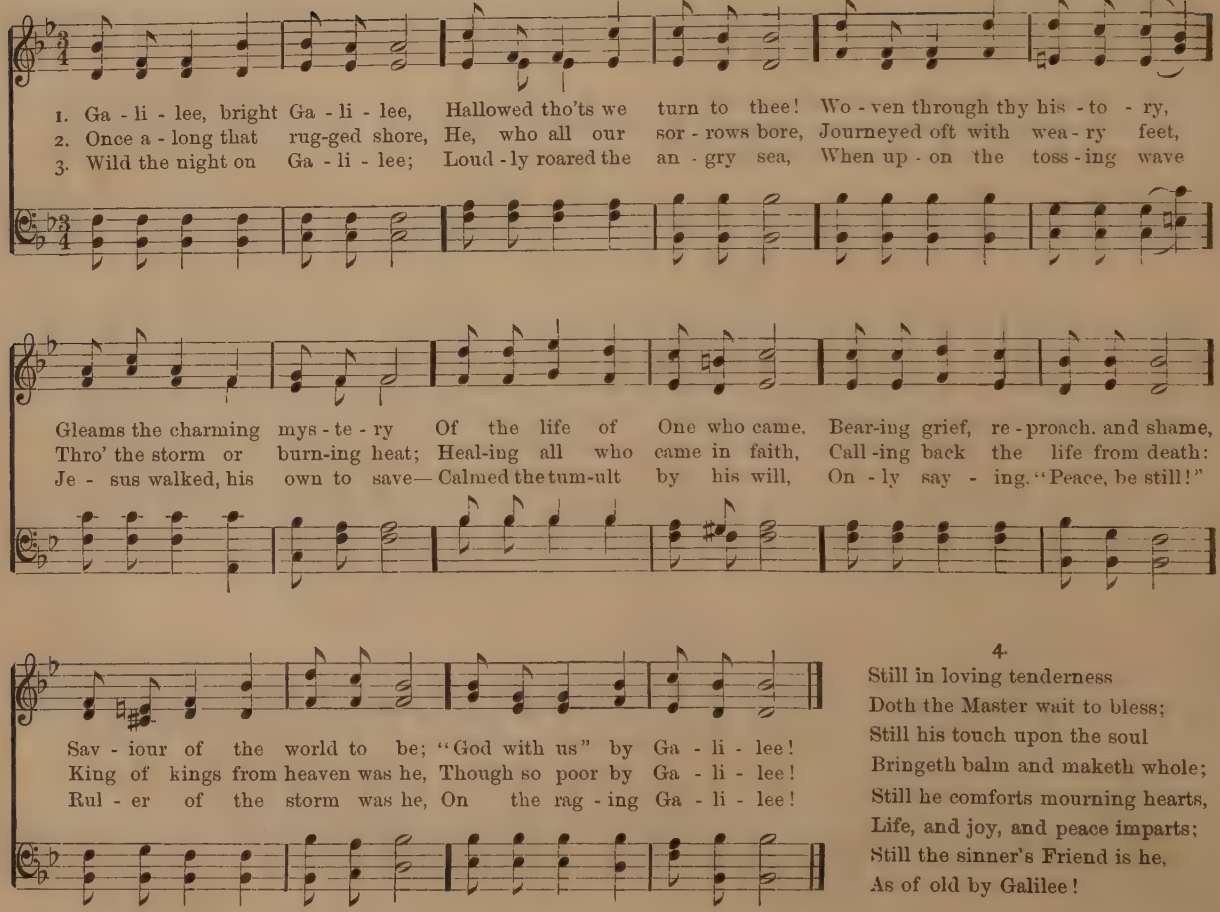
"Follow thou me!"—Concluded.


REFRAIN.
wilt his word o-bey.
God an-oth-er day?
burdens, for thy crown!
Je-sus is say-ing, "Follow thou me! No more de-lay-ing—straightway obeying— Follow, fol-low me!"

134 Galilee, bright Galilee.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

GALILEE.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Ga - li - lee, bright Ga - li - lee, Hallowed tho'ts we turn to thee! Wo - ven through thy his - to - ry,
2. Once a - long that rug-ged shore, He, who all our sor - rows bore, Journeyed oft with wea - ry feet,
3. Wild the night on Ga - li - lee; Loud - ly roared the an - gry sea, When up - on the toss - ing wave
Gleams the charming mys - te - ry Of the life of One who came, Bear-ing grief, re - proach. and shame,
Thro' the storm or burn-ing heat; Heal-ing all who came in faith, Call -ing back the life from death:
Je - sus walked, his own to save— Calmed the tum-ult by his will, On - ly say - ing, "Peace, be still!"
Sav - iour of the world to be; "God with us" by Ga - li - lee!
King of kings from heaven was he, Though so poor by Ga - li - lee!
Rul - er of the storm was he, On the rag - ing Ga - li - lee!

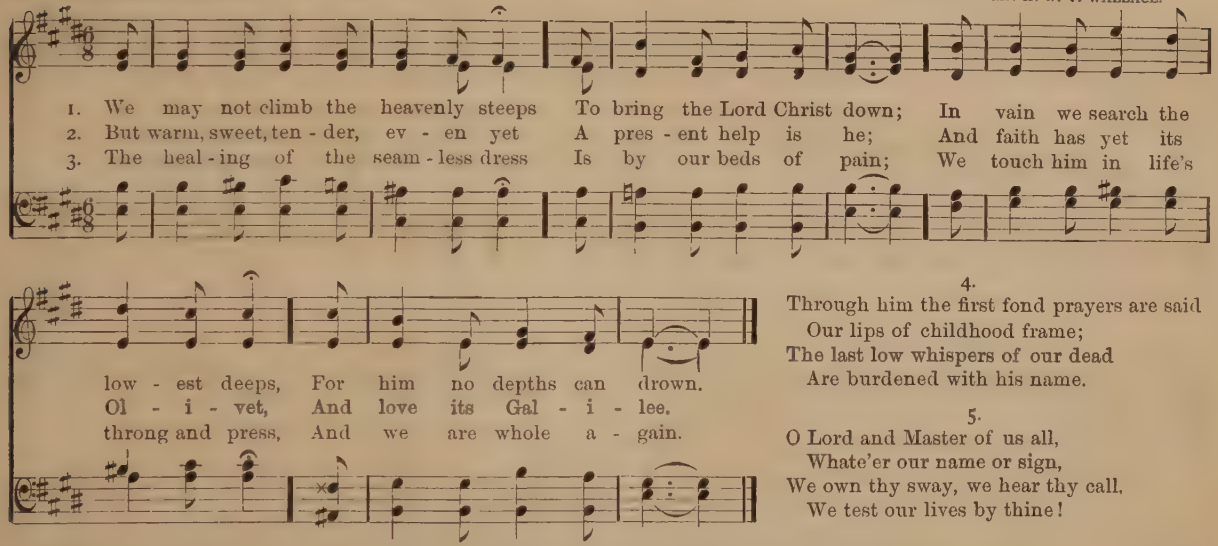
4

Still in loving tenderness
Doth the Master wait to bless;
Still his touch upon the soul
Bringeth balm and maketh whole;
Still he comforts mourning hearts,
Life, and joy, and peace imparts;
Still the sinner's Friend is he,
As of old by Galilee!

135 We may not climb the heavenly steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SERENITY.—arr. fr. W. V. WALLACE.


1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, ev - en yet A pres - ent help is he; And faith has yet its
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain; We touch him in life's
low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

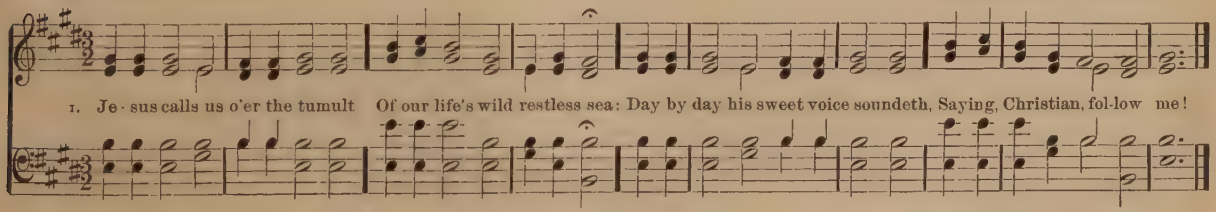
4.
Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5.
O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

136 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

DORRNANCE.—I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea: Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol-low me!

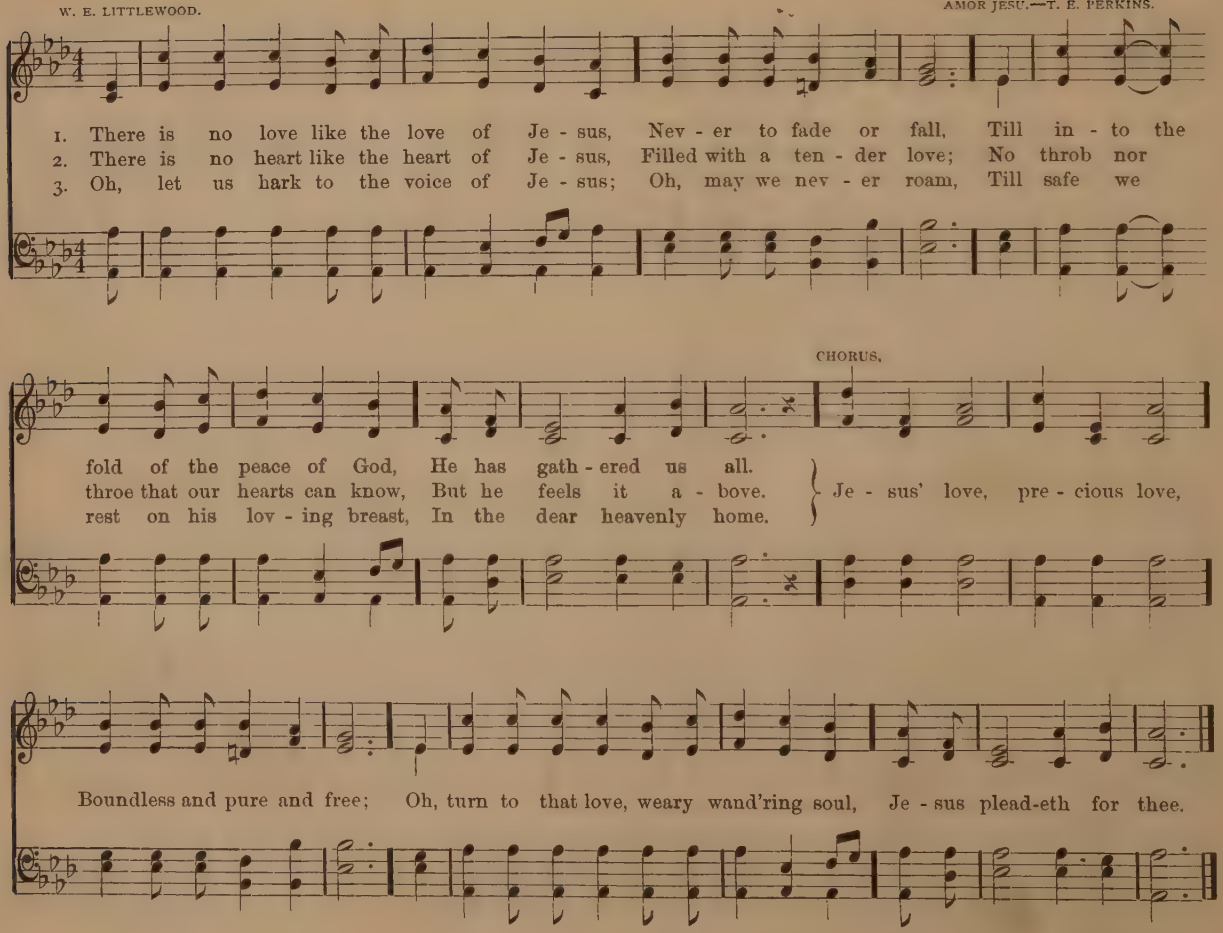
2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

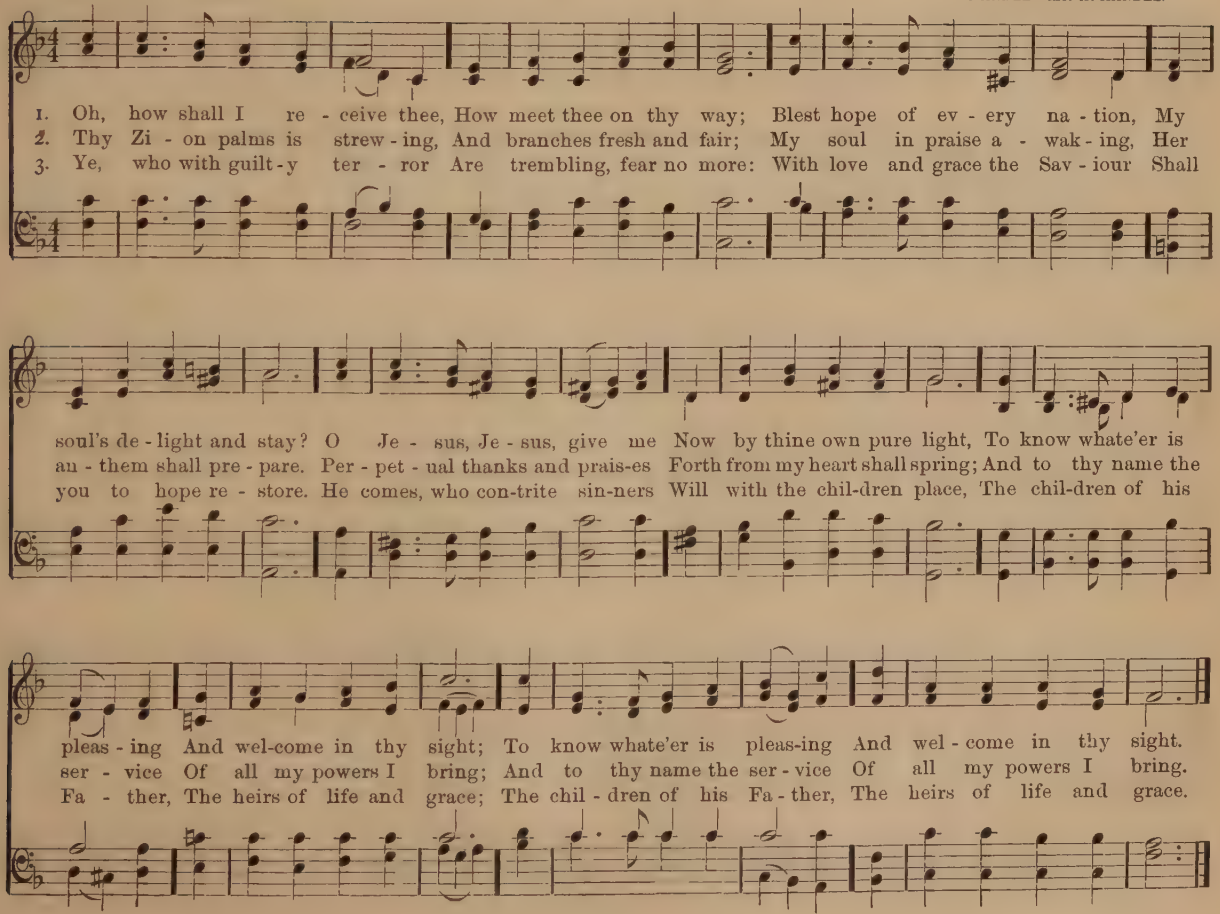
137 There is no love like the love of Jesus.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD. AMOR JESU.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till in - to the
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der love; No throb nor
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus; Oh, may we nev - er roam, Till safe we
CHORUS.
fold of the peace of God, He has gath - ered us all.
throe that our hearts can know, But he feels it a - bove.
rest on his lov - ing breast, In the dear heavenly home.
Je - sus' love, pre - cious love,
Boundless and pure and free; Oh, turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead-eth for thee.

138 Oh, how shall I receive thee.

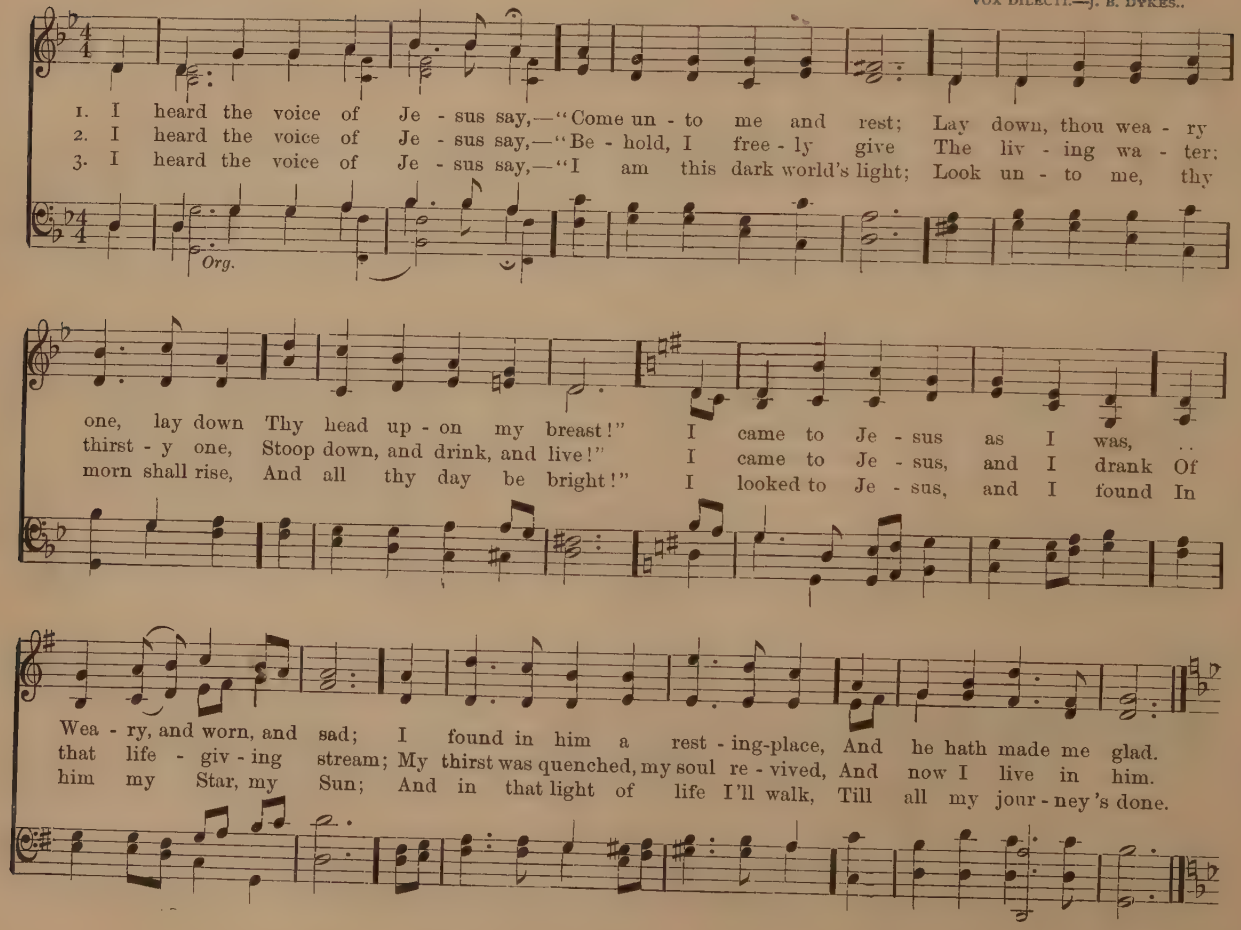
REV. ARTHUR T. RUSSELL. HÄNDEL—arr. fr. HÄNDEL.


1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way; Blest hope of ev - ery na - tion, My
2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branches fresh and fair; My soul in praise a - wak - ing, Her
3. Ye, who with guilt - y ter - ror Are trembling, fear no more: With love and grace the Sav - iour Shall
soul's de - light and stay? O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by thine own pure light, To know whate'er is
an - them shall pre - pare. Per - pet - ual thanks and prais-es Forth from my heart shall spring; And to thy name the
you to hope re - store. He comes, who con-trite sin-ners Will with the chil-dren place, The chil-dren of his
pleas - ing And wel-come in thy sight; To know whate'er is pleas-ing And wel - come in thy sight.
ser - vice Of all my powers I bring; And to thy name the ser - vice Of all my powers I bring.
Fa - ther, The heirs of life and grace; The chil - dren of his Fa - ther, The heirs of life and grace.

139 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

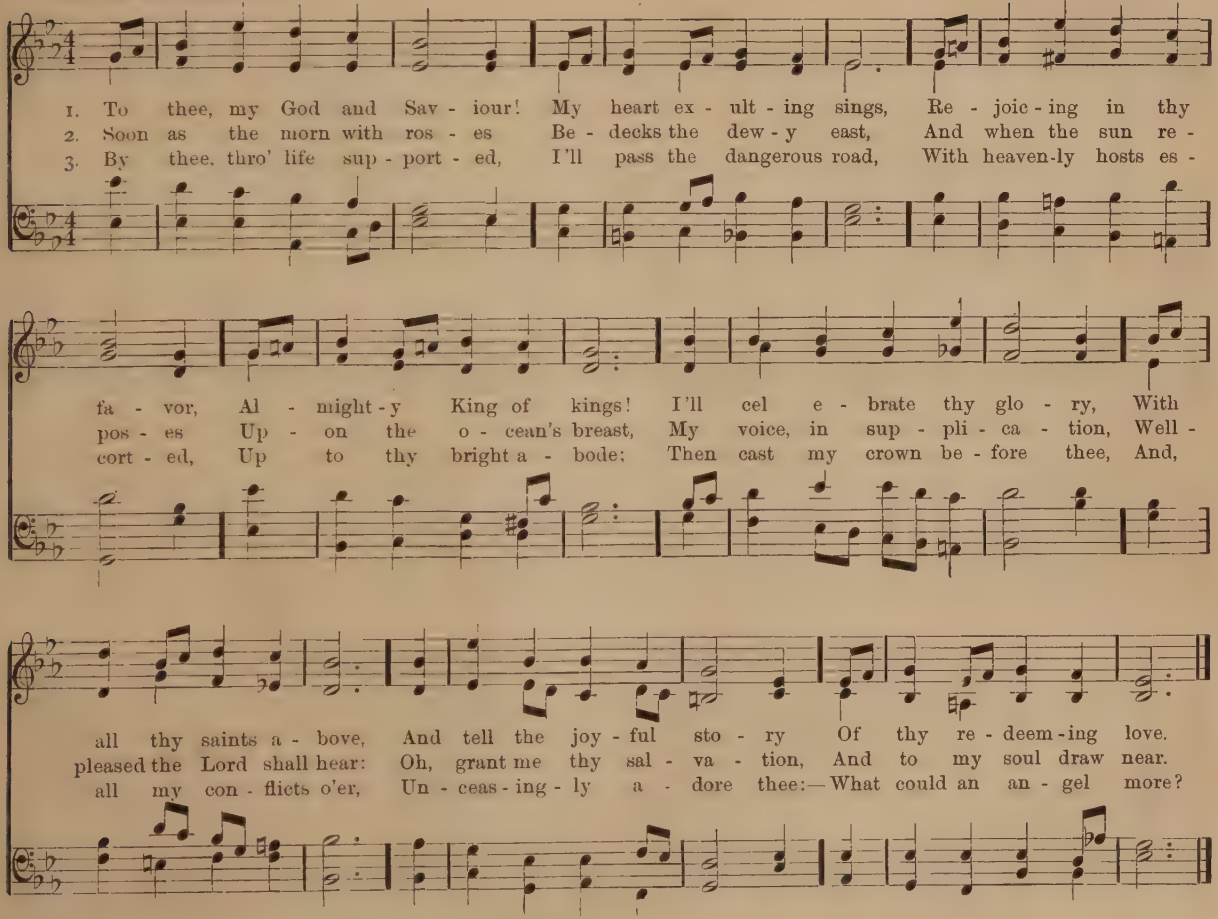
VOX DILECTI.—J. B. DYKES.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he hath made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.
Org.

140 To thee, my God and Saviour!

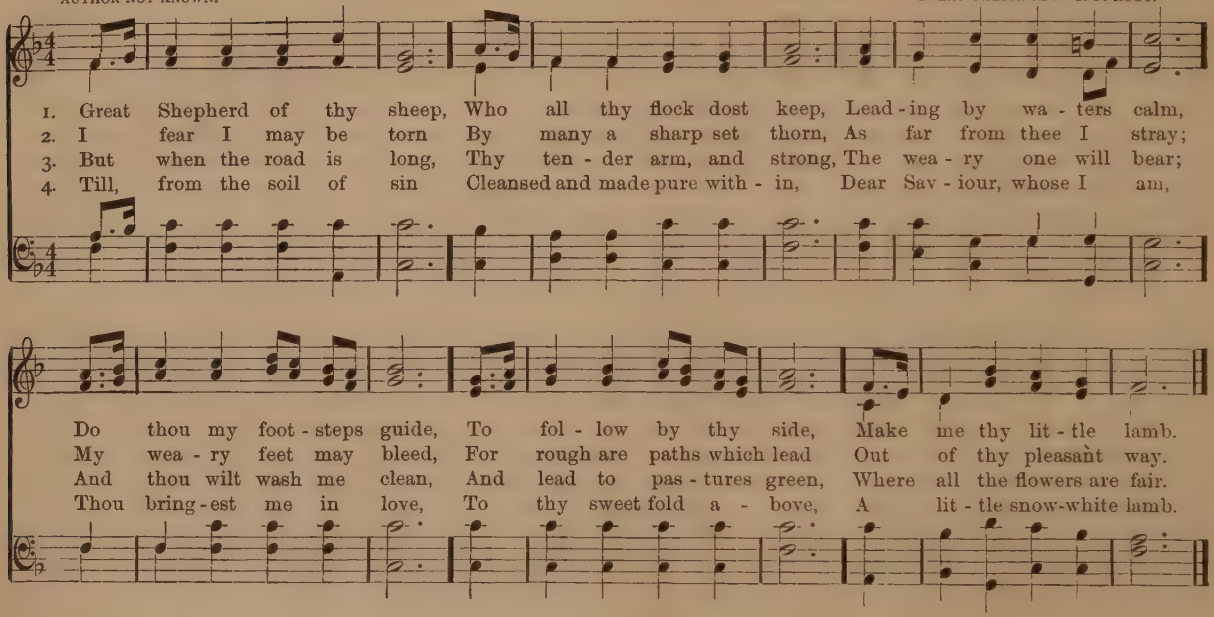
REV. THOMAS HAWEIS, LL.B.

TOURS.—B. TOURS.


1. To thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in thy
2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
3. By thee, thro' life sup - port - ed, I'll pass the dangerous road, With heaven-ly hosts es -
fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings! I'll cel e - brate thy glo - ry, With
pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast, My voice, in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well -
cort - ed, Up to thy bright a - bode: Then cast my crown be - fore thee, And,
all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.
pleased the Lord shall hear: Oh, grant me thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
all my con - flicts o'er, Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore thee:—What could an an - gel more?

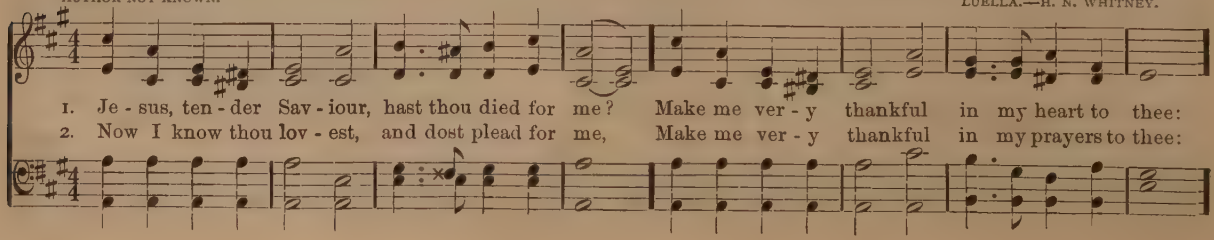
141 Great Shepherd of thy sheep.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. GREAT SHEPHERD.—G. F. ROOT.


1. Great Shepherd of thy sheep, Who all thy flock dost keep, Lead-ing by wa-ters calm,
2. I fear I may be torn By many a sharp set thorn, As far from thee I stray;
3. But when the road is long, Thy ten-der arm, and strong, The wea-ry one will bear;
4. Till, from the soil of sin Cleansed and made pure with-in, Dear Sav-iour, whose I am,
Do thou my foot-steps guide, To fol-low by thy side, Make me thy lit-tle lamb.
My wea-ry feet may bleed, For rough are paths which lead Out of thy pleasant way.
And thou wilt wash me clean, And lead to pas-tures green, Where all the flowers are fair.
Thou bring-est me in love, To thy sweet fold a-bove, A lit-tle snow-white lamb.

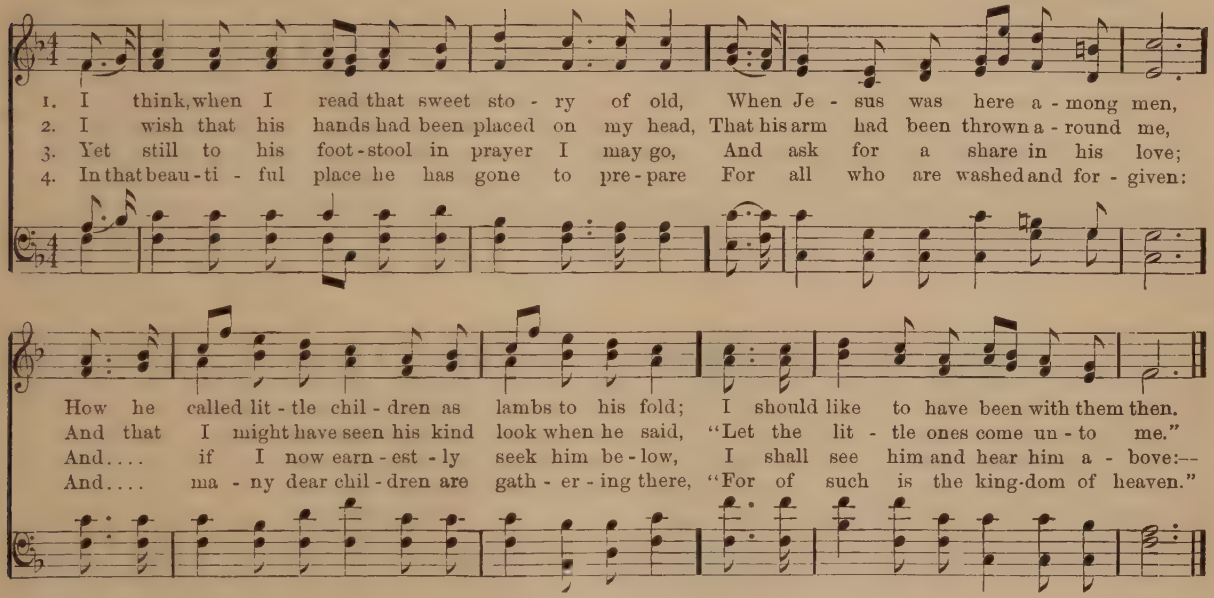
142 Jesus, tender Saviour, hast thou died for me?

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. LUELLA.—H. N. WHITNEY.

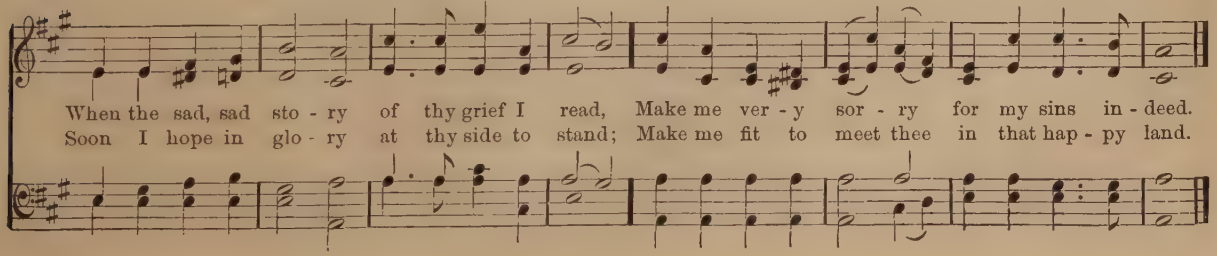

1. Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, hast thou died for me? Make me ver-y thankful in my heart to thee:
2. Now I know thou lov-est, and dost plead for me, Make me ver-y thankful in my prayers to thee:

143 I think, when I read that sweet story of old.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. BUNYAN.—OLD MELODY.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown a - round me,
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love;
4. In that beau - ti - ful place he has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and for - given:
How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold; I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
And.... if I now earn - est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove:—
And.... ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heaven."

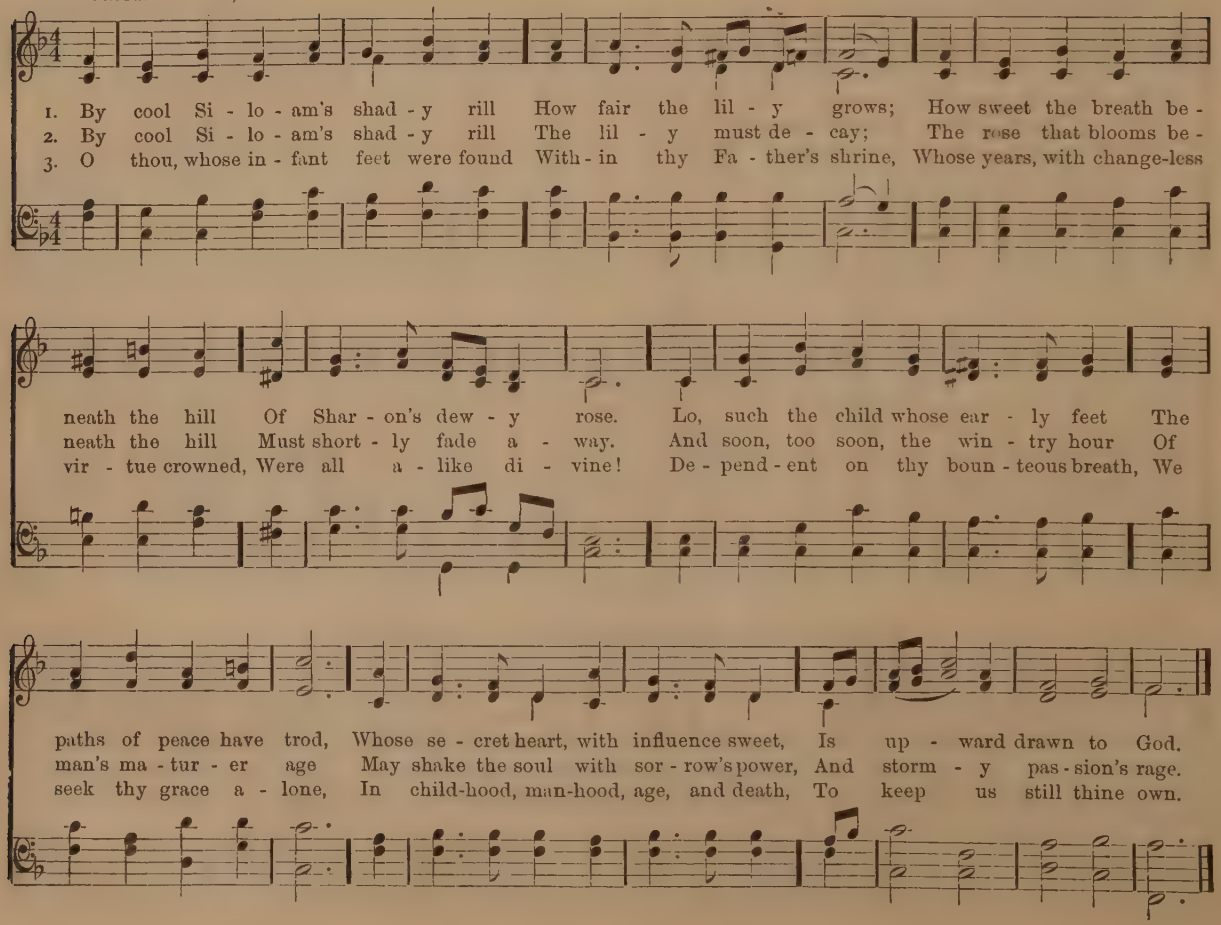
Jesus, tender Saviour.—Concluded.


When the sad, sad sto - ry of thy grief I read, Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.
Soon I hope in glo - ry at thy side to stand; Make me fit to meet thee in that hap - py land.

144 By cool Siloam's shady rill.

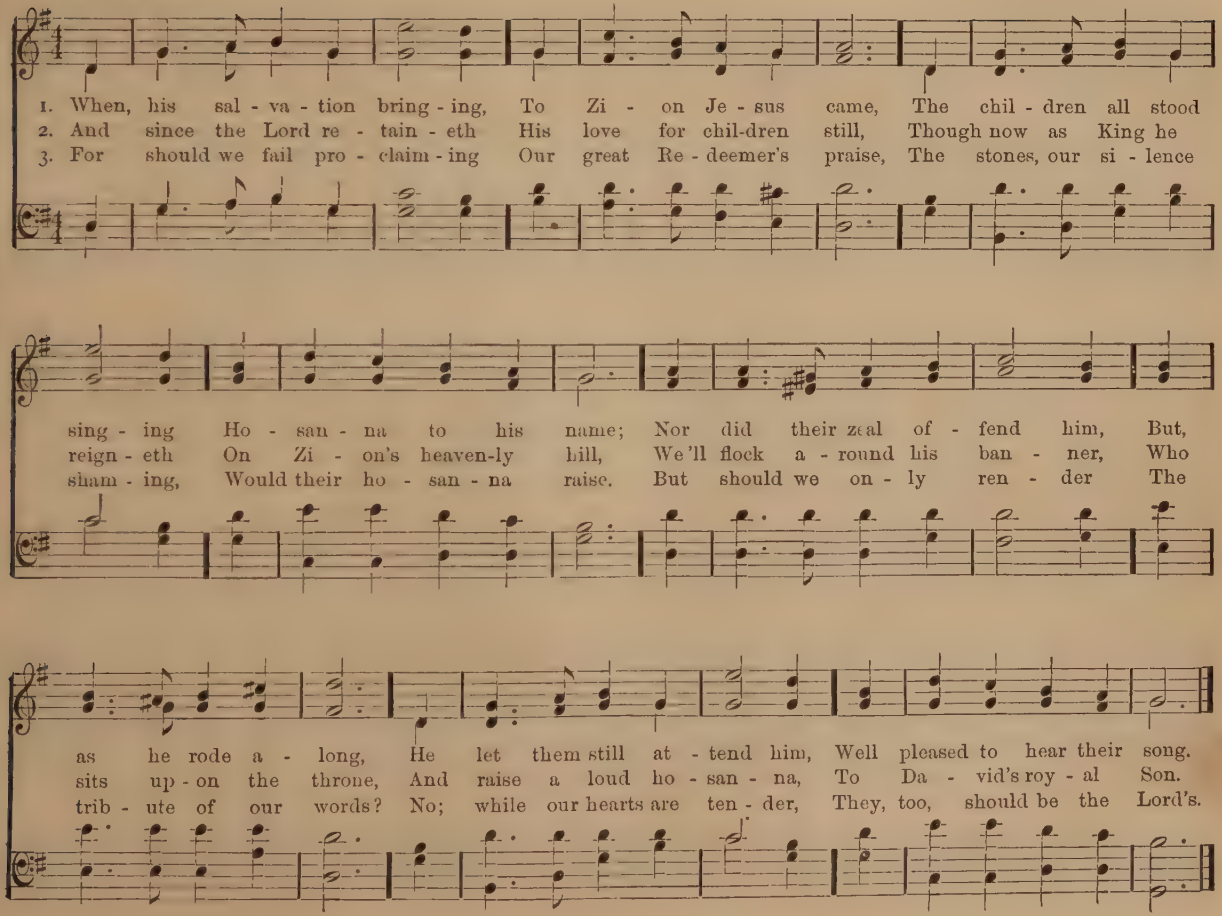
REV. REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

SILOAM'S RILL.—arr fr. A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows; How sweet the breath be -
2. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay; The rose that blooms be -
3. O thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in thy Fa - ther's shrine, Whose years, with change-less
neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The
neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of
vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine! De - pend - ent on thy boun - teous breath, We
paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
man's ma - tur - er age May shake the soul with sor - row's power, And storm - y pas - sion's rage.
seek thy grace a - lone, In child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

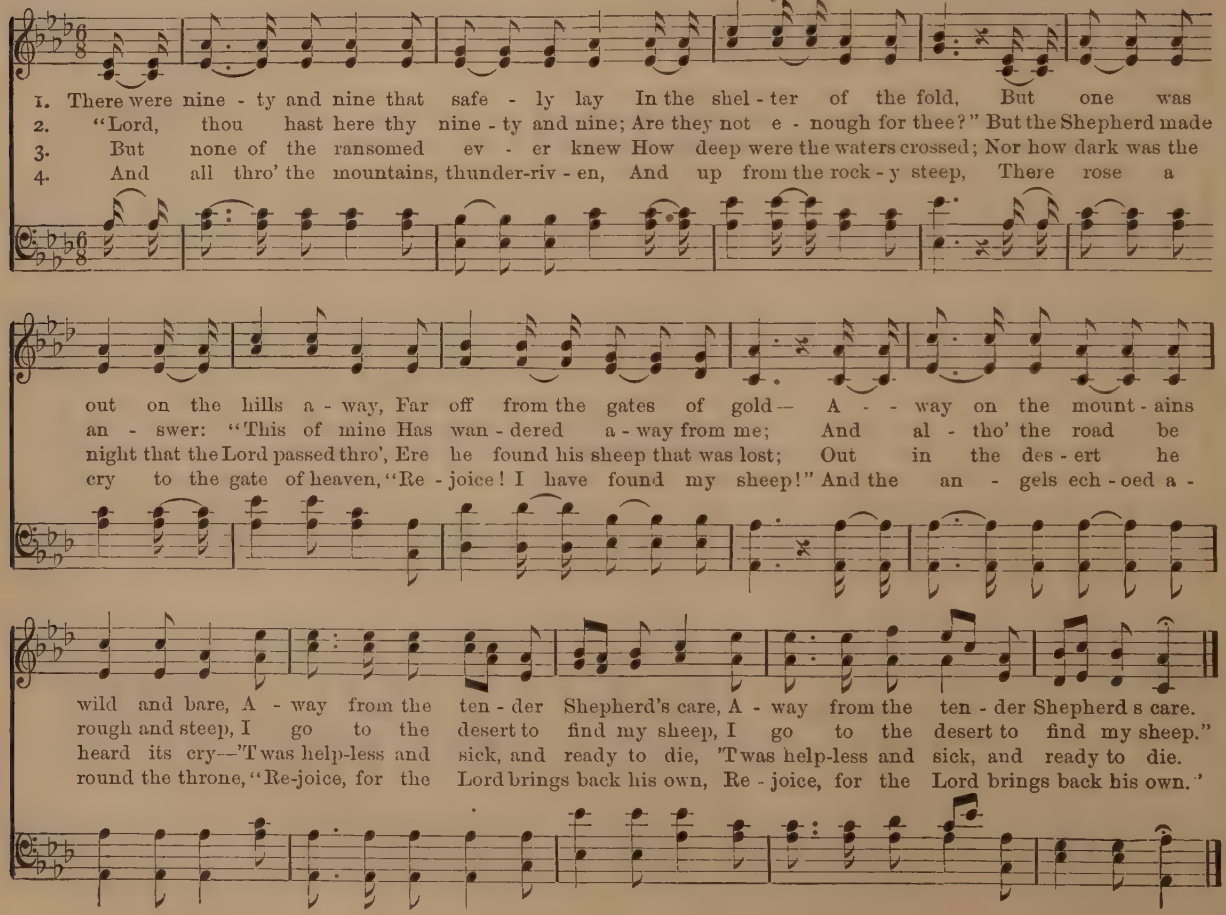
145 When, his salvation bringing.

REV. JOHN KING. CARVER.—S. J. VAIL.


1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil-dren still, Though now as King he
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deemer's praise, The stones, our si - lence
sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name; Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But,
reign - eth On Zi - on's heaven-ly hill, We'll flock a - round his ban - ner, Who
sham - ing, Would their ho - san - na raise. But should we on - ly ren - der The
as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him, Well pleased to hear their song.
sits up - on the throne, And raise a loud ho - san - na, To Da - vid's roy - al Son.
trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, should be the Lord's.

146 There were ninety and nine that safely lay.

MISS ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. NINETY AND NINE.—IRA D. SANKEY.

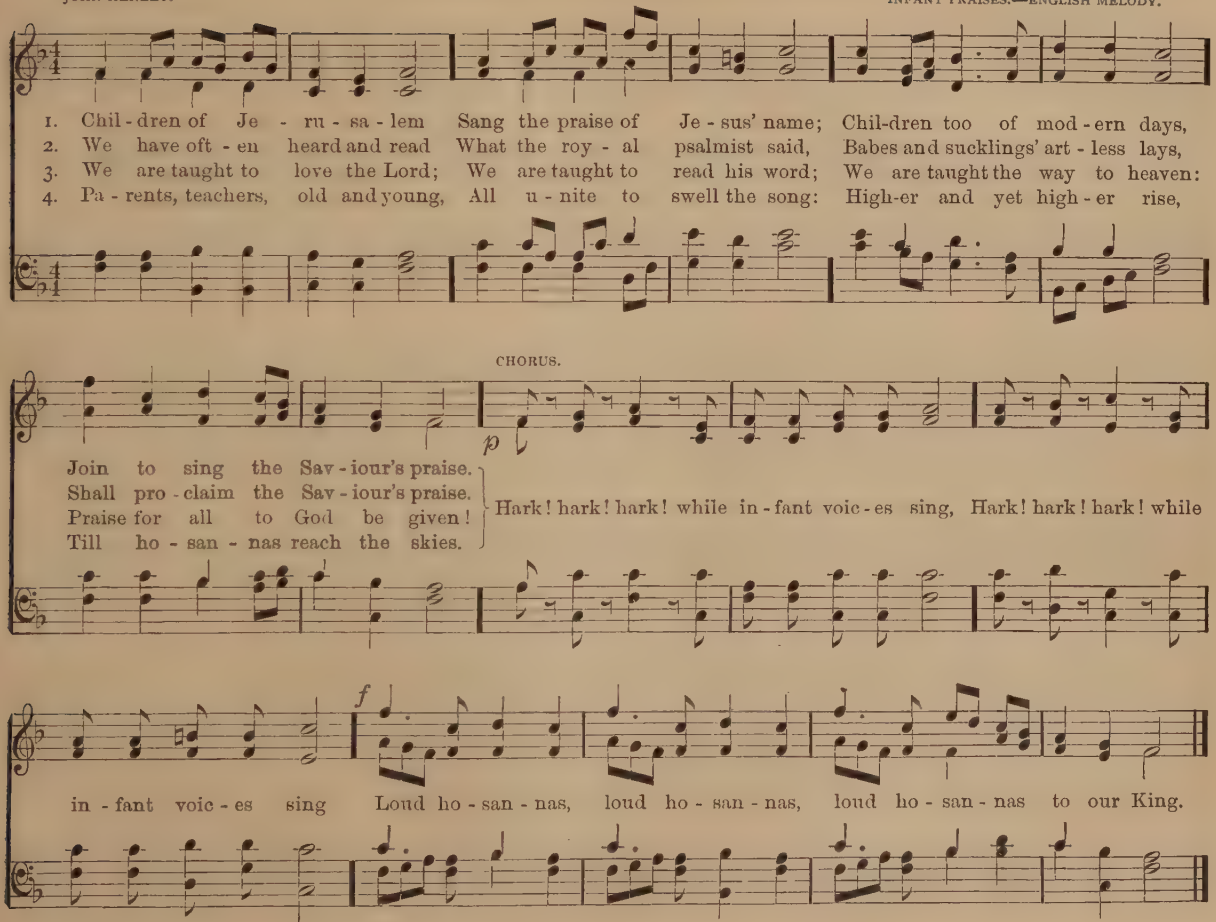

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the
4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv - en, And up from the rock - y steep, There rose a
out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mount - ains
an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me; And al - tho' the road be
night that the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert he
cry to the gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech - oed a -
wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd s care.
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
heard its cry—'Twas help-less and sick, and ready to die, 'Twas help-less and sick, and ready to die.
round the throne, "Re-joice, for the Lord brings back his own, Re - joice, for the Lord brings back his own."

147

Children of Jerusalem.

JOHN HENLEY.

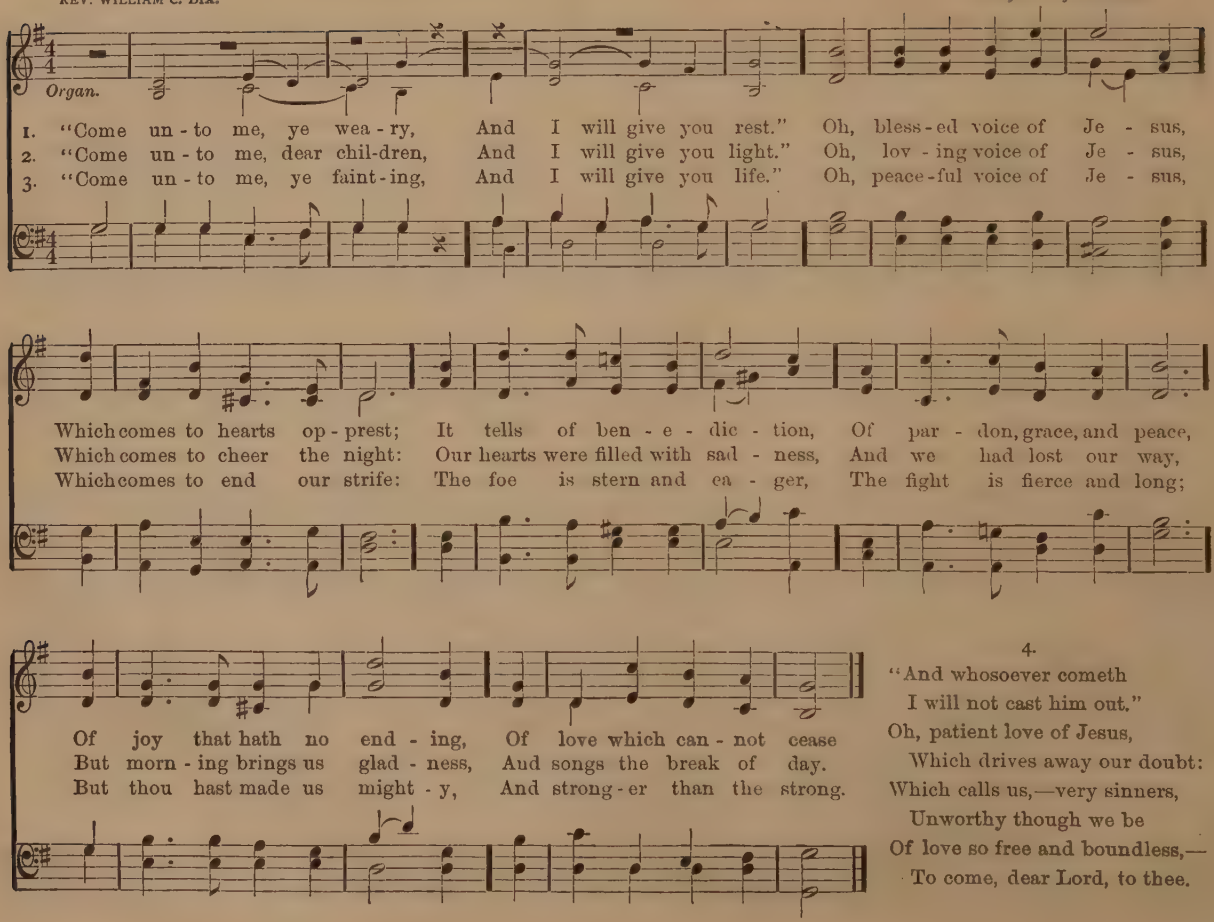
INFANT PRAISES.—ENGLISH MELODY.


1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name; Chil-dren too of mod - ern days,
2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said, Babes and sucklings' art - less lays,
3. We are taught to love the Lord; We are taught to read his word; We are taught the way to heaven:
4. Pa - rents, teachers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song: High-er and yet high - er rise,
CHORUS.
p
Join to sing the Sav - iour's praise.
Shall pro - claim the Sav - iour's praise.
Praise for all to God be given!
Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.
Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voic - es sing, Hark! hark! hark! while
f
in - fant voic - es sing Loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

148 Come unto me, ye weary.

REV. WILLIAM C. DIX.

VOX JESU.—J. B. DYKES.


Organ.
1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus,
2. "Come un - to me, dear chil-dren, And I will give you light." Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus,
3. "Come un - to me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life." Oh, peace - ful voice of Je - sus,
Which comes to hearts op - prest; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Which comes to cheer the night: Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
Which comes to end our strife: The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease
But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
But thou hast made us might - y, And strong - er than the strong.

4.

"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us,—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

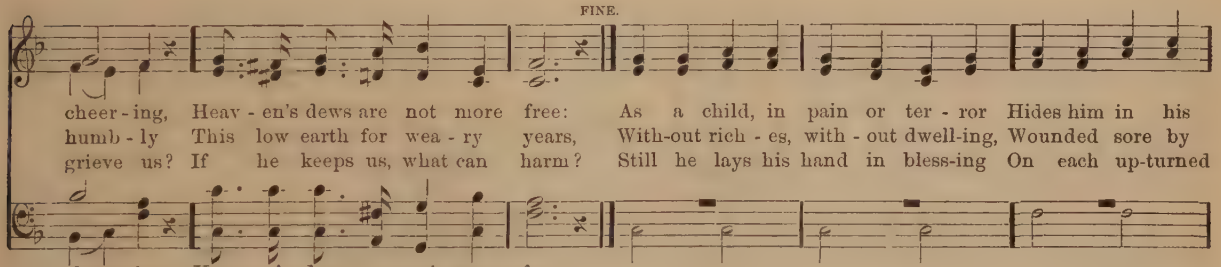
149 Sweetly sing the love of Jesus.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

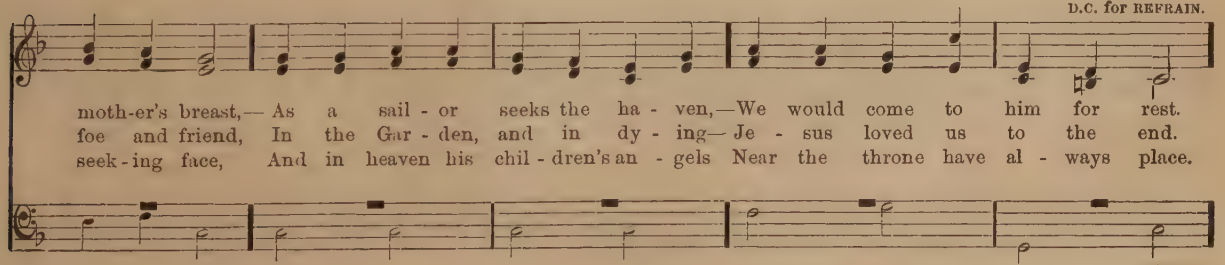
QUIES.—J. R. MURRAY.

1. Sweet - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heav - en's light is not more
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears, As we think how—walking
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus; Let us lean up - on his arm; If he loves us, what can
D.C.—Sweet - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heav - en's light is not more

FINE.

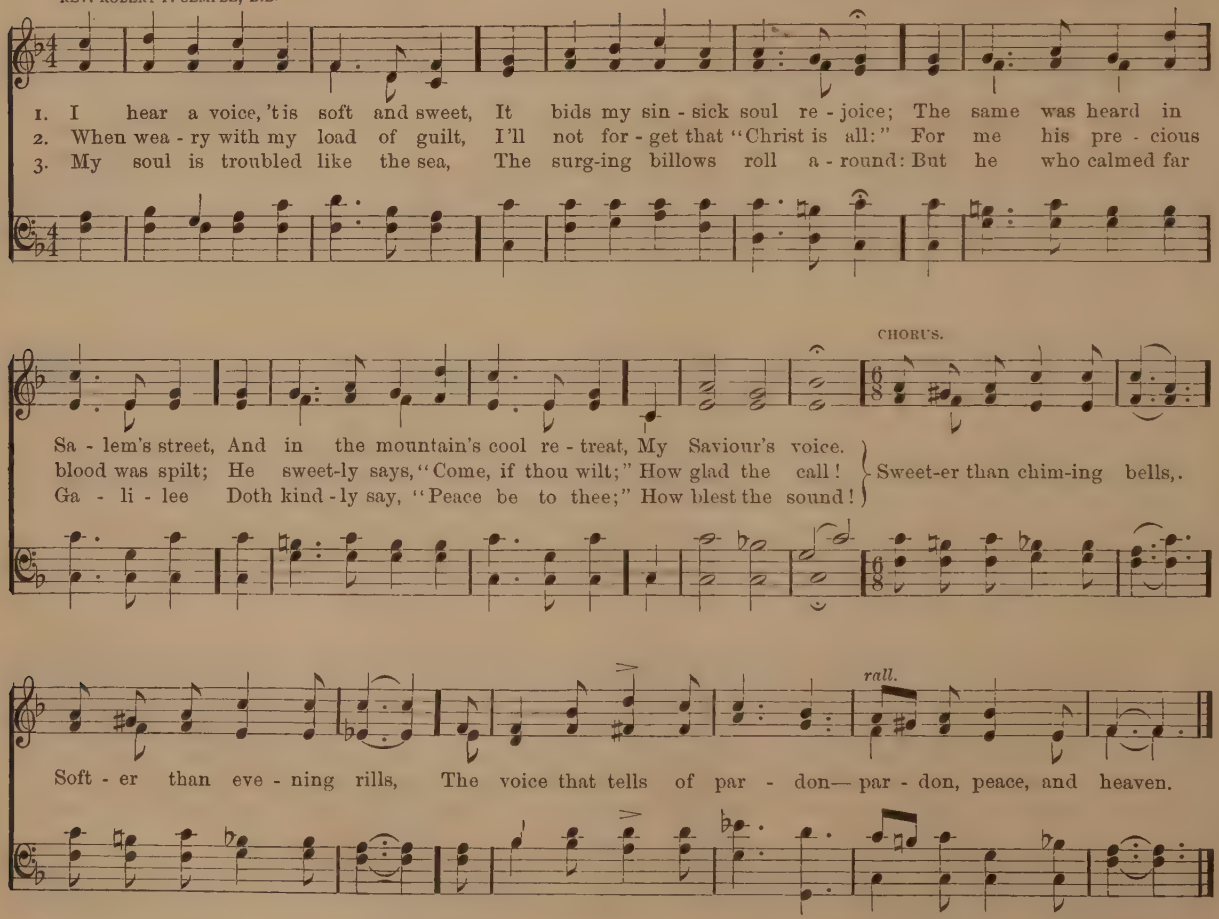

cheer - ing, Heav - en's dews are not more free: As a child, in pain or ter - ror Hides him in his
humb - ly This low earth for wea - ry years, With-out rich - es, with - out dwell-ing, Wounded sore by
grieve us? If he keeps us, what can harm? Still he lays his hand in bless-ing On each up-turned
cheer - ing, Heav - en's dews are not more free,

D.C. for REFRAIN.


moth-er's breast,— As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven,—We would come to him for rest.
foe and friend, In the Gar - den, and in dy - ing— Je - sus loved us to the end.
seek - ing face, And in heaven his chil - dren's an - gels Near the throne have al - ways place.

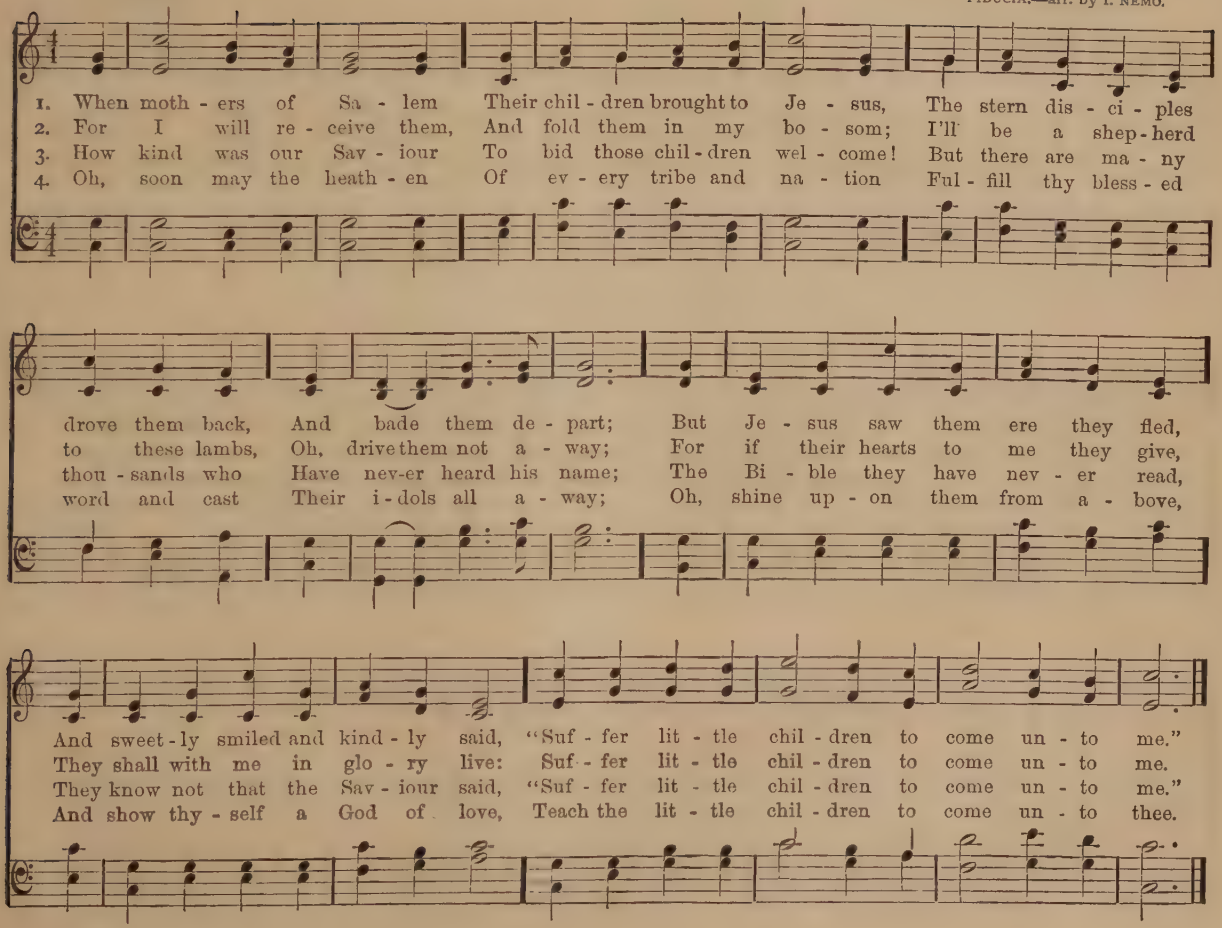
150 I hear a voice, 't is soft and sweet.

REV. ROBERT F. SEMPLE, D.D. VOX SALVATORIS.—BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.


1. I hear a voice, 't is soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re - joice; The same was heard in
2. When wea - ry with my load of guilt, I'll not for - get that "Christ is all:" For me his pre - cious
3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surg-ing billows roll a - round: But he who calmed far
CHORUS.
Sa - lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re - treat, My Saviour's voice.
blood was spilt; He sweet-ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;" How glad the call!
Ga - li - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee;" How blest the sound!
Sweet-er than chim-ing bells,.
rall.
Soft - er than eve - ning rills, The voice that tells of par - don— par - don, peace, and heaven.

151 When mothers of Salem.

W. M. HUTCHINS. FIDUCIA.—arr. by I. NEMO.


1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem Their chil - dren brought to Je - sus, The stern dis - ci - ples
2. For I will re - ceive them, And fold them in my bo - som; I'll be a shep - herd
3. How kind was our Sav - iour To bid those chil - dren wel - come! But there are ma - ny
4. Oh, soon may the heath - en Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion Ful - fill thy bless - ed
drove them back, And bade them de - part; But Je - sus saw them ere they fled,
to these lambs, Oh, drive them not a - way; For if their hearts to me they give,
thou - sands who Have nev-er heard his name; The Bi - ble they have nev - er read,
word and cast Their i - dols all a - way; Oh, shine up - on them from a - bove,
And sweet - ly smiled and kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me."
They shall with me in glo - ry live: Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me.
They know not that the Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me."
And show thy - self a God of love, Teach the lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to thee.

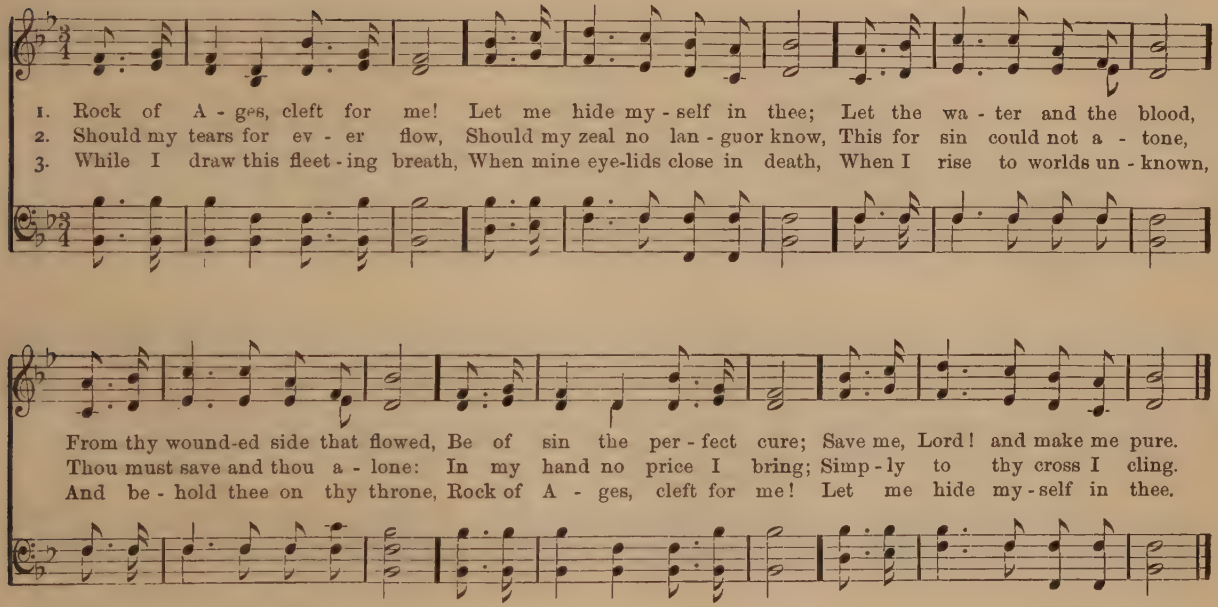
152 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.

REV. JAMES ALLEN. ARMSTRONG.—arr. by EMMELAR.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and peace pos -
2. Love and grief our hearts di - vid - ing, With our tears his feet we bathe; Constant still, in faith a -
3. Here we feel our sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb we gaze, And our thoughts are all of
sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be -
bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death. For thy sor - rows we a - dore thee, For the
heav - en, And our lips o'er-flow with praise. Still in cease - less con - tem - pla - tion, Fix our
fore his cross to lie, While we see di - vine com - pas - sion, Beaming in his gra - cious eye.
pains that wrought our peace, Gra - cious Sav - iour! we im - plore thee In our souls thy love in - crease.
hearts and eyes on thee, Till we taste thy full sal - va - tion, And, un - vailed, thy glo - ries see.

153 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. ROCK OF AGES.—THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un - known,
From thy wound-ed side that flowed, Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
Thou must save and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Simp - ly to thy cross I cling.
And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee.

154 Jesus, while he dwelt below.

REV. JOSEPH HART. TUNE.—"ROCK OF AGES."

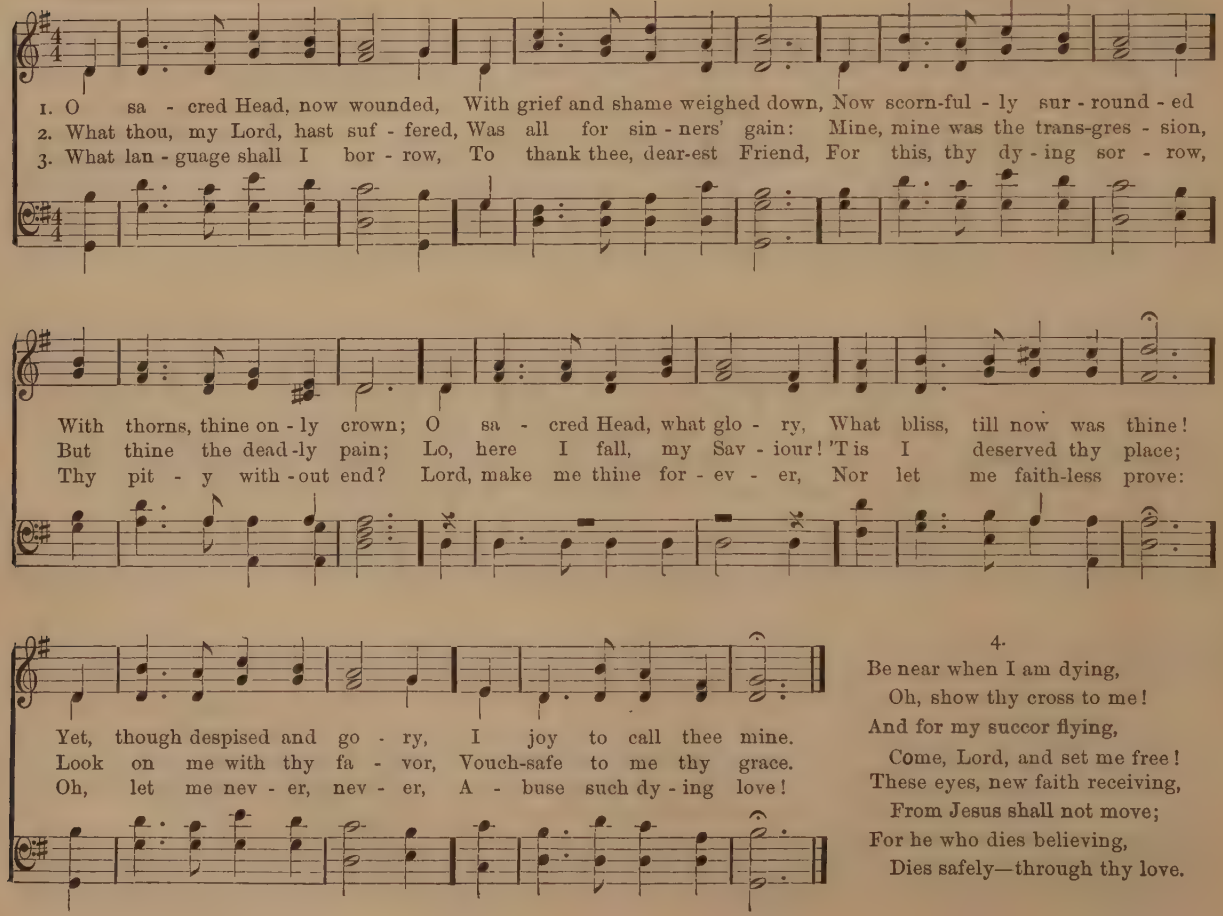
1.
Jesus, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

2.
Came at length the dreadful night,—
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3.
View him in that olive press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed in blood;
Hear him pray, in his distress,
With strong cries and tears to God:
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

155 O sacred Head, now wounded.

REV. JAS. W. ALEXANDER, D.D., tr. GERHARDT.—J. P. HOLBROOK.

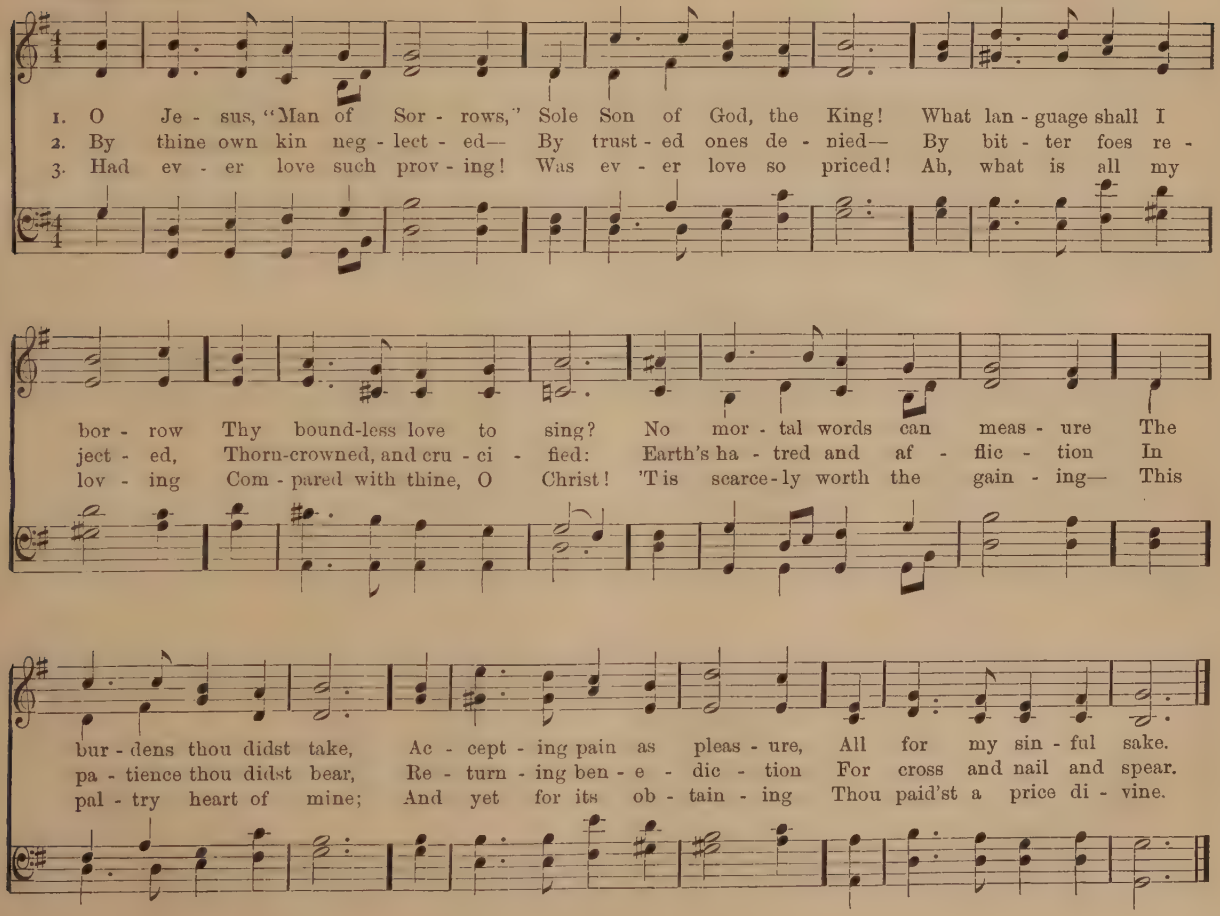

1. O sa - cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed
2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, Was all for sin - ners' gain: Mine, mine was the trans-gres - sion,
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row, To thank thee, dear-est Friend, For this, thy dy - ing sor - row,
With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
But thine the dead - ly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'T is I deserved thy place;
Thy pit - y with - out end? Lord, make me thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith-less prove:
Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
Look on me with thy fa - vor, Vouch-safe to me thy grace.
Oh, let me nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love!

4.

Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

156 O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows."

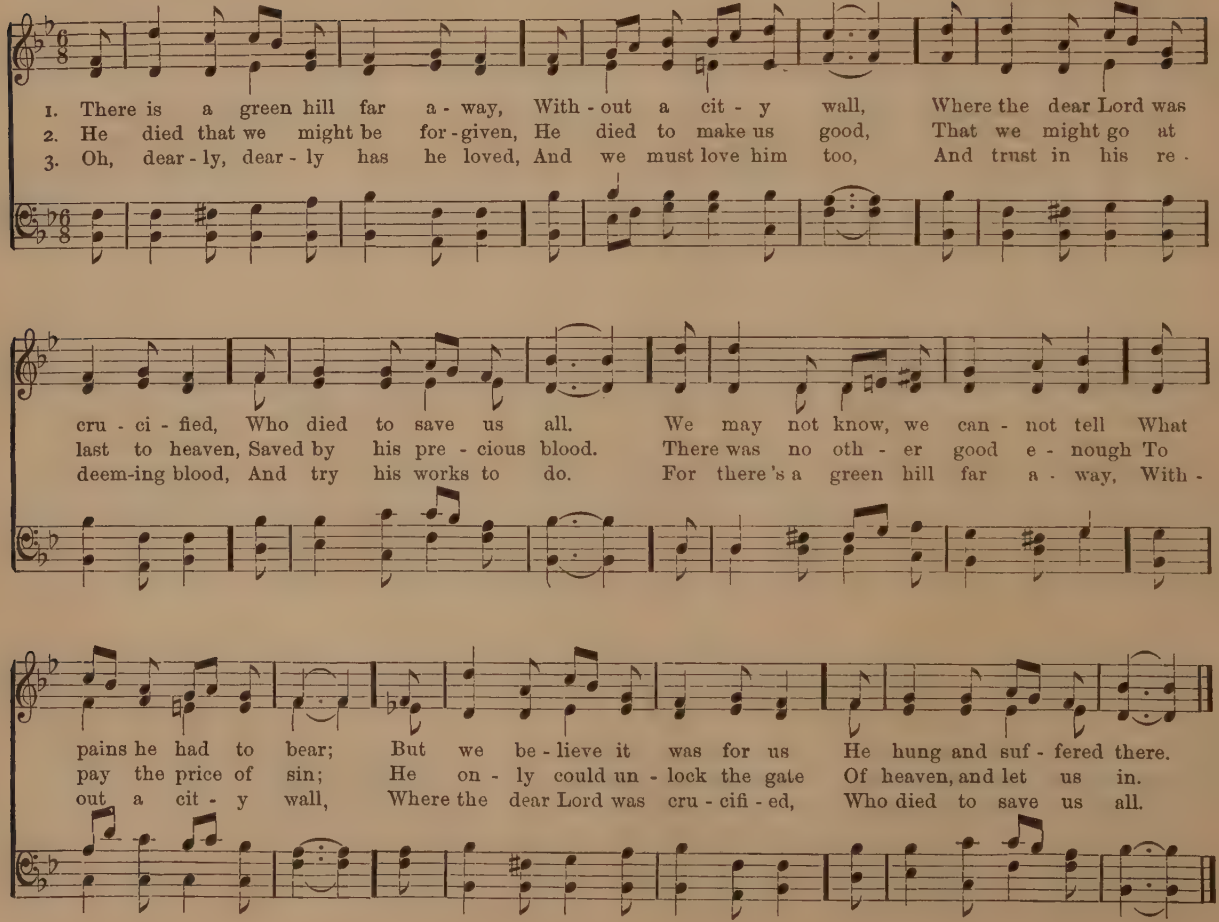
GEORGE S. DWIGHT. CRUX CHRISTI.—A. H. MANN.


1. O Je - sus, "Man of Sor - rows," Sole Son of God, the King! What lan - guage shall I
2. By thine own kin neg - lect - ed— By trust - ed ones de - nied— By bit - ter foes re -
3. Had ev - er love such prov - ing! Was ev - er love so priced! Ah, what is all my
bor - row Thy bound-less love to sing? No mor - tal words can meas - ure The
ject - ed, Thorn-crowned, and cru - ci - fied: Earth's ha - tred and af - flic - tion In
lov - ing Com - pared with thine, O Christ! 'Tis scarce-ly worth the gain - ing— This
bur - dens thou didst take, Ac - cept - ing pain as pleas - ure, All for my sin - ful sake.
pa - tience thou didst bear, Re - turn - ing ben - e - dic - tion For cross and nail and spear.
pal - try heart of mine; And yet for its ob - tain - ing Thou paid'st a price di - vine.

157 There is a green hill far away.

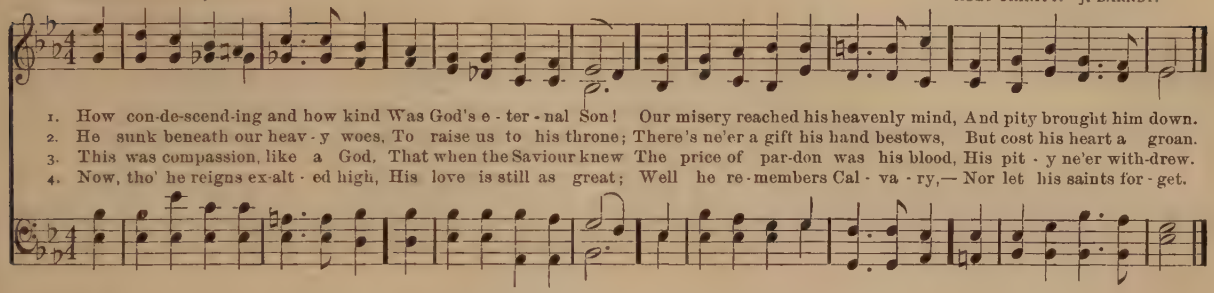
MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

CAROL.—R. S. WILLIS.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
2. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good, That we might go at
3. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his re -
cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell What
last to heaven, Saved by his pre - cious blood. There was no oth - er good e - nough To
deem-ing blood, And try his works to do. For there's a green hill far a - way, With -
pains he had to bear; But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - cifi - ed, Who died to save us all.

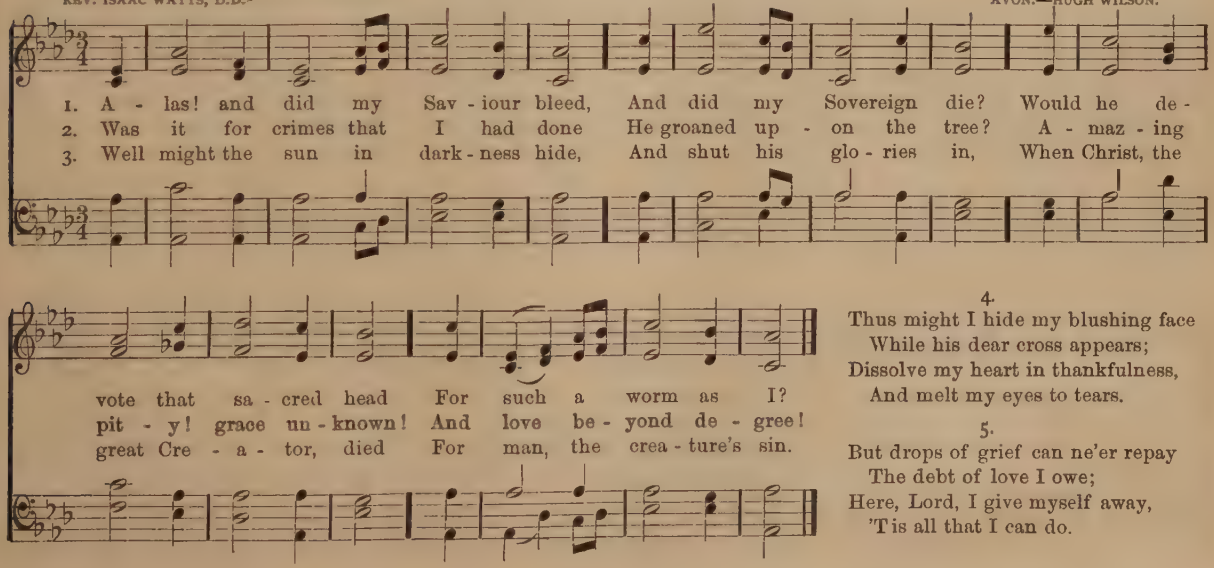
158 How condescending and how kind.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. HOLY TRINITY.—J. BARNBY.


1. How con-de-scend-ing and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son! Our misery reached his heavenly mind, And pity brought him down.
2. He sunk beneath our heav - y woes, To raise us to his throne; There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows, But cost his heart a groan.
3. This was compassion, like a God, That when the Saviour knew The price of par-don was his blood, His pit - y ne'er with-drew.
4. Now, tho' he reigns ex-alt - ed high, His love is still as great; Well he re-members Cal - va - ry,— Nor let his saints for - get.

159 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. AVON.—HUGH WILSON.

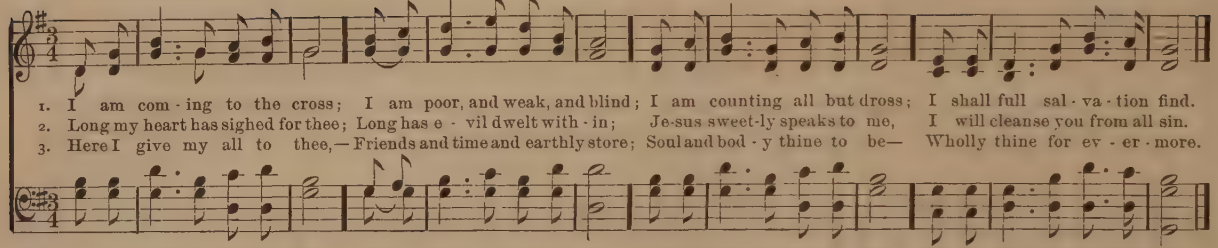

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he de -
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the
vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
great Cre - a - tor, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.

4.
Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5.
But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

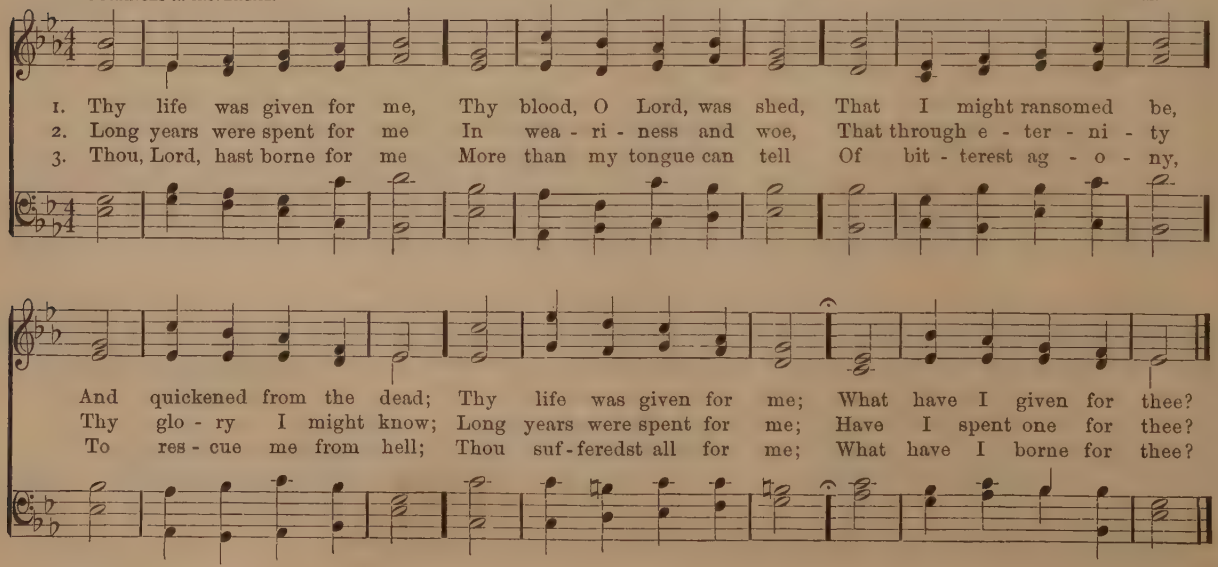
160 I am coming to the cross.

REV. W. MC DONALD. TRUSTING.—W. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in; Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
3. Here I give my all to thee,— Friends and time and earthly store; Soul and bod - y thine to be— Wholly thine for ev - er - more.
REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

161 Thy life was given for me.

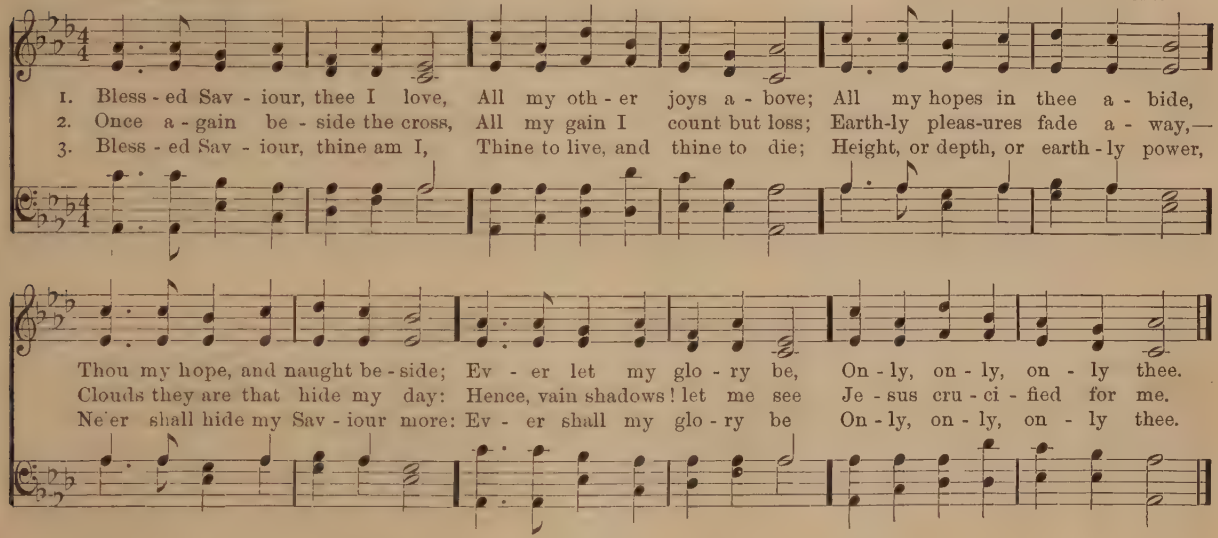
MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. BACA.—W. H. HAVERGAL.


1. Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ransomed be,
2. Long years were spent for me In wea - ri - ness and woe, That through e - ter - ni - ty
3. Thou, Lord, hast borne for me More than my tongue can tell Of bit - terest ag - o - ny,
And quickened from the dead; Thy life was given for me; What have I given for thee?
Thy glo - ry I might know; Long years were spent for me; Have I spent one for thee?
To res - cue me from hell; Thou suf - feredst all for me; What have I borne for thee?

162 Blessed Saviour! thee I love.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D.

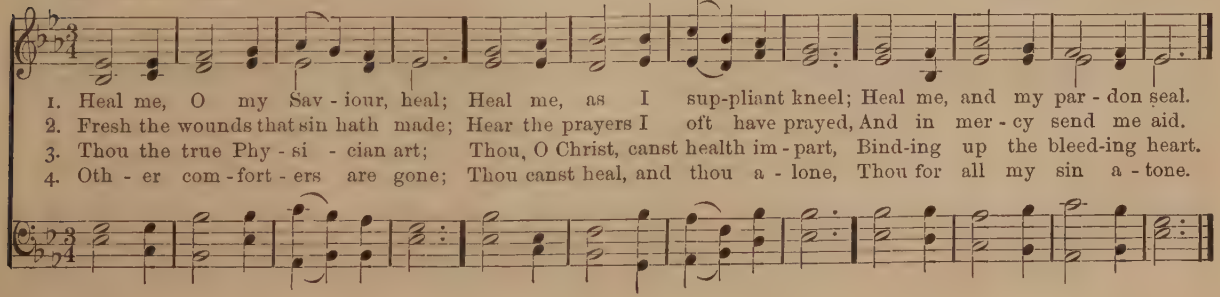
SPANISH HYMN.—SPANISH MELODY.


1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove; All my hopes in thee a - bide,
2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss; Earth-ly pleas-ures fade a - way,—
3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, thine am I, Thine to live, and thine to die; Height, or depth, or earth - ly power,
Thou my hope, and naught be - side; Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.
Clouds they are that hide my day: Hence, vain shadows! let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more: Ev - er shall my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.

163 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.

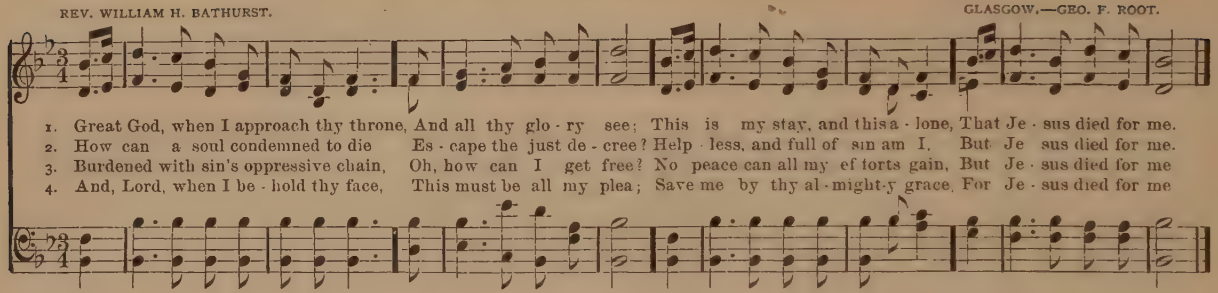
REV. GODFREY THRING.

PHILIP.—W. H. MONK.


1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me, as I sup-pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal.
2. Fresh the wounds that sin hath made; Hear the prayers I oft have prayed, And in mer - cy send me aid.
3. Thou the true Phy - si - cian art; Thou, O Christ, canst health im - part, Bind-ing up the bleed-ing heart.
4. Oth - er com - fort - ers are gone; Thou canst heal, and thou a - lone, Thou for all my sin a - tone.

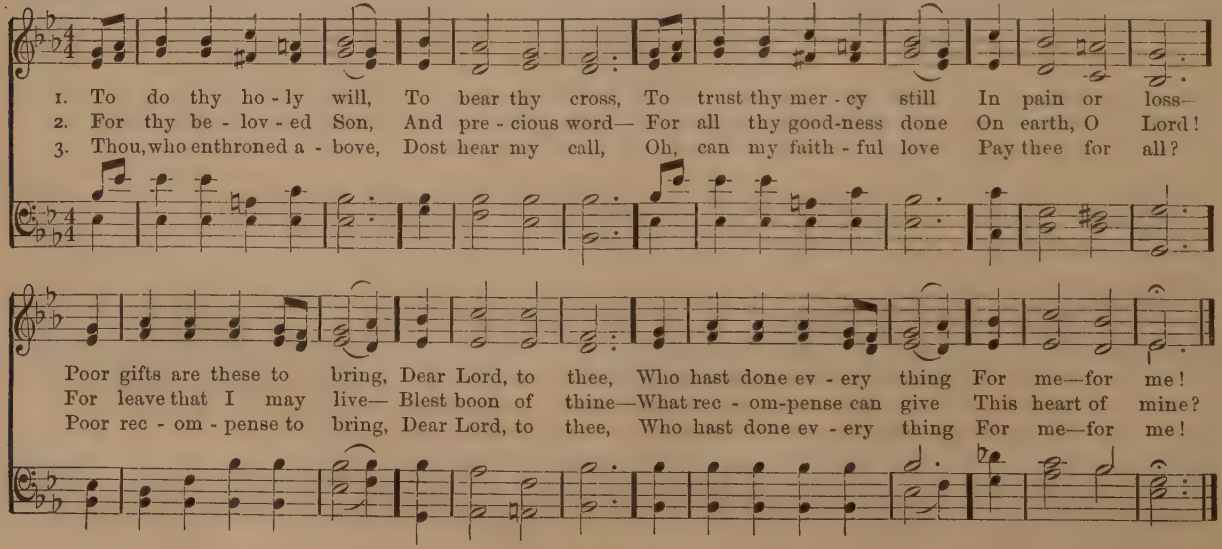
164 Great God, when I approach thy throne.

REV. WILLIAM H. BATHURST. GLASGOW.—GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Great God, when I approach thy throne, And all thy glo - ry see; This is my stay, and this a - lone, That Je - sus died for me.
2. How can a soul condemned to die Es - cape the just de - cree? Help - less, and full of sin am I, But Je sus died for me.
3. Burdened with sin's oppressive chain, Oh, how can I get free? No peace can all my ef forts gain, But Je - sus died for me
4. And, Lord, when I be - hold thy face, This must be all my plea; Save me by thy al - might-y grace, For Je - sus died for me

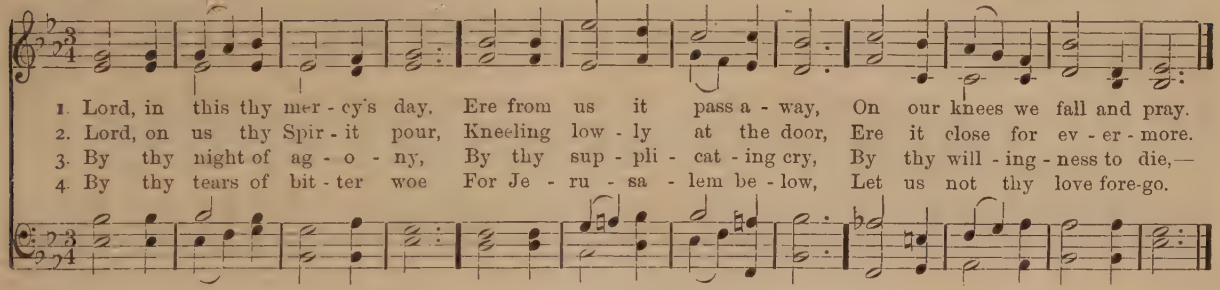
165 To do thy holy will.

G. COOPER. PRO MIHI.—J. R. MURRAY.


1. To do thy ho - ly will, To bear thy cross, To trust thy mer - cy still In pain or loss—
2. For thy be - lov - ed Son, And pre - cious word— For all thy good-ness done On earth, O Lord!
3. Thou, who enthroned a - bove, Dost hear my call, Oh, can my faith - ful love Pay thee for all?
Poor gifts are these to bring, Dear Lord, to thee, Who hast done ev - ery thing For me—for me!
For leave that I may live— Blest boon of thine—What rec - om-pense can give This heart of mine?
Poor rec - om - pense to bring, Dear Lord, to thee, Who hast done ev - ery thing For me—for me!

166 Lord, in this thy mercy's day.

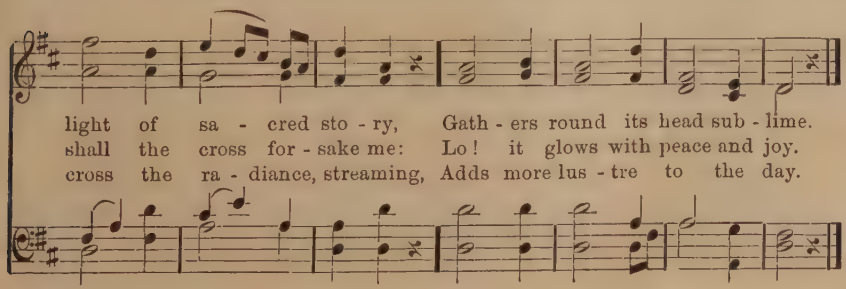
REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS. LACHRYMÆ.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Lord, in this thy mer - cy's day, Ere from us it pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Lord, on us thy Spir - it pour, Kneeling low - ly at the door, Ere it close for ev - er - more.
3. By thy night of ag - o - ny, By thy sup - pli - cat - ing cry, By thy will - ing - ness to die,—
4. By thy tears of bit - ter woe For Je - ru - sa - lem be - low, Let us not thy love fore-go.

167 In the cross of Christ I glory.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. RATHBUN.—I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way, From the

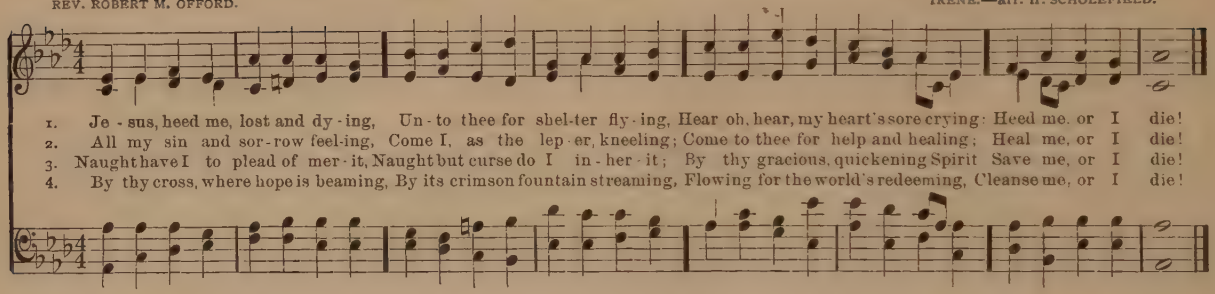

light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance, streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.

4.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5.
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

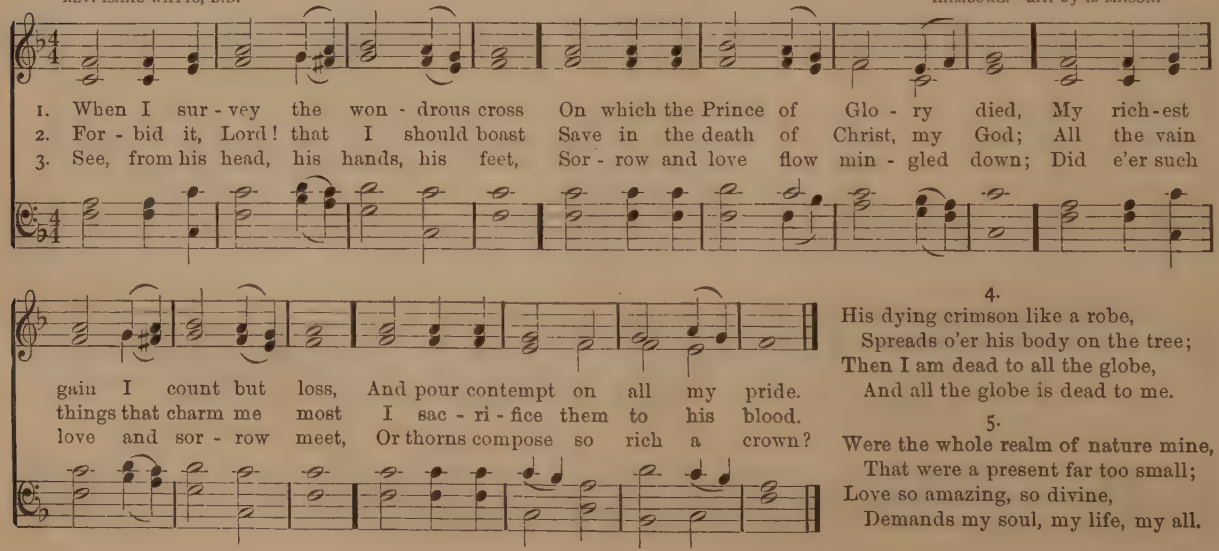
168 Jesus, heed me, lost and dying.

REV. ROBERT M. OFFORD. IRENE.—arr. fr. SCHOLEFIELD.


1. Je - sus, heed me, lost and dy - ing, Un - to thee for shel - ter fly - ing, Hear oh, hear, my heart's sore crying: Heed me, or I die!
2. All my sin and sor - row feel - ing, Come I, as the lep - er, kneeling; Come to thee for help and healing; Heal me, or I die!
3. Naught have I to plead of mer - it, Naught but curse do I in - her - it; By thy gracious, quickening Spirit Save me, or I die!
4. By thy cross, where hope is beaming, By its crimson fountain streaming, Flowing for the world's redeeming, Cleanse me, or I die!

169 When I survey the wondrous cross.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. HAMBURG.—arr. by L. MASON.

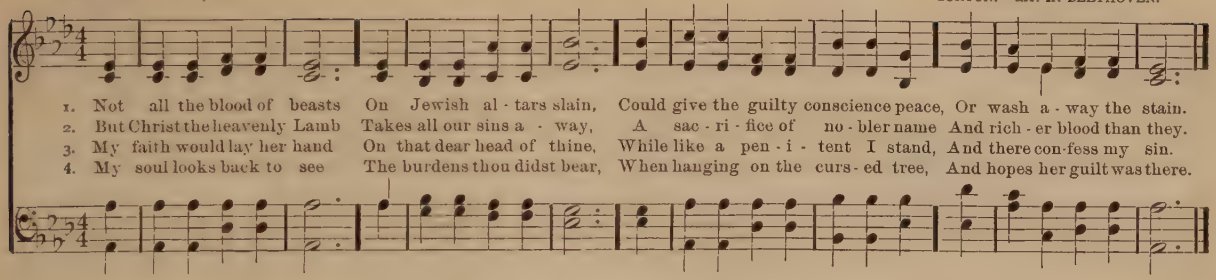

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such
gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.
His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5.
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

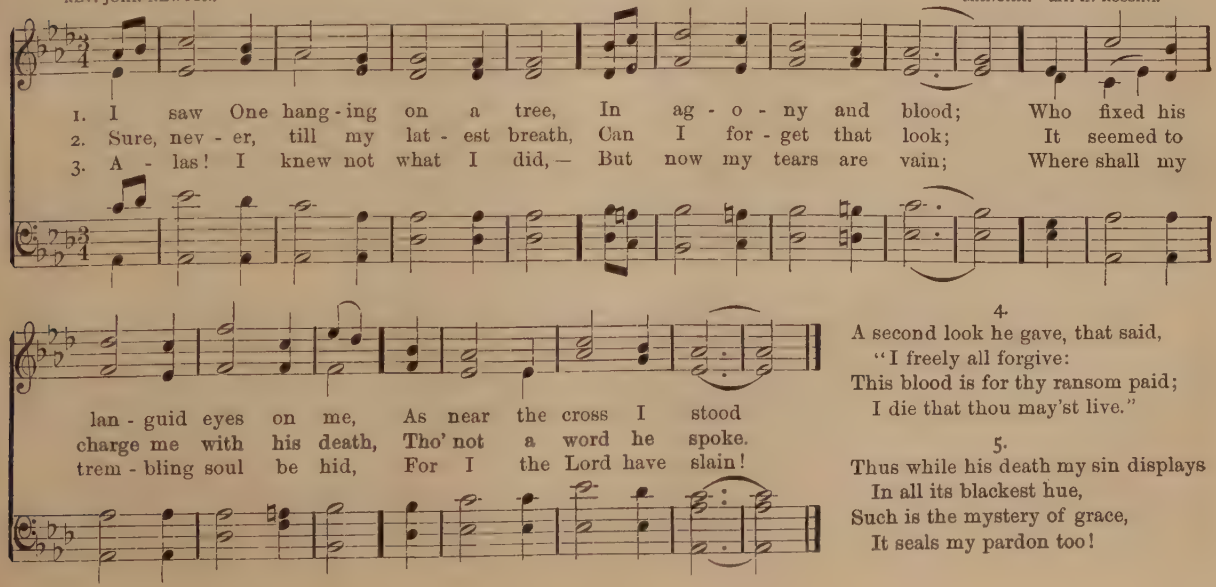
170 Not all the blood of beasts.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. GORTON.—arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish al - tars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
2. But Christ the heavenly Lamb Takes all our sins a - way, A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine, While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
4. My soul looks back to see The burdens thou didst bear, When hanging on the curs - ed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.

171 I saw One hanging on a tree.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. MANOAH.—arr. fr. ROSSINI.

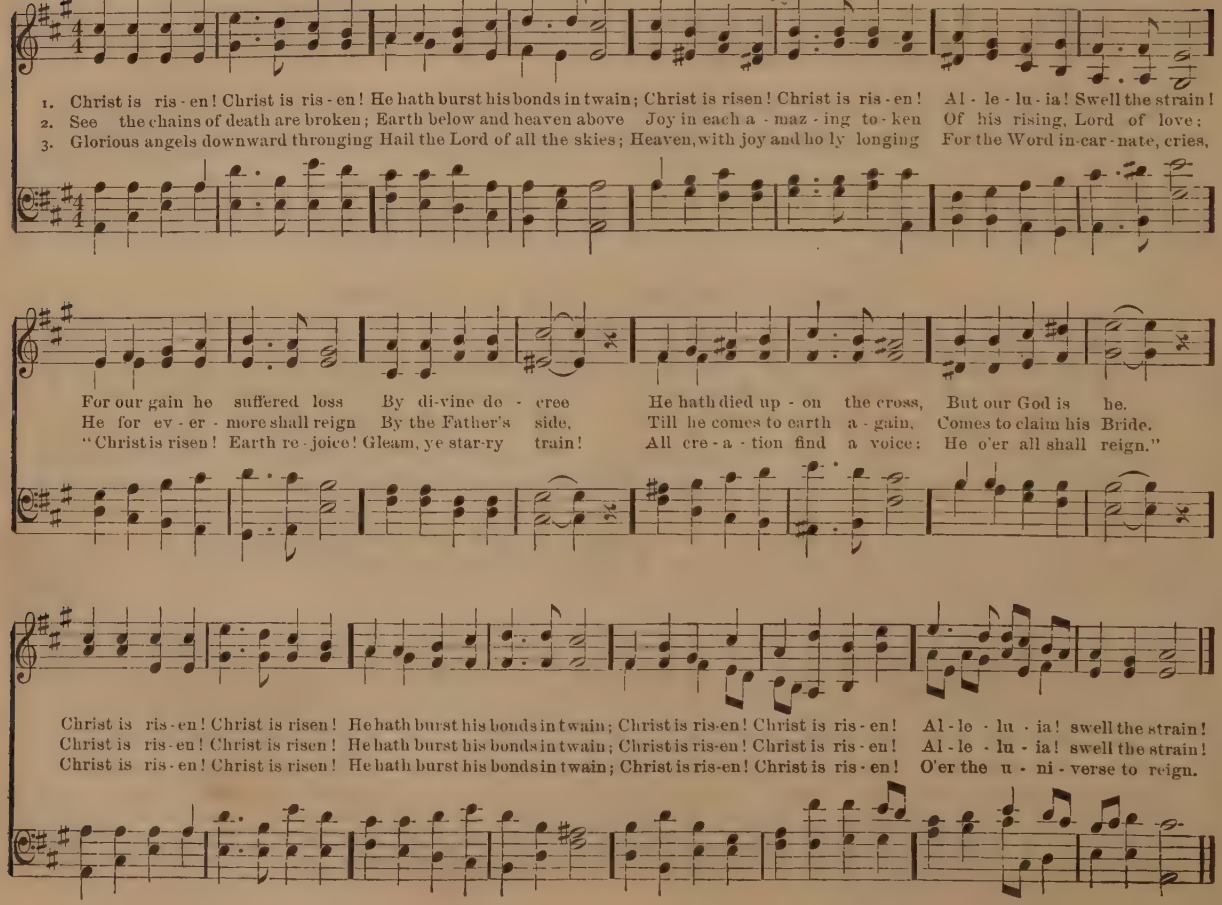

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood; Who fixed his
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look; It seemed to
3. A - las! I knew not what I did, — But now my tears are vain; Where shall my
lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood
charge me with his death, Tho' not a word he spoke.
trem - bling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain!

4.
A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5.
Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

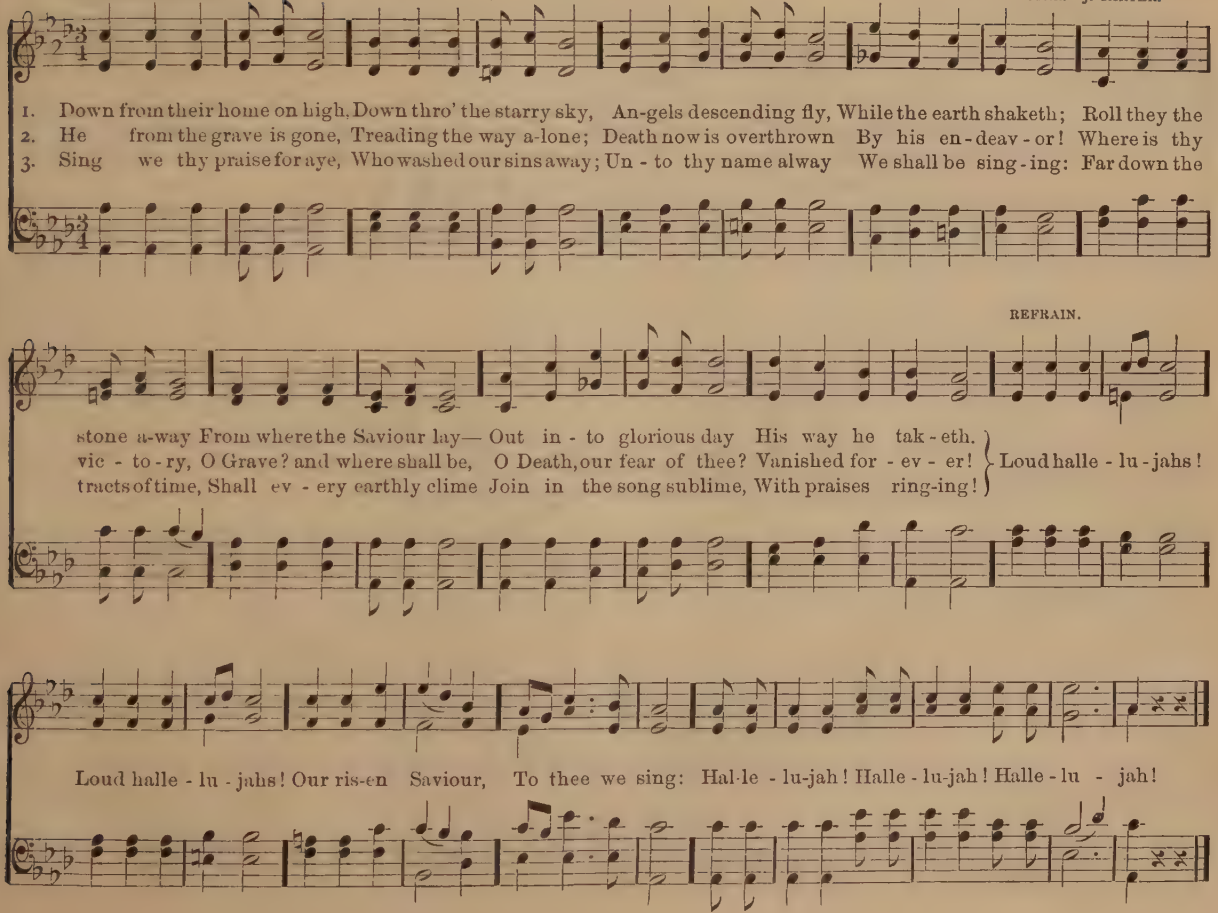
172 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

REV. ARCHER T. GURNEY. RESURREXIT.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Swell the strain!
2. See the chains of death are broken; Earth below and heaven above Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of his rising, Lord of love;
3. Glorious angels downward thronging Hail the Lord of all the skies; Heaven, with joy and ho ly longing For the Word in-car - nate, cries,
For our gain he suffered loss By di-vine de - cree He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is he.
He for ev - er - more shall reign By the Father's side, Till he comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim his Bride.
"Christ is risen! Earth re - joice! Gleam, ye star-ry train! All cre - a - tion find a voice: He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is ris - en! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Christ is ris - en! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Christ is ris - en! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! O'er the u - ni - verse to reign.

173 Down from their home on high.

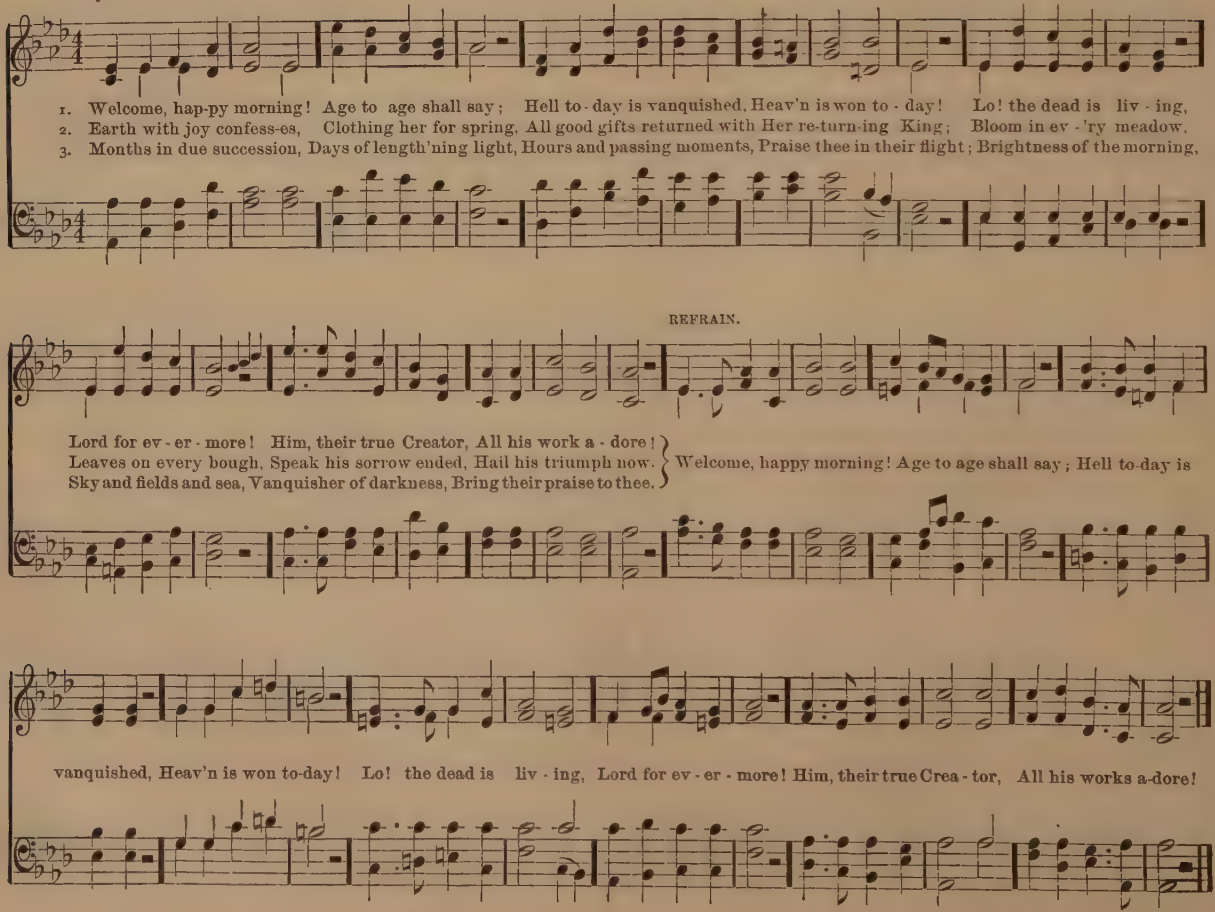
REV. JAMES CARTER. EASTER.—J. CARTER.


1. Down from their home on high, Down thro' the starry sky, An-gels descending fly, While the earth shaketh; Roll they the
2. He from the grave is gone, Treading the way a-lone; Death now is overthrown By his en-deav-or! Where is thy
3. Sing we thy praise for aye, Who washed our sins away; Un-to thy name alway We shall be sing-ing: Far down the
REFRAIN.
stone a-way From where the Saviour lay— Out in-to glorious day His way he tak-eth.
vic-to-ry, O Grave? and where shall be, O Death, our fear of thee? Vanished for-ev-er!
tracts of time, Shall ev-ery earthly clime Join in the song sublime, With praises ring-ing!
Loud halle-lu-jahs!
Loud halle-lu-jahs! Our ris-en Saviour, To thee we sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

Welcome, happy morning!

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. tr.

PRAGUE.—J. B. CALKIN.


1. Welcome, hap-py morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing,
2. Earth with joy confess-es, Clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with Her re-turn-ing King; Bloom in ev-'ry meadow,
3. Months in due succession, Days of length'ning light, Hours and passing moments, Praise thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning,
REFRAIN.
Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Creator, All his work a-dore!
Leaves on every bough, Speak his sorrow ended, Hail his triumph now.
Sky and fields and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, Bring their praise to thee.
Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is
vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Crea-tor, All his works a-dore!

Welcome, happy morning!—Concluded.

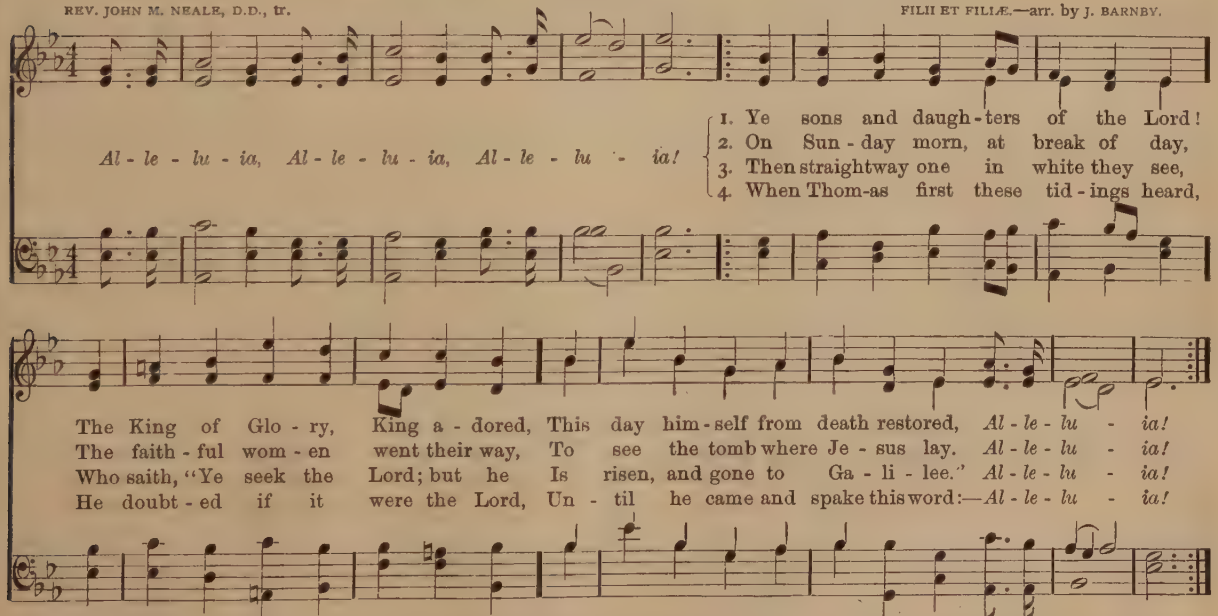
4 Maker and Redeemer,
Life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding
Human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead
True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver,
Manhood didst put on.—REF.

5 Thou, of life the author,
Death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness,
Saving strength to show:
Come, then, True and Faithful!
Now fulfill thy word;
'T is thine own third morning;
Rise, my buried Lord!—REF.

6 Loose the hearts long prisoned,
Bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen
Raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness,
Bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight;
Day returns with thee.—REF.

175 Ye sons and daughters of the Lord.

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D., tr. FILII ET FILIÆ.—arr. by J. BARNBY.


Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
1. Ye sons and daugh - ters of the Lord!
2. On Sun - day morn, at break of day,
3. Then straightway one in white they see,
4. When Thom-as first these tid - ings heard,
The King of Glo - ry, King a - dored, This day him - self from death restored, Al - le - lu - ia!
The faith - ful wom - en went their way, To see the tomb where Je - sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia!
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but he Is risen, and gone to Ga - li - lee." Al - le - lu - ia!
He doubt - ed if it were the Lord, Un - til he came and spake this word:—Al - le - lu - ia!

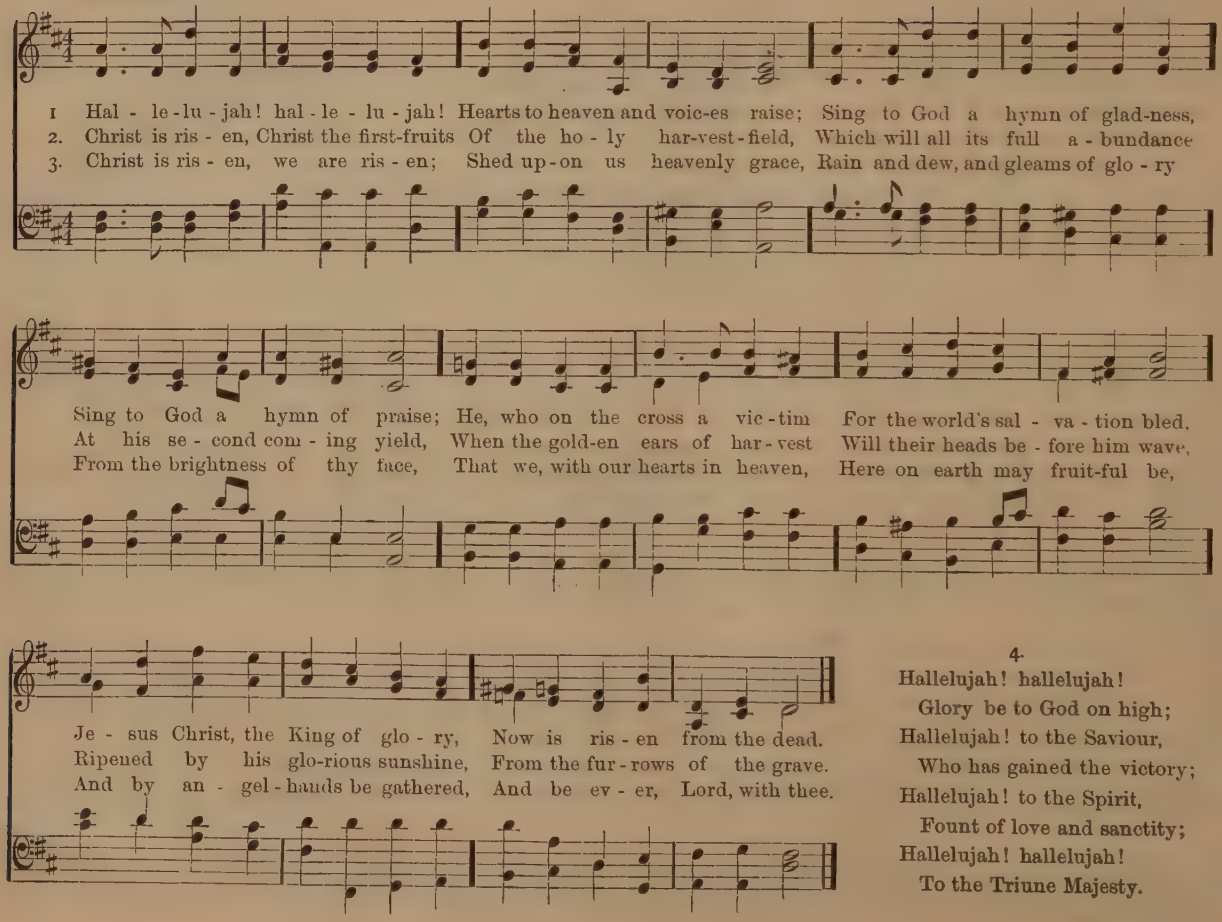
5 "Behold my side, O Thomas! see,
My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."

6 When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

7 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
For they eternal life shall win.

176 Hallelujah! hallelujah!

REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. LUX EOI.—A. S. SULLIVAN.

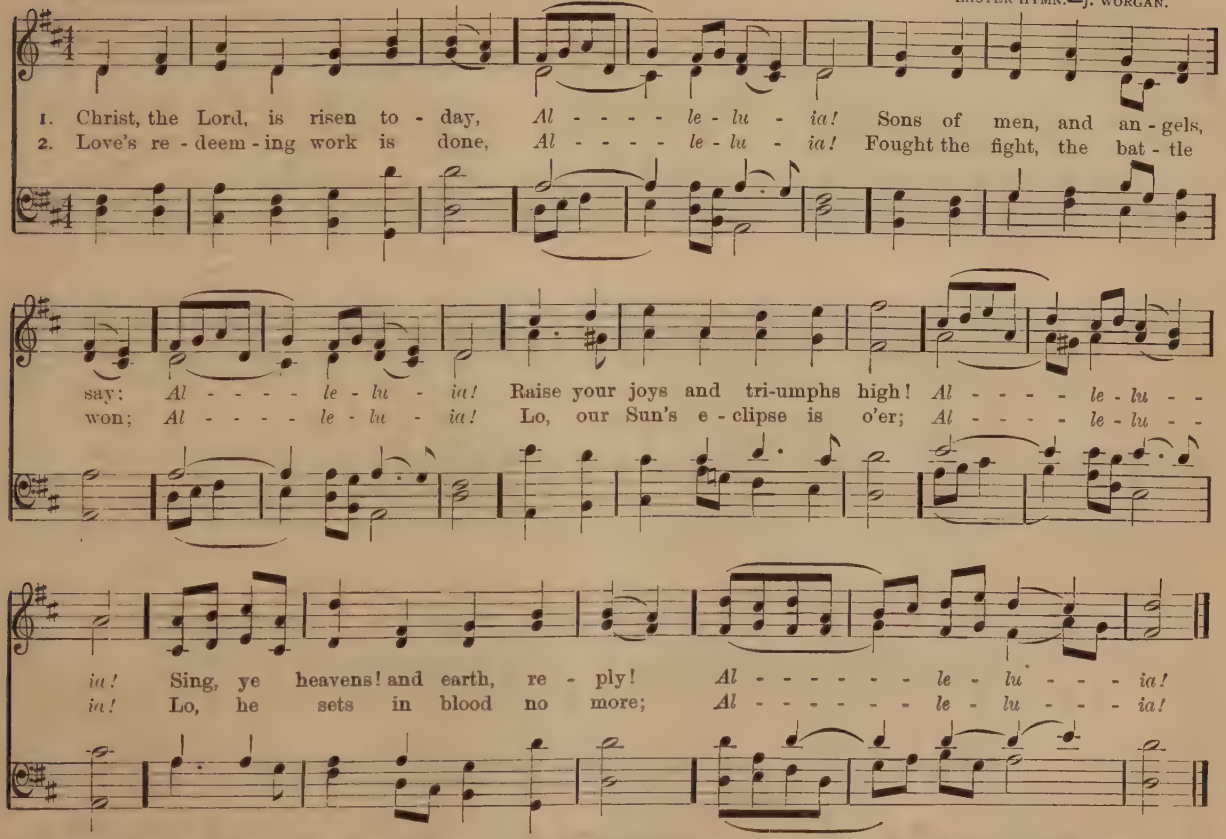

1 Hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hearts to heaven and voic-es raise; Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness,
2. Christ is ris - en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har-vest-field, Which will all its full a - bundance
3. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en; Shed up-on us heavenly grace, Rain and dew, and gleams of glo - ry
Sing to God a hymn of praise; He, who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
At his se - cond com - ing yield, When the gold-en ears of har - vest Will their heads be - fore him wave,
From the brightness of thy face, That we, with our hearts in heaven, Here on earth may fruit-ful be,
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
Ripened by his glo-rious sunshine, From the fur - rows of the grave.
And by an - gel - hands be gathered, And be ev - er, Lord, with thee.

4.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
To the Triune Majesty.

177 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. EASTER HYMN.—J. WORGAN.


1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men, and an - gels,
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - - - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the bat - tle
say: Al - - - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! Al - - - - le - lu - -
won; Al - - - - le - lu - ia! Lo, our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Al - - - - le - lu - -
ia! Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - - - - - le - lu - - - ia!
ia! Lo, he sets in blood no more; Al - - - - - le - lu - - - ia!

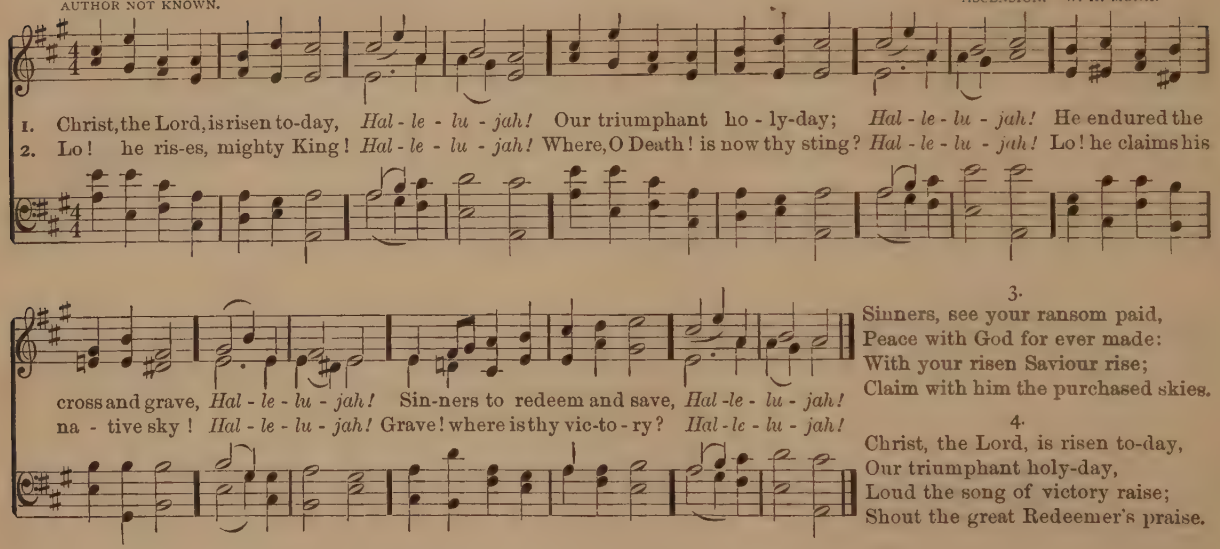
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

178 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. ASCENSION.—W. H. MONK.

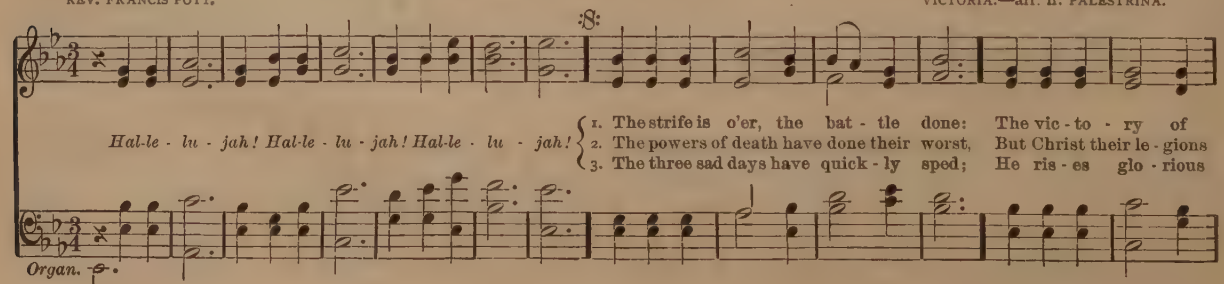

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hal - le - lu - jah! Our triumphant ho - ly-day; Hal - le - lu - jah! He endured the
2. Lo! he ris-es, mighty King! Hal - le - lu - jah! Where, O Death! is now thy sting? Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! he claims his
cross and grave, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sin-ners to redeem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah!
na - tive sky! Hal - le - lu - jah! Grave! where is thy vic-to - ry? Hal - le - lu - jah!

3.
Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4.
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

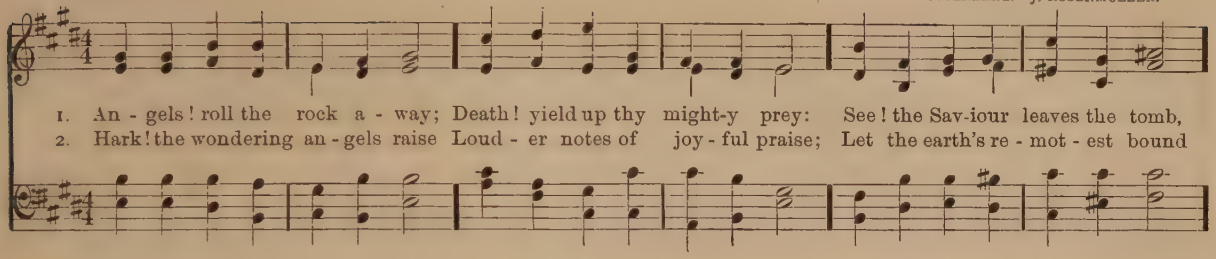
179 The strife is o'er, the battle done.

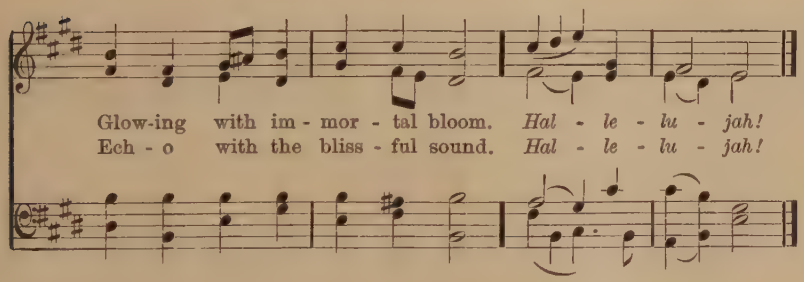
REV. FRANCIS POTT. VICTORIA.—arr. fr. PALESTRINA.


Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done: The vic - to - ry of
2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions
3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious
Organ.

180 Angels! roll the rock away.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT. WITTENBERG.—J. ROSENMÜLLER.

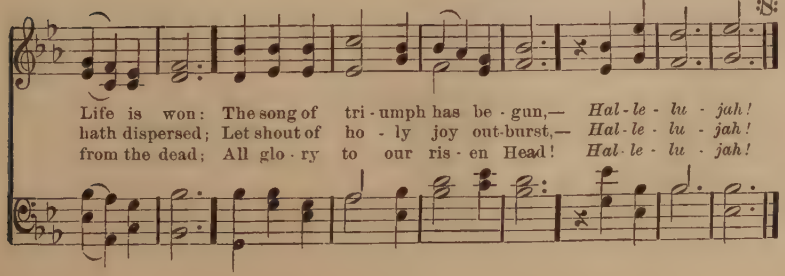

1. An - gels! roll the rock a - way; Death! yield up thy might-y prey: See! the Sav-iour leaves the tomb,
2. Hark! the wondering an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise; Let the earth's re - mot - est bound



3.
Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne.
Boundless empire is thine own.

The strife is o'er.—Concluded.


Life is won: The song of tri - umph has be - gun,— Hal - le - lu - jah!
hath dispersed; Let shout of ho - ly joy out-burst,— Hal - le - lu - jah!
from the dead; All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Hal - le - lu - jah!

4.
He brake the age-bound chains of hell:
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Hallelujah!

5.
Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

181 Sing with all the sons of glory.

REV. WILLIAM J. IRONS, D.D.

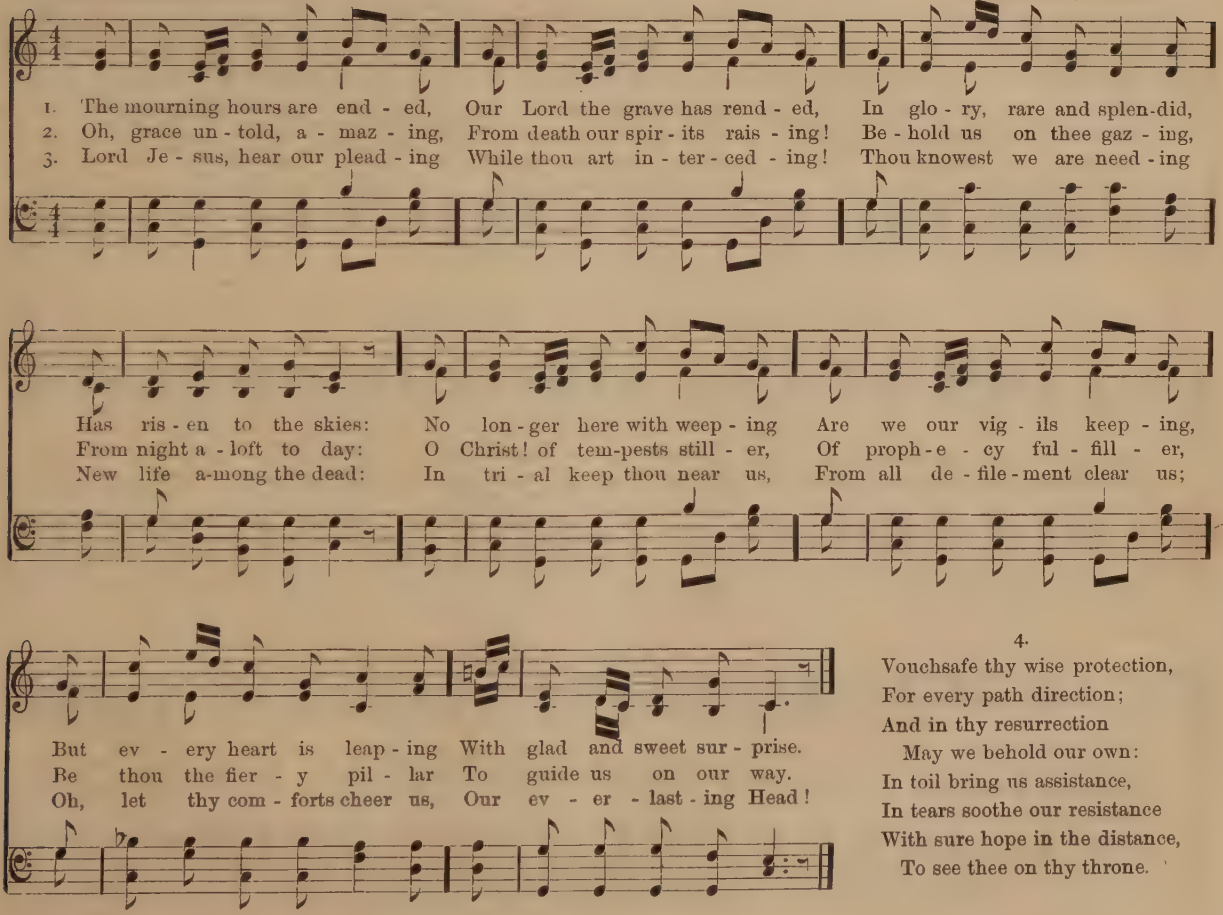
HYMN OF JOY.—arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! Death and sor - row,
2. Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet perceived! Ho - liest hearts for
3. Life e - ter - nal! heaven re - joic - es, Je - sus lives who once was dead; Join, O man, the
4. Life e - ter - nal! oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un-known. When, a - midst earth's
earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long: All a - round the clouds are break-ing,
a - ges plead - ing, Nev - er that full joy conceived. God has prom-ised, Christ pre - pares it,
death - less voic - es, Child of God, lift up thy head! Patriarchs from the dis - tant a - ges,
clos - ing thun - ders, Saints shall stand be - fore the throne! Oh, to en - ter that bright por - tal.
Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's like-ness, man a - wak-ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.
There on high our wel-come waits; Ev - ery hum-ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed th'e-ter - nal gates.
Saints all long-ing for their heaven, Prophets, psalmists, seers and sa - ges, All a - wait the glo - ry given.
See that glowing firm - a - ment, Know, with thee, O God im - mor - tal, "Je - sus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

182 The mourning hours are ended.

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

FIDELIS.—arr. by EMMELAR.

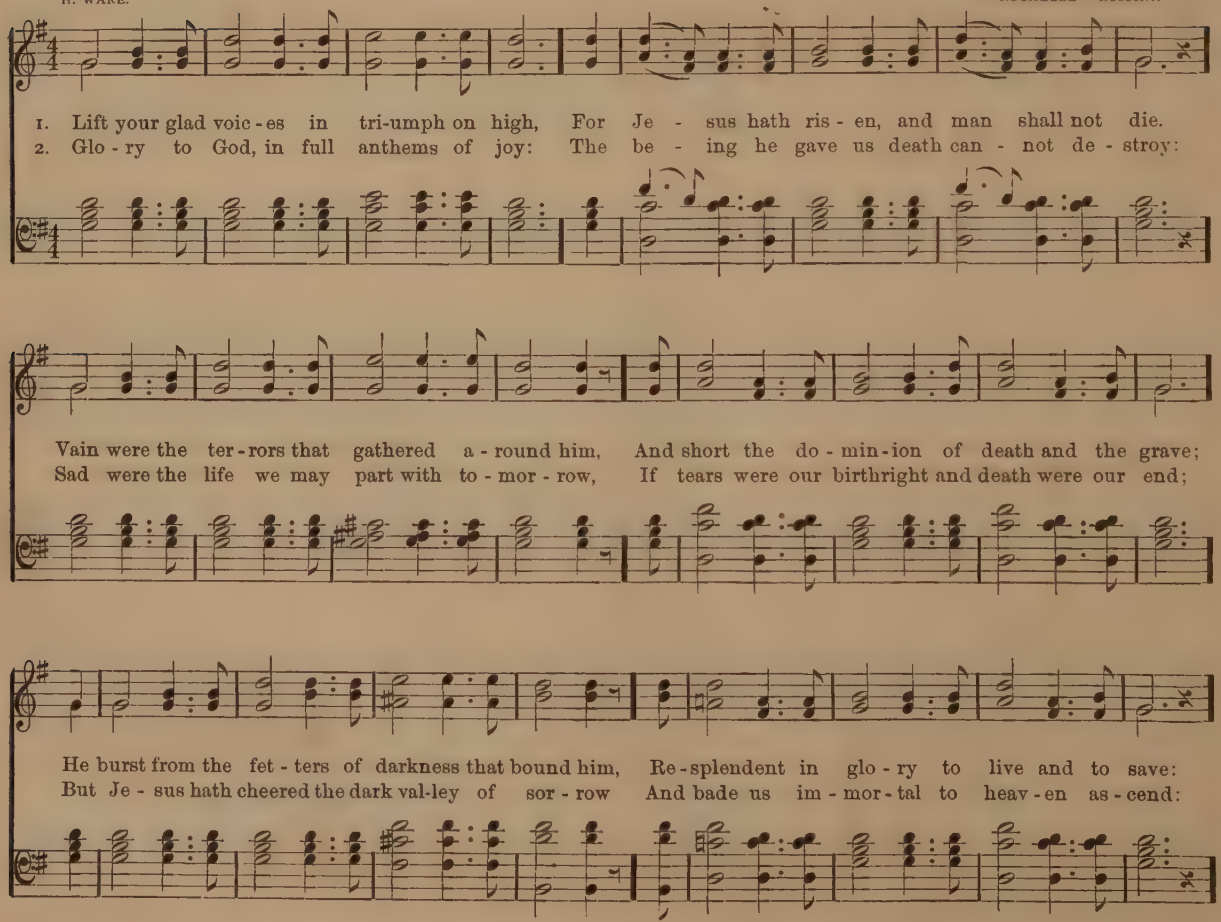

1. The mourning hours are end - ed, Our Lord the grave has rend - ed, In glo - ry, rare and splen-did,
2. Oh, grace un - told, a - maz - ing, From death our spir - its rais - ing! Be - hold us on thee gaz - ing,
3. Lord Je - sus, hear our plead - ing While thou art in - ter - ced - ing! Thou knowest we are need - ing
Has ris - en to the skies: No lon - ger here with weep - ing Are we our vig - ils keep - ing,
From night a - loft to day: O Christ! of tem-pests still - er, Of proph - e - cy ful - fill - er,
New life a-mong the dead: In tri - al keep thou near us, From all de - file - ment clear us;
But ev - ery heart is leap - ing With glad and sweet sur - prise.
Be thou the fier - y pil - lar To guide us on our way.
Oh, let thy com - forts cheer us, Our ev - er - last - ing Head!

4.

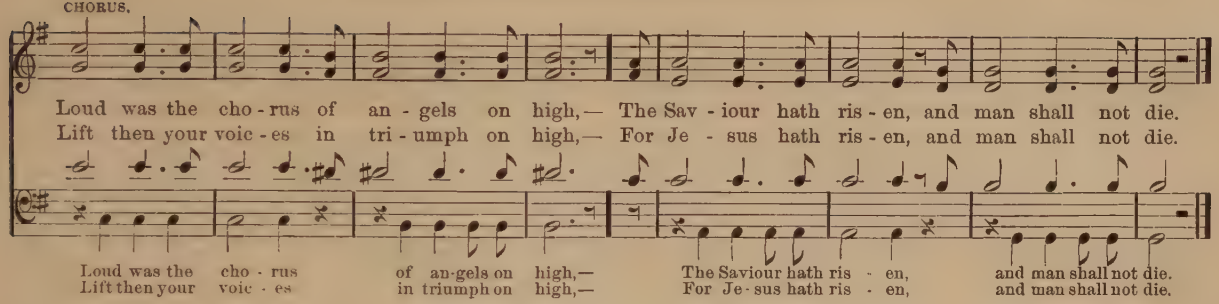
Vouchsafe thy wise protection,
For every path direction;
And in thy resurrection
May we behold our own:
In toil bring us assistance,
In tears soothe our resistance
With sure hope in the distance,
To see thee on thy throne.

183 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.

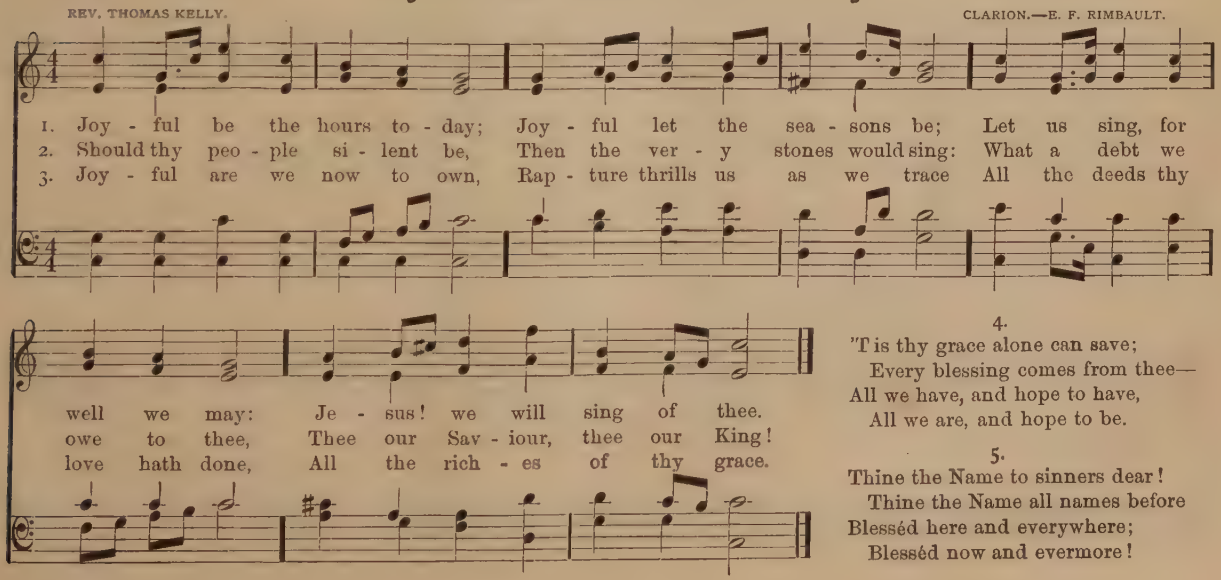
H. WARE. ROCHELLE —ROSSINI.


1. Lift your glad voic - es in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy: The be - ing he gave us death can - not de - stroy:
Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a - round him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave;
Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row, If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound him, Re - splendent in glo - ry to live and to save:
But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val-ley of sor - row And bade us im - mor - tal to heav - en as - cend:

Lift your glad voices.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Sav - iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
Lift then your voic - es in tri - umph on high,— For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
Loud was the cho - rus of an-gels on high,— The Saviour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
Lift then your voic - es in triumph on high,— For Je-sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

184 Joyful be the hours to-day.


REV. THOMAS KELLY.
CLARION.—E. F. RIMBAULT.
1. Joy - ful be the hours to - day; Joy - ful let the sea - sons be; Let us sing, for
2. Should thy peo - ple si - lent be, Then the ver - y stones would sing: What a debt we
3. Joy - ful are we now to own, Rap - ture thrills us as we trace All the deeds thy
well we may: Je - sus! we will sing of thee.
owe to thee, Thee our Sav - iour, thee our King!
love hath done, All the rich - es of thy grace.

4.

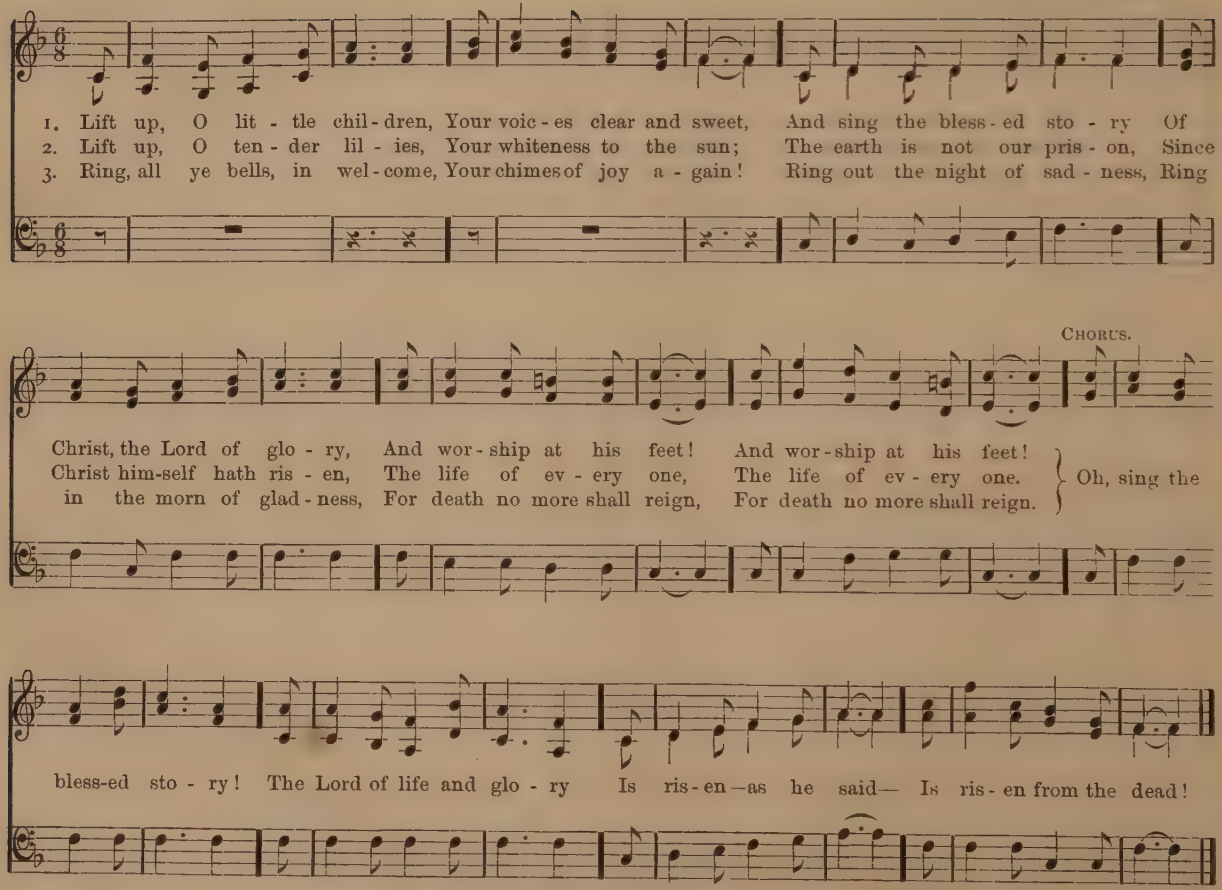
'T is thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5.

Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

185 Lift up, O little children.

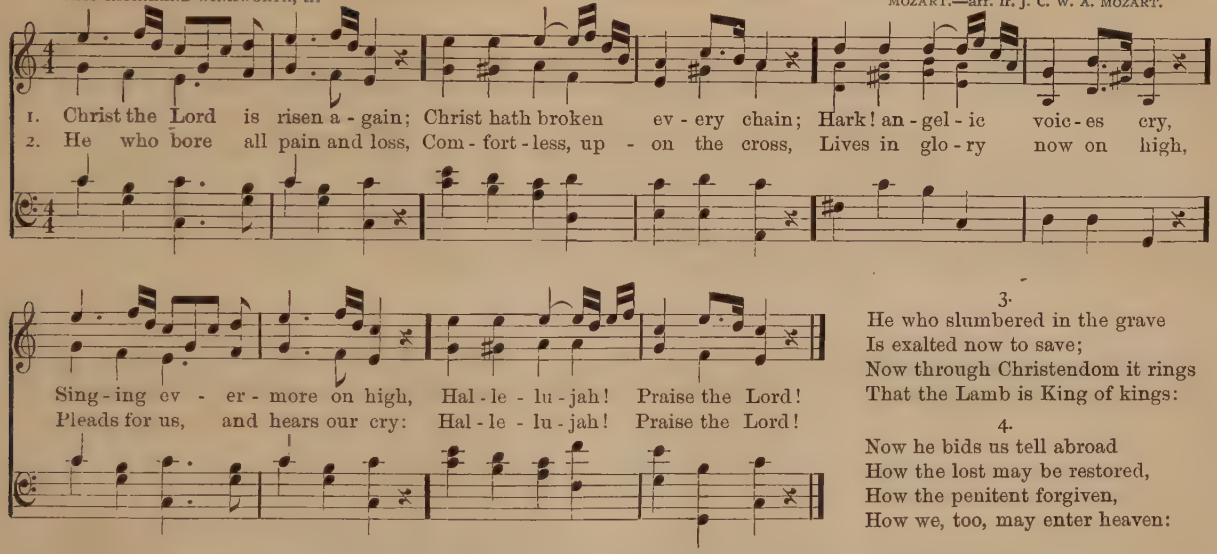
MISS MARY A. LATHBURY. SURSE.—M. C. SEWARD.


1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic - es clear and sweet, And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of
2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun; The earth is not our pris - on, Since
3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain! Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring
CHORUS.
Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, And wor - ship at his feet! And wor - ship at his feet!
Christ him-self hath ris - en, The life of ev - ery one, The life of ev - ery one.
in the morn of glad - ness, For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.
Oh, sing the
bless-ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry Is ris - en—as he said— Is ris - en from the dead!

186 Christ the Lord is risen again.

MISS CATHARINE WINKWORTH, tr.

MOZART.—arr. fr. J. C. W. A. MOZART.


1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Christ hath broken ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voic - es cry,
2. He who bore all pain and loss, Com - fort - less, up - on the cross, Lives in glo - ry now on high,
Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
Pleads for us, and hears our cry: Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

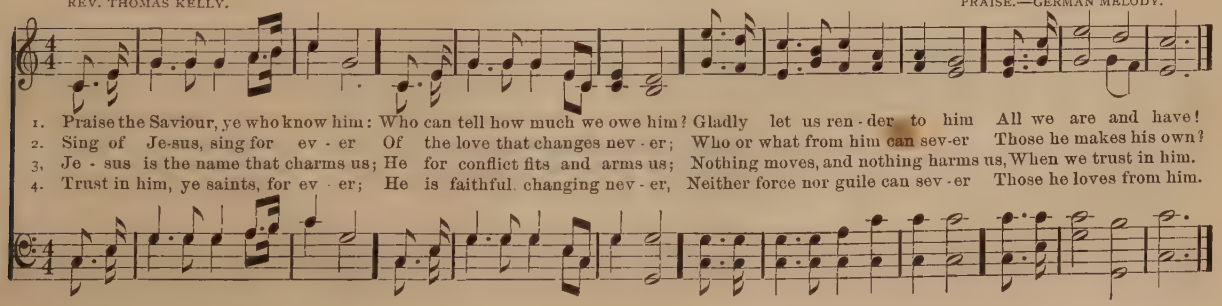
3.
He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:

4.
Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:

187 Praise the Saviour, ye who know him.

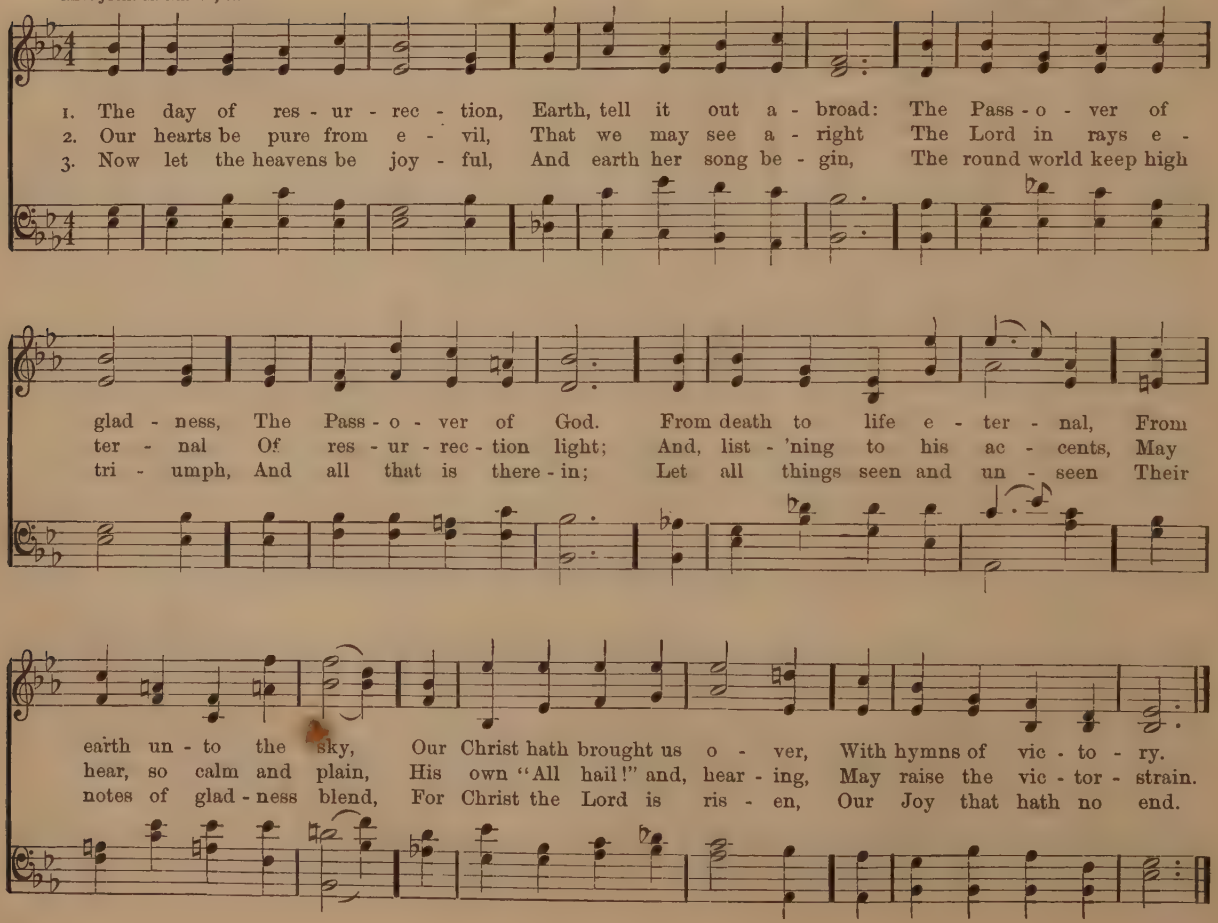
REV. THOMAS KELLY.

PRAISE.—GERMAN MELODY.


1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know him: Who can tell how much we owe him? Gladly let us ren - der to him All we are and have!
2. Sing of Je-sus, sing for ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er; Who or what from him can sev-er Those he makes his own?
3. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for conflict fits and arms us; Nothing moves, and nothing harms us, When we trust in him.
4. Trust in him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faithful, changing nev - er, Neither force nor guile can sev - er Those he loves from him.

188 The day of resurrection.

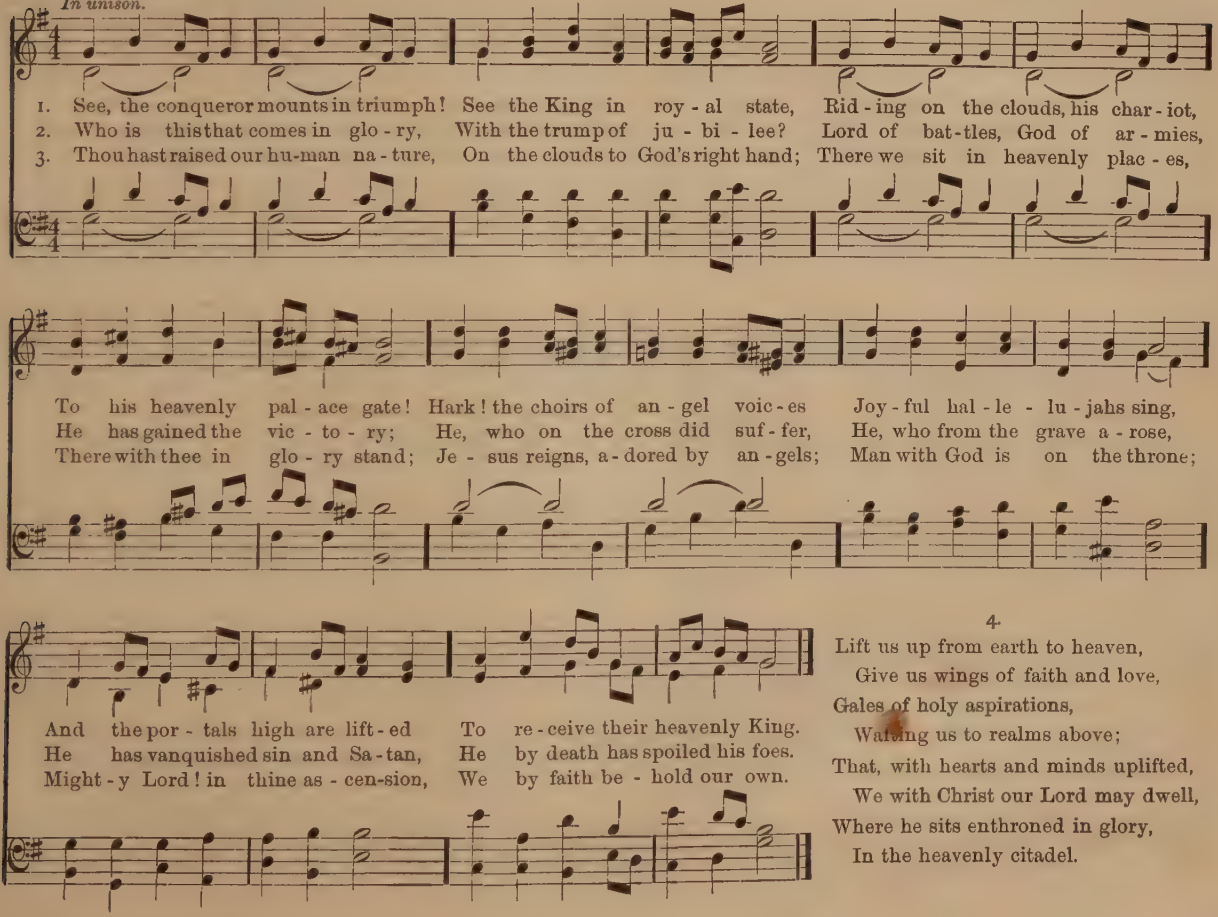
REV. JOHN M. NEALE, tr. LANCASHIRE.—H. SMART.


1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad: The Pass - o - ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays e -
3. Now let the heavens be joy - ful, And earth her song be - gin, The round world keep high
glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From
ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light; And, list - 'ning to his ac - cents, May
tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let all things seen and un - seen Their
earth un - to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.
hear, so calm and plain, His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor - strain.
notes of glad - ness blend, For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end.

189 See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph.

REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. MURIEL.—T. MORLEY.

In unison.

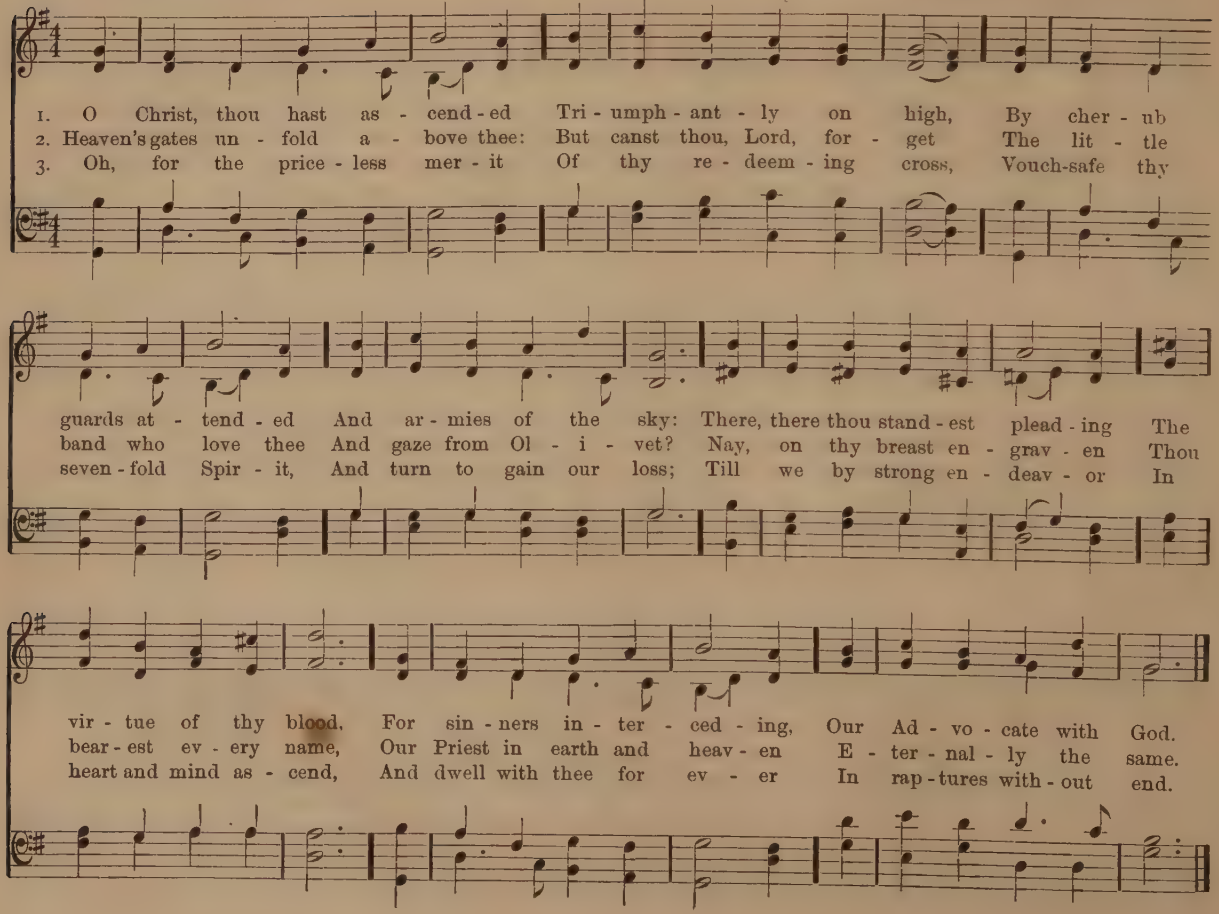

1. See, the conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state, Rid - ing on the clouds, his char - iot,
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee? Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies,
3. Thou hast raised our hu-man na - ture, On the clouds to God's right hand; There we sit in heavenly plac - es,
To his heavenly pal - ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing,
He has gained the vic - to - ry; He, who on the cross did suf - fer, He, who from the grave a - rose,
There with thee in glo - ry stand; Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heavenly King.
He has vanquished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled his foes.
Might - y Lord! in thine as - cen - sion, We by faith be - hold our own.

4.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

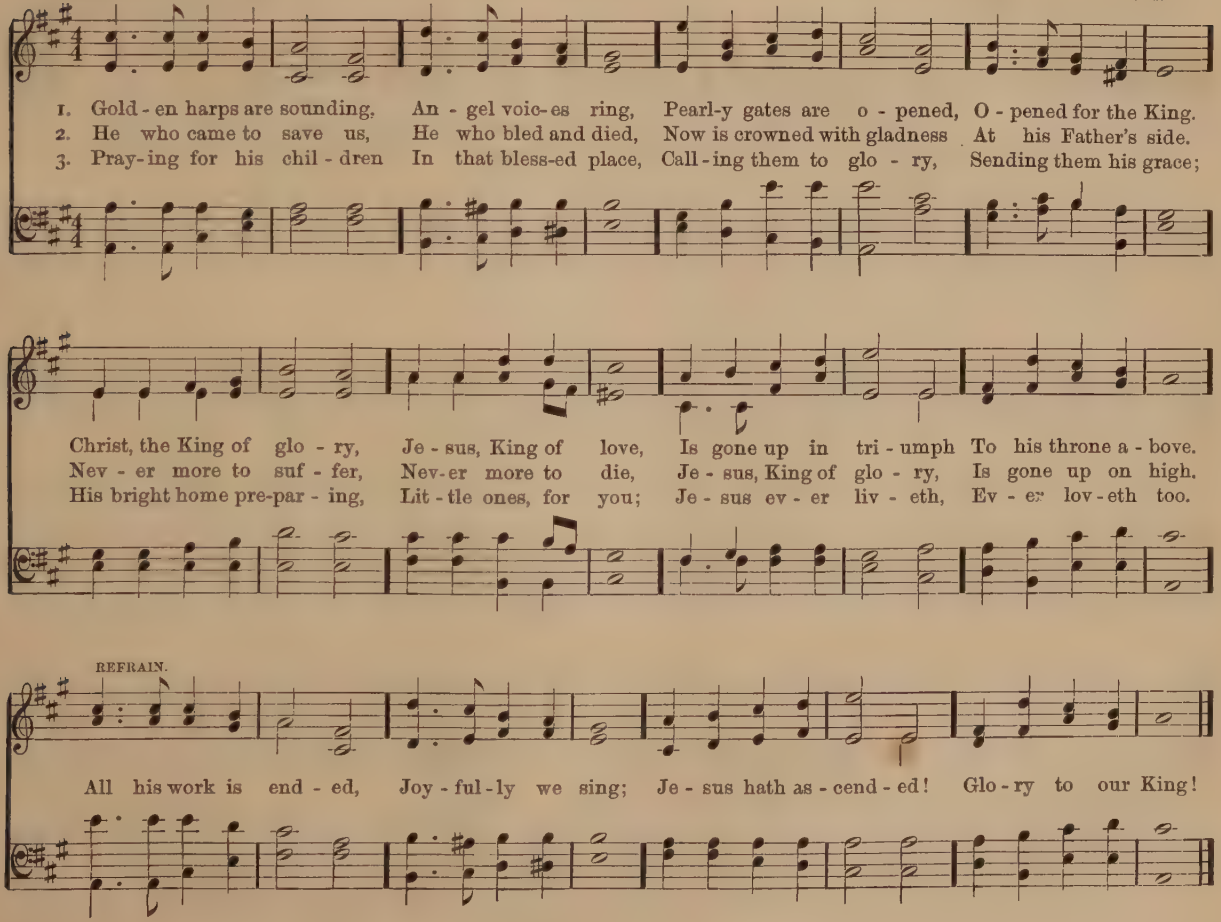
190 O Christ, thou hast ascended.

REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. BESSELLENA.—arr. by EMMELAR.


1. O Christ, thou hast as - cend - ed Tri - umph - ant - ly on high, By cher - ub
2. Heaven's gates un - fold a - bove thee: But canst thou, Lord, for - get The lit - tle
3. Oh, for the price - less mer - it Of thy re - deem - ing cross, Vouch-safe thy
guards at - tend - ed And ar - mies of the sky: There, there thou stand - est plead - ing The
band who love thee And gaze from Ol - i - vet? Nay, on thy breast en - grav - en Thou
seven - fold Spir - it, And turn to gain our loss; Till we by strong en - deav - or In
vir - tue of thy blood, For sin - ners in - ter - ced - ing, Our Ad - vo - cate with God.
bear - est ev - ery name, Our Priest in earth and heav - en E - ter - nal - ly the same.
heart and mind as - cend, And dwell with thee for ev - er In rap - tures with - out end.

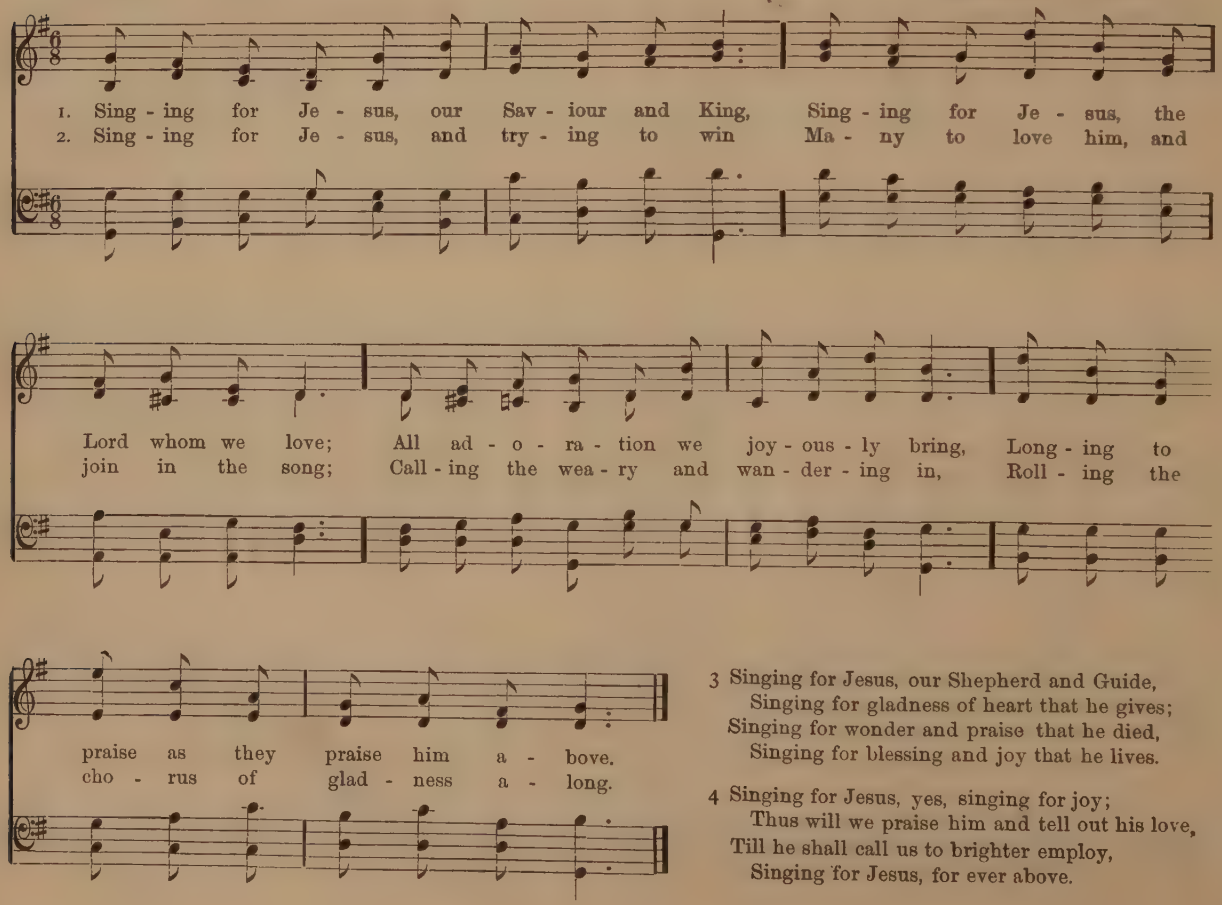
191 Golden harps are sounding.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. HERMAS.—F. R. HAVERGAL.


1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voic-es ring, Pearl-y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King.
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At his Father's side.
3. Pray-ing for his chil - dren In that bless-ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry, Sending them his grace;
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To his throne a - bove.
Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
His bright home pre-par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov-eth too.
REFRAIN.
All his work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

192 Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. BROMHAM.—T. R. MATTHEWS.

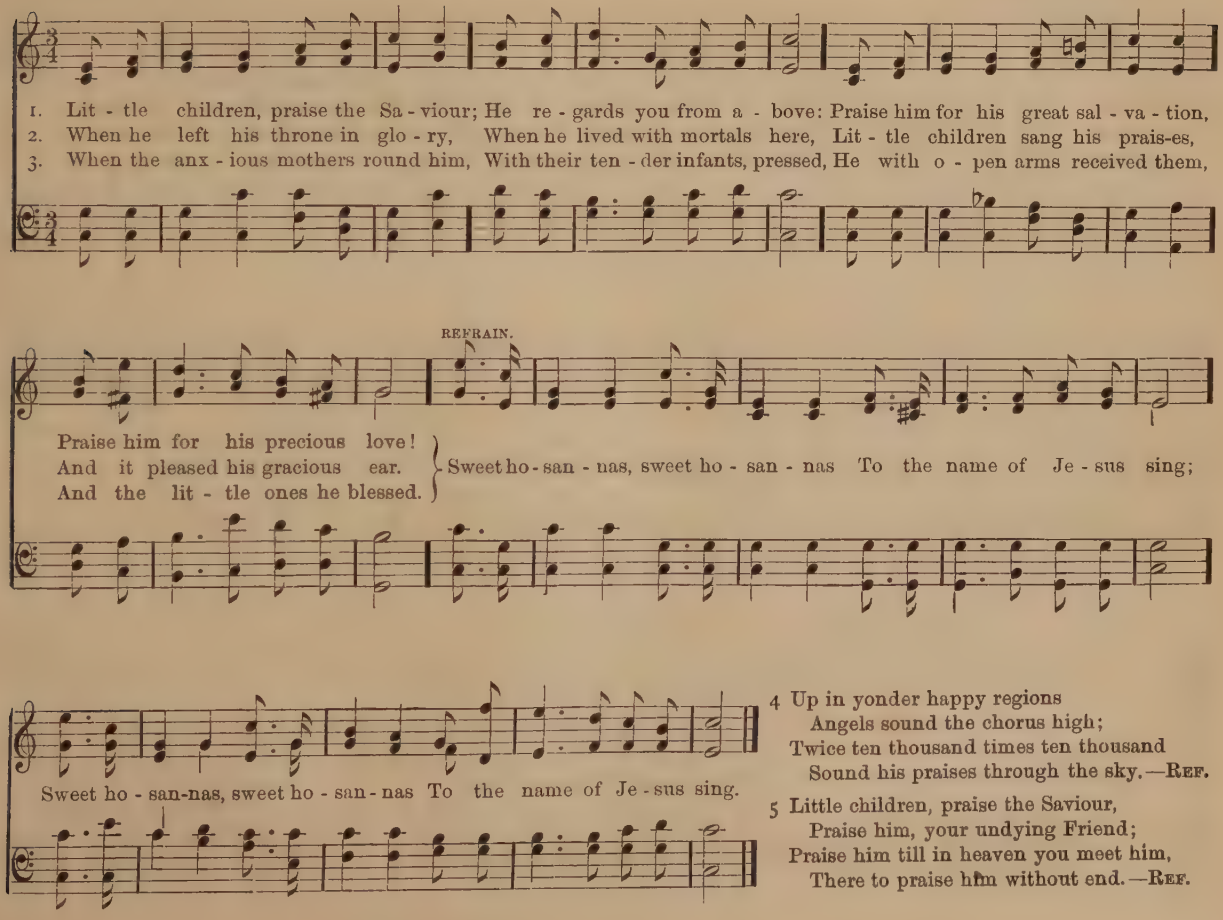

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Sing - ing for Je - sus, the
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to love him, and
Lord whom we love; All ad - o - ra - tion we joy - ous - ly bring, Long - ing to
join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and wan - der - ing in, Roll - ing the
praise as they praise him a - bove.
cho - rus of glad - ness a - long.

3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that he gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that he died,
Singing for blessing and joy that he lives.

4 Singing for Jesus, yes, singing for joy;
Thus will we praise him and tell out his love,
Till he shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus, for ever above.

193 Little children, praise the Saviour.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. PHUVAL.—WILLIAM T. BEST.


1. Lit - tle children, praise the Sa - viour; He re - gards you from a - bove: Praise him for his great sal - va - tion,
2. When he left his throne in glo - ry, When he lived with mortals here, Lit - tle children sang his prais-es,
3. When the anx - ious mothers round him, With their ten - der infants, pressed, He with o - pen arms received them,
REFRAIN.
Praise him for his precious love!
And it pleased his gracious ear.
And the lit - tle ones he blessed.
Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas To the name of Je - sus sing;
Sweet ho - san-nas, sweet ho - san - nas To the name of Je - sus sing.

4 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Sound his praises through the sky.—REF.

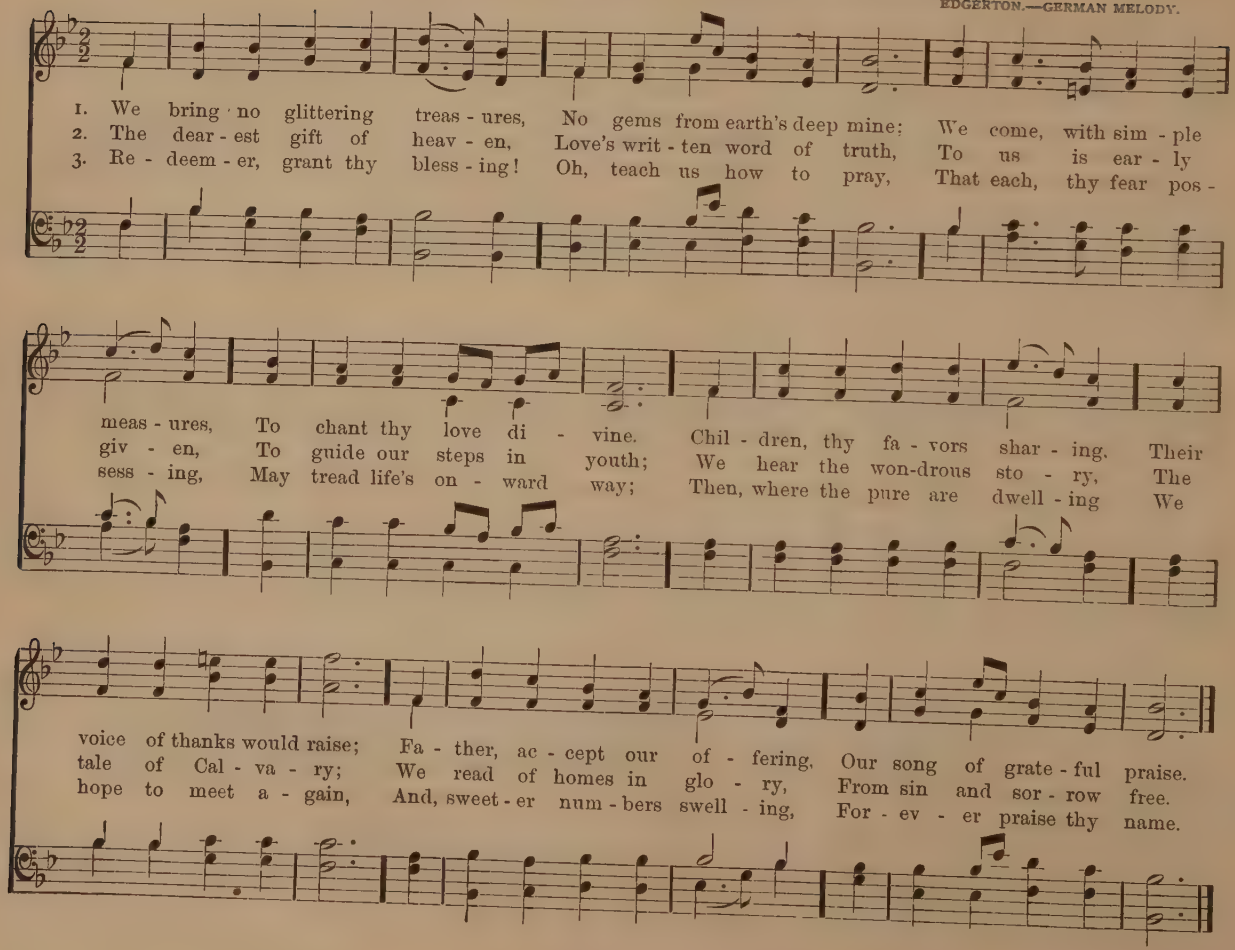
5 Little children, praise the Saviour,
Praise him, your undying Friend;
Praise him till in heaven you meet him,
There to praise him without end.—REF.

194

H. PHILIPS.

We bring no glittering treasures.

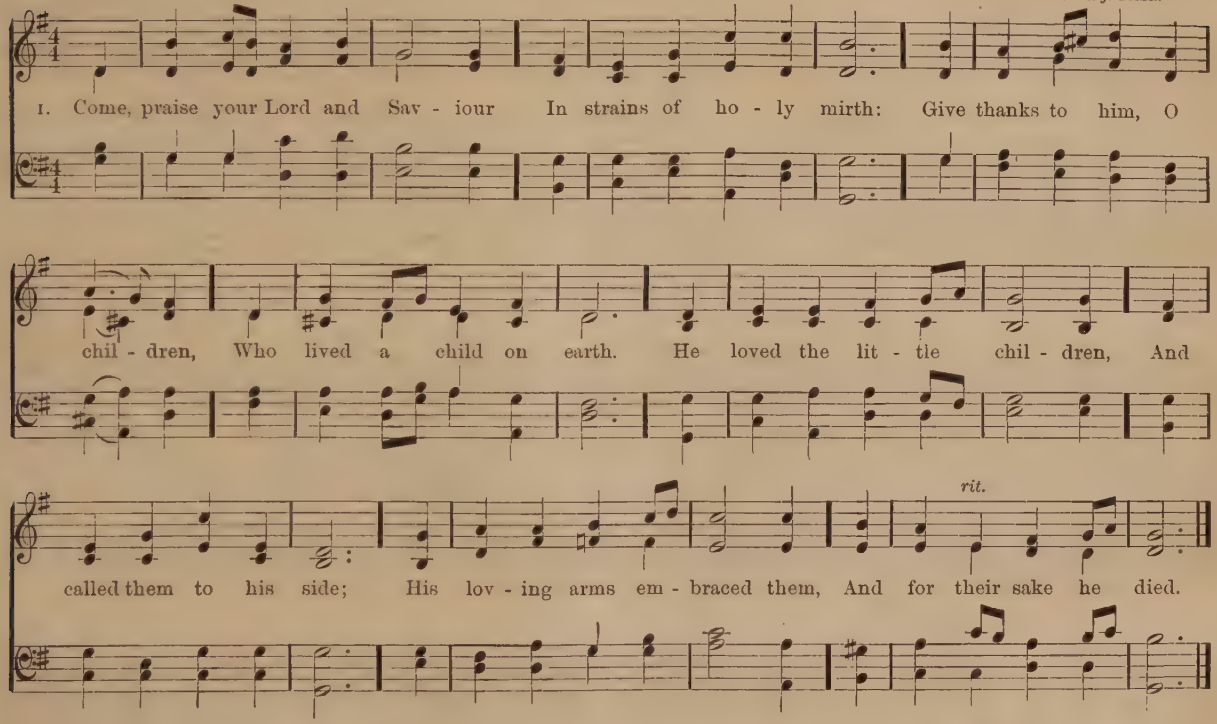
EDGERTON.—GERMAN MELODY.


1. We bring no glittering treas - ures, No gems from earth's deep mine: We come, with sim - ple
2. The dear - est gift of heav - en, Love's writ - ten word of truth, To us is ear - ly
3. Re - deem - er, grant thy bless - ing! Oh, teach us how to pray, That each, thy fear pos -
meas - ures, To chant thy love di - vine. Chil - dren, thy fa - vors shar - ing, Their
giv - en, To guide our steps in youth; We hear the won-drous sto - ry, The
sess - ing, May tread life's on - ward way; Then, where the pure are dwell - ing We
voice of thanks would raise; Fa - ther, ac - cept our of - fering, Our song of grate - ful praise.
tale of Cal - va - ry; We read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.
hope to meet a - gain, And, sweet - er num - bers swell - ing, For - ev - er praise thy name.

195 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.

REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D.D.

LEVERETT.—C. J. DALE.


1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth: Give thanks to him, O
chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And
rit.
called them to his side; His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake he died.

(Boys only.)

2 O Jesus, we would praise thee
With songs of holy joy,
For thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like thee, obedient,
Like thee, from sin-stains free,
Like thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like thee.

(Girls only.)

3 O Jesus, we too praise thee,
The lowly maiden's Son:
In thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
Oh, give the best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,—
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in thee so fair.

(All.)

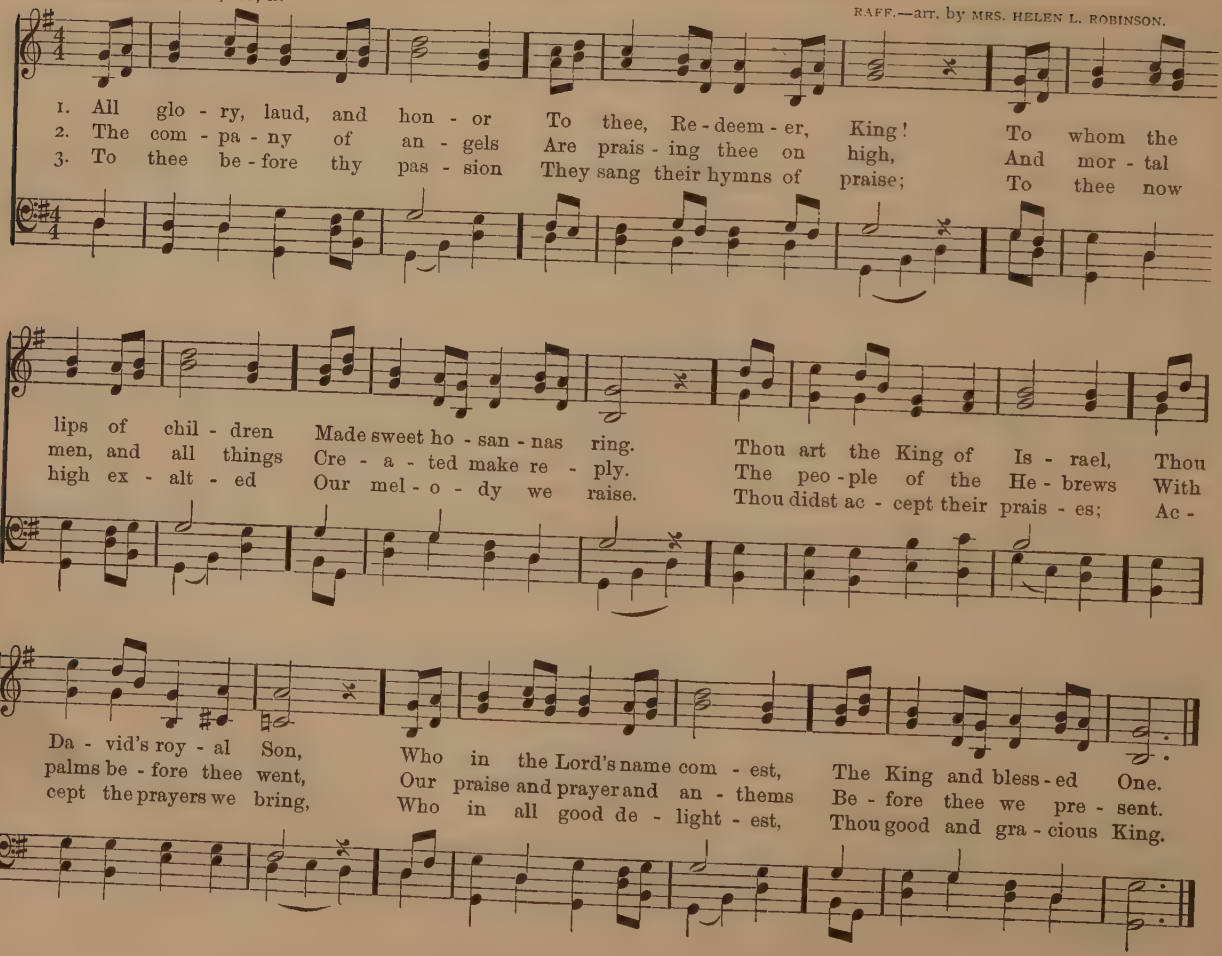
4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise:
Be thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days:
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may like thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

196

All glory, laud, and honor.

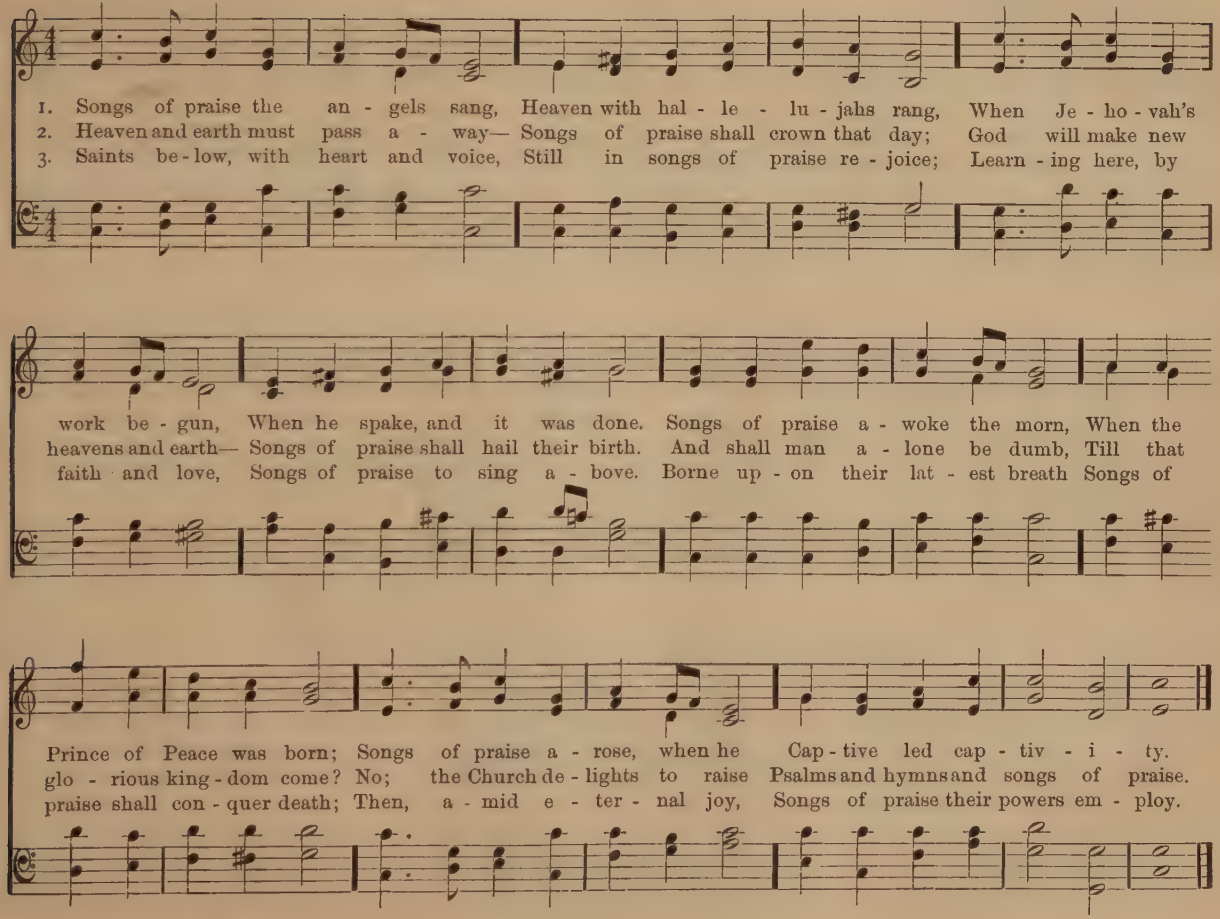
REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D, tr.

RAFF.—arr. by MRS. HELEN L. ROBINSON.


1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King! To whom the
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing thee on high, And mor - tal
3. To thee be - fore thy pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise; To thee now
lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou
men, and all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply. The peo - ple of the He - brews With
high ex - alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac -
Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
palms be - fore thee went, Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore thee we pre - sent.
cept the prayers we bring, Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

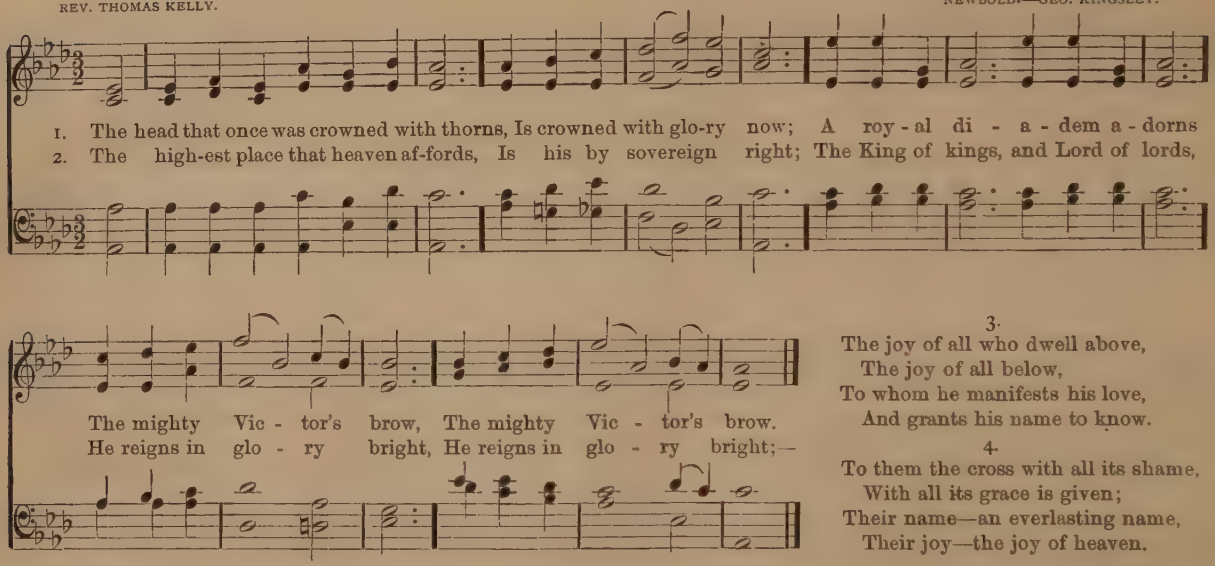
197 Songs of praise the angels sang.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. THANKSGIVING.—W. B. GILBERT.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When he spake, and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose, when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way— Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens and earth— Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And shall man a - lone be dumb, Till that glo - rious king - dom come? No; the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Borne up - on their lat - est breath Songs of praise shall con - quer death; Then, a - mid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their powers em - ploy.

198 The head that once was crowned with thorns.

REV. THOMAS KELLY. NEWBOLD.—GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo-ry now; A roy-al di - a-dem a-dorns
2. The high-est place that heaven af-fords, Is his by sovereign right; The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
The mighty Vic - tor's brow, The mighty Vic - tor's brow.
He reigns in glo - ry bright, He reigns in glo - ry bright;—

3.
The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4.
To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

199 All hail the power of Jesus' name!

REV. EDWARD PERRONET. TUNE—"NEWBOLD."

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

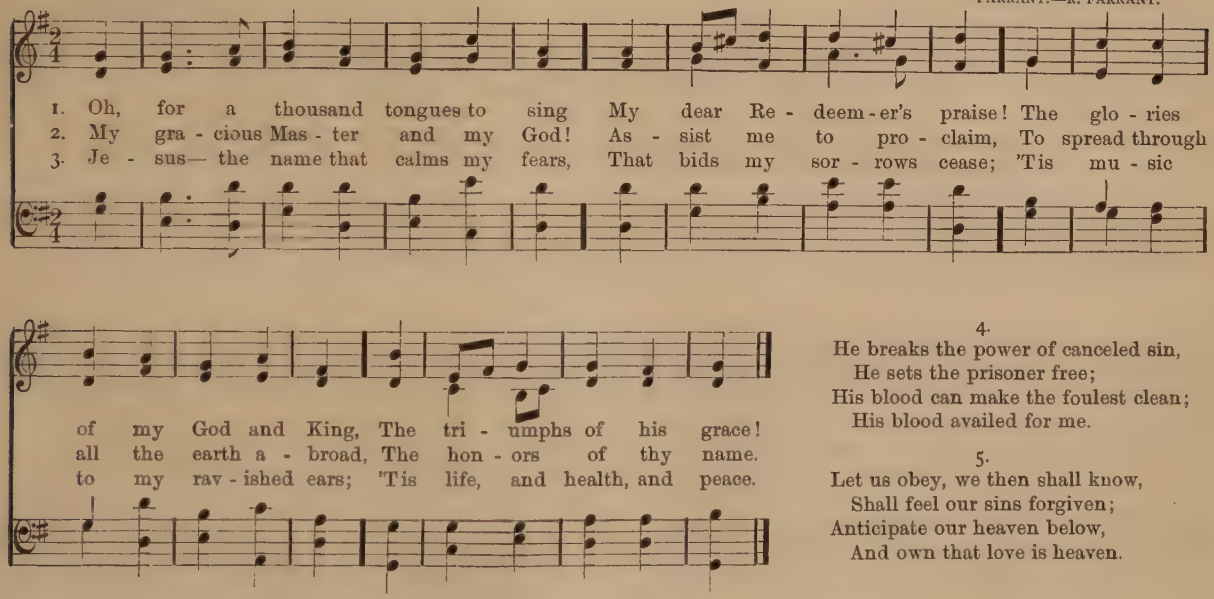
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

200 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

FARRANT.—R. FARRANT.


1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise! The glo - ries
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God! As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread through
3. Je - sus— the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic
of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!
all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of thy name.
to my rav - ished ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4.
He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5.
Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

201 Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

TUNE—"FARRANT."

1 Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

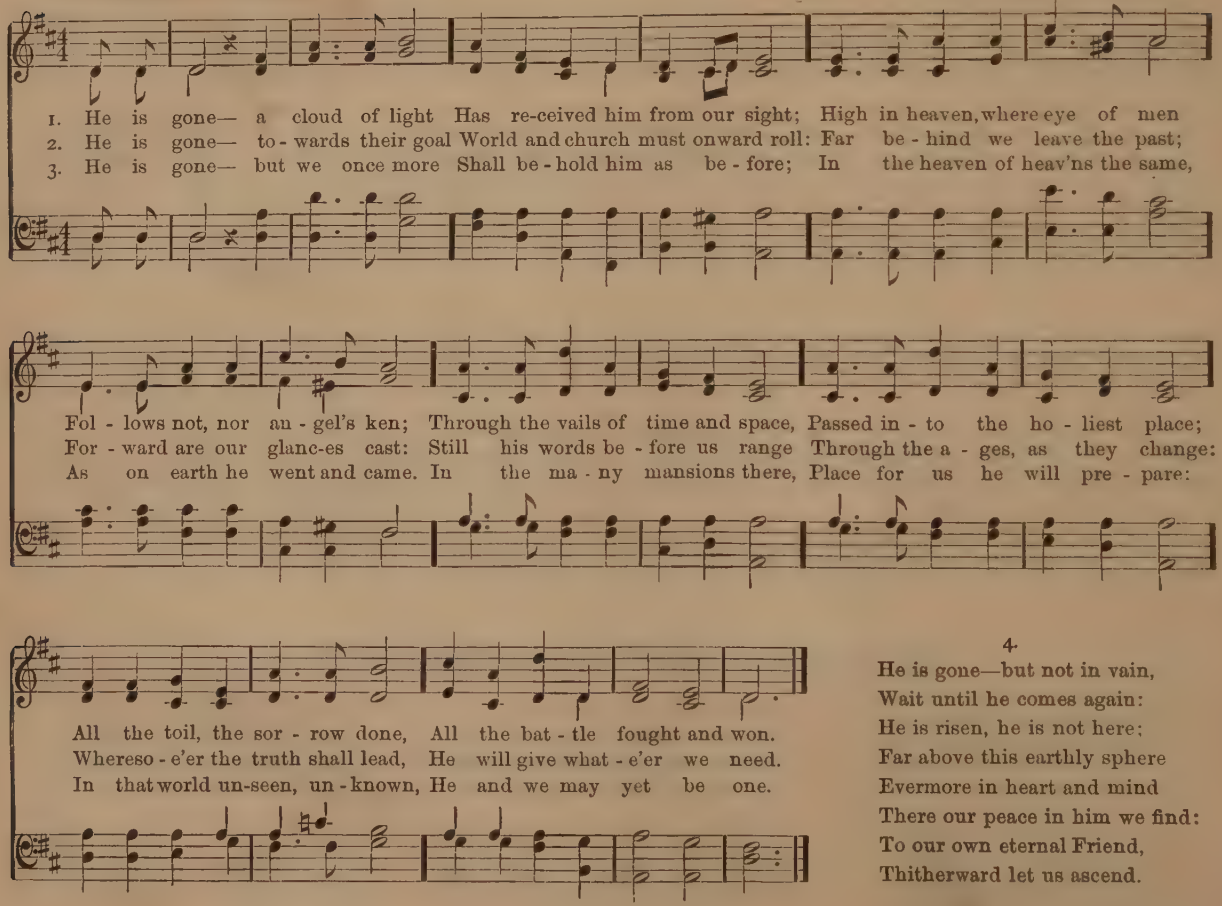
4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

202 He is gone—a cloud of light.

REV. ARTHUR P. STANLEY, D.D. ST. PATRICK.—A. S. SULLIVAN.

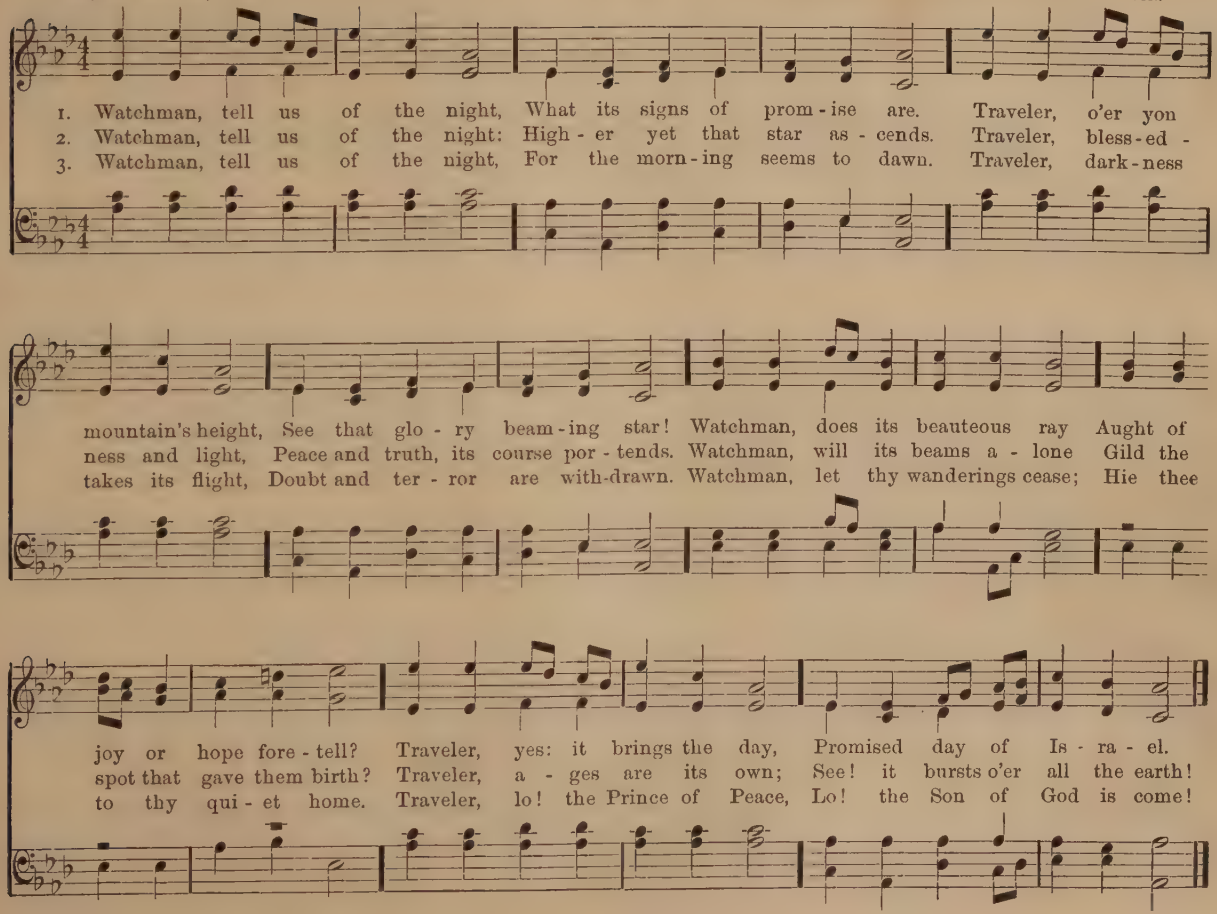

1. He is gone— a cloud of light Has re-ceived him from our sight; High in heaven, where eye of men
2. He is gone— to-wards their goal World and church must onward roll: Far be-hind we leave the past;
3. He is gone— but we once more Shall be-hold him as be-fore; In the heaven of heav'ns the same,
Fol-lows not, nor an-gel's ken; Through the vails of time and space, Passed in-to the ho-liest place;
For-ward are our glanc-es cast: Still his words be-fore us range Through the a-ges, as they change:
As on earth he went and came. In the ma-ny mansions there, Place for us he will pre-pare:
All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won.
Whereso-e'er the truth shall lead, He will give what-e'er we need.
In that world un-seen, un-known, He and we may yet be one.

4

He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

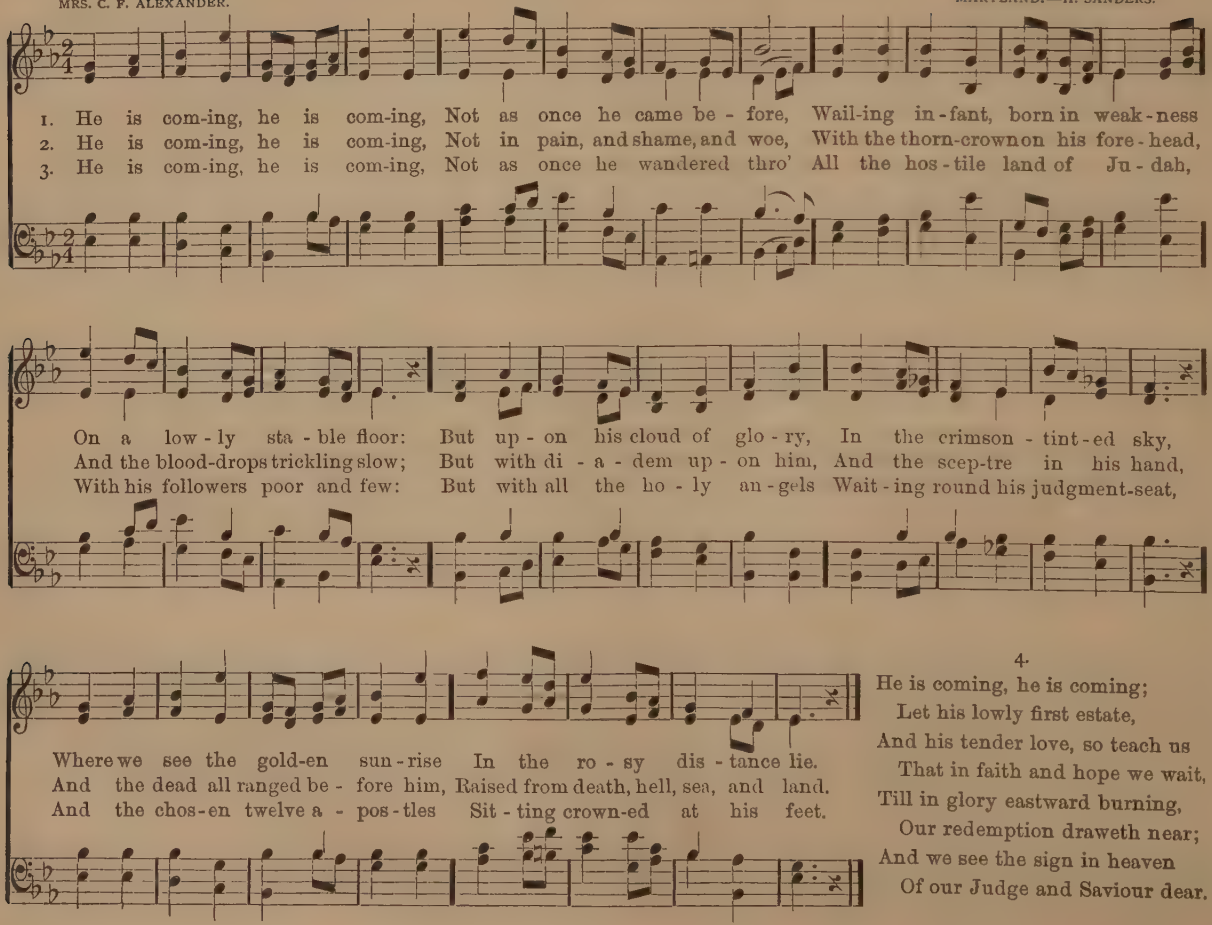
203 Watchman, tell us of the night.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. WESLEY.—LOWELL MASON.


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam - ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell? Traveler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night: High - er yet that star as - cends. Traveler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por - tends. Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler, a - ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn. Traveler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn. Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home. Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

204 He is coming, he is coming.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. MARYLAND.—H. SANDERS.

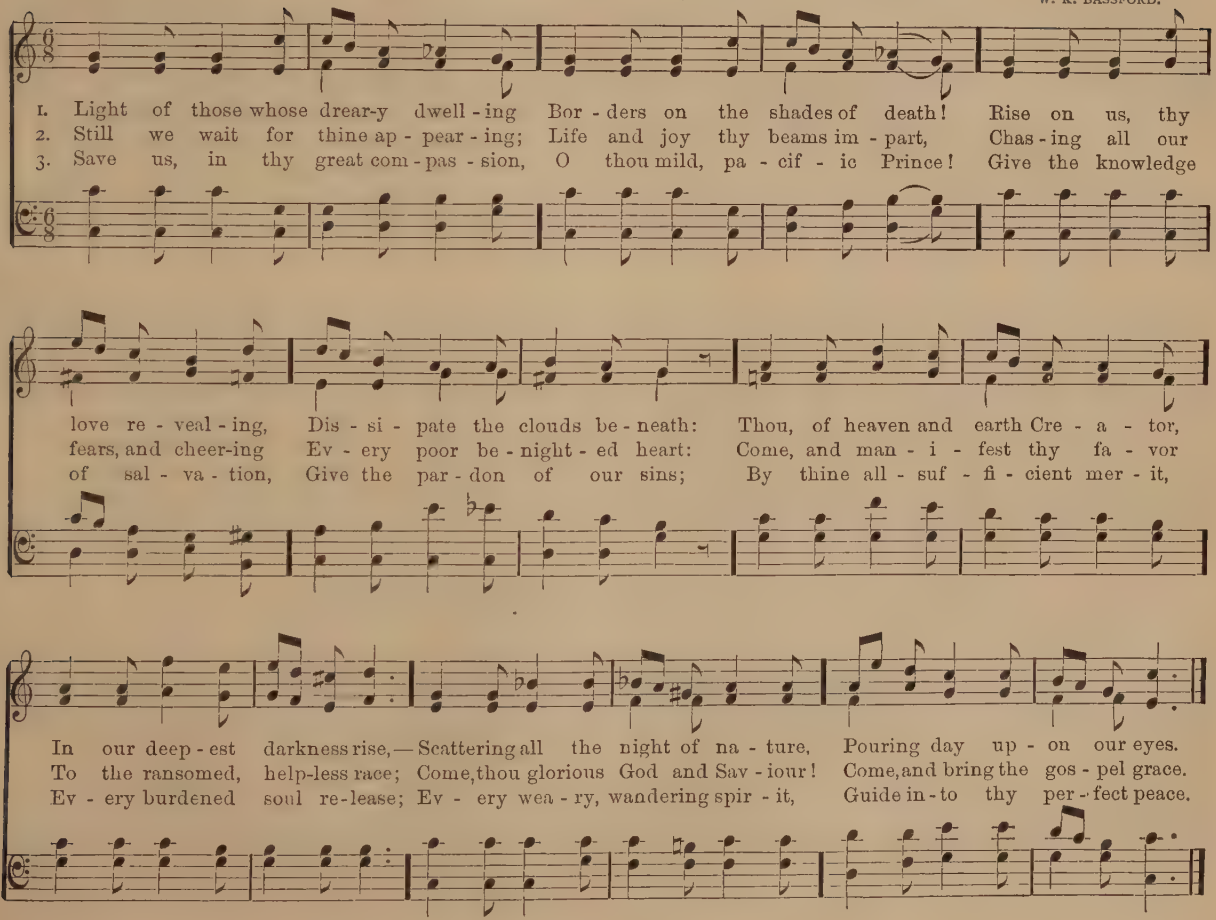

1. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, Not as once he came be - fore, Wail-ing in-fant, born in weak-ness
2. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, Not in pain, and shame, and woe, With the thorn-crown on his fore-head,
3. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, Not as once he wandered thro' All the hos-tile land of Ju-dah,
On a low-ly sta-ble floor: But up-on his cloud of glo-ry, In the crimson-tint-ed sky,
And the blood-drops trickling slow; But with di-a-dem up-on him, And the scep-tre in his hand,
With his followers poor and few: But with all the ho-ly an-gels Wait-ing round his judgment-seat,
Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ro-sy dis-tance lie.
And the dead all ranged be-fore him, Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.
And the chos-en twelve a-pos-tles Sit-ting crown-ed at his feet.

4.

He is coming, he is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

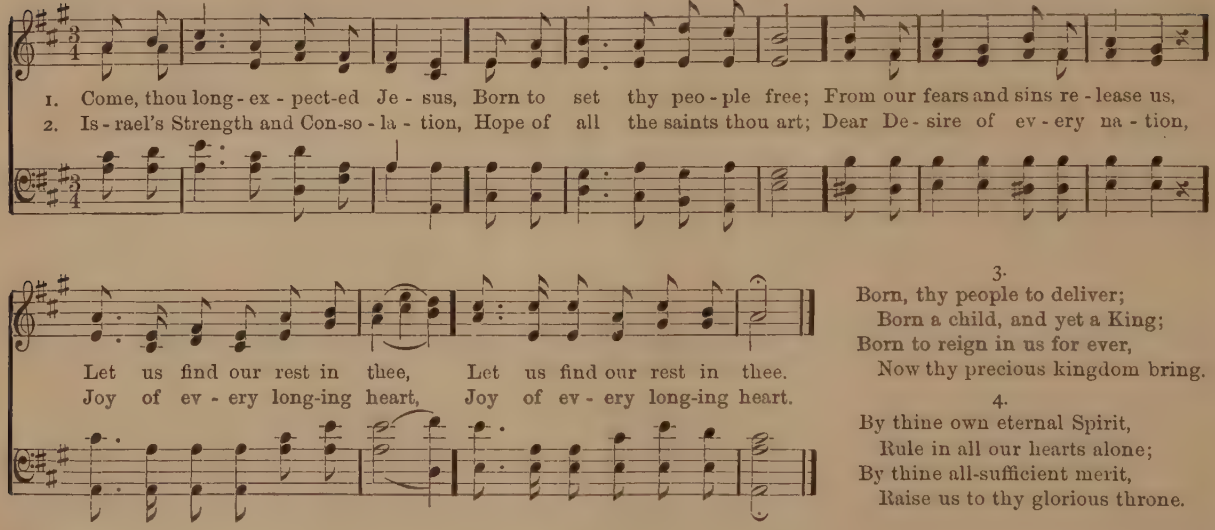
205 Light of those whose dreary dwelling.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. W. K. BASSFORD.


1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy
2. Still we wait for thine ap - pear - ing; Life and joy thy beams im - part, Chas - ing all our
3. Save us, in thy great com - pas - sion, O thou mild, pa - cif - ic Prince! Give the knowledge
love re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath: Thou, of heaven and earth Cre - a - tor,
fears, and cheer-ing Ev - ery poor be - night - ed heart: Come, and man - i - fest thy fa - vor
of sal - va - tion, Give the par - don of our sins; By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it,
In our deep - est darkness rise,— Scattering all the night of na - ture, Pouring day up - on our eyes.
To the ransomed, help-less race; Come, thou glorious God and Sav - iour! Come, and bring the gos - pel grace.
Ev - ery burdened soul re-lease; Ev - ery wea - ry, wandering spir - it, Guide in - to thy per - fect peace.

206 Come, thou long-expected Jesus.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. INTERLACHEN.—F. SILCHER.


1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-lease us,
2. Is-rael's Strength and Con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the saints thou art; Dear De-sire of ev-ery na-tion,
Let us find our rest in thee, Let us find our rest in thee.
Joy of ev-ery long-ing heart, Joy of ev-ery long-ing heart.

3.
Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring.

4.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

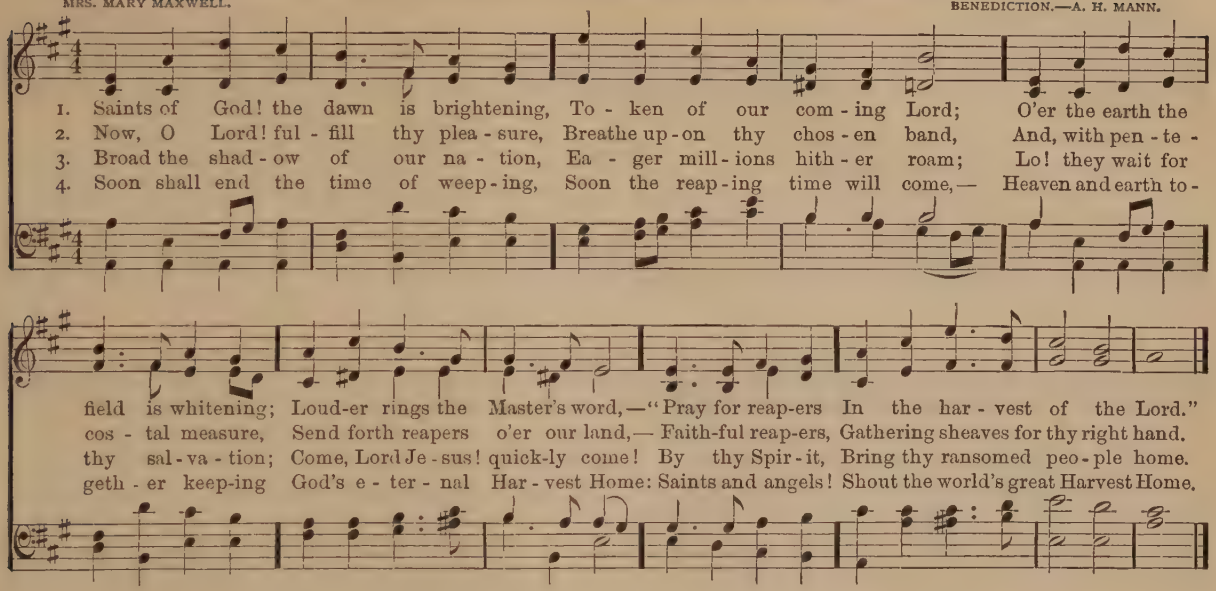
207 How bright that blessed hope!

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. BLESSED HOPE.—T. E. PERKINS.

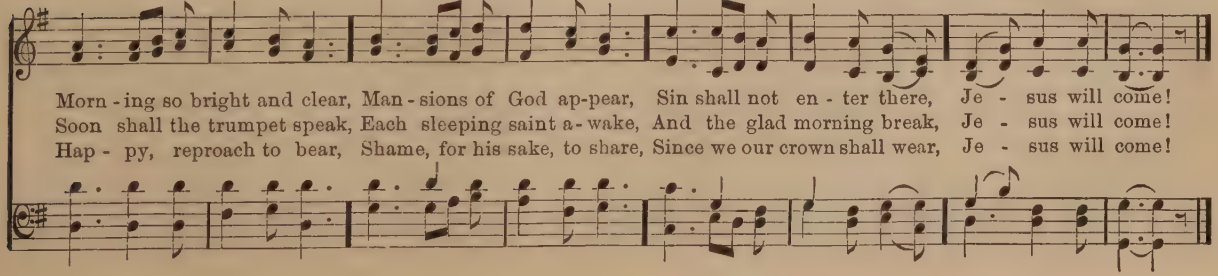
1. How bright that bless-ed hope! Je-sus will come! Let us our heads lift up, Je-sus will come!
2. Him ev-ery eye shall see, Je-sus will come! Bright will the glo-ry be, Je-sus will come!
3. Full of this bless-ed hope! Je-sus will come! Let us the cross take up, Je-sus will come!

208 Saints of God! the dawn is brightening.

MRS. MARY MAXWELL. BENEDICTION.—A. H. MANN.

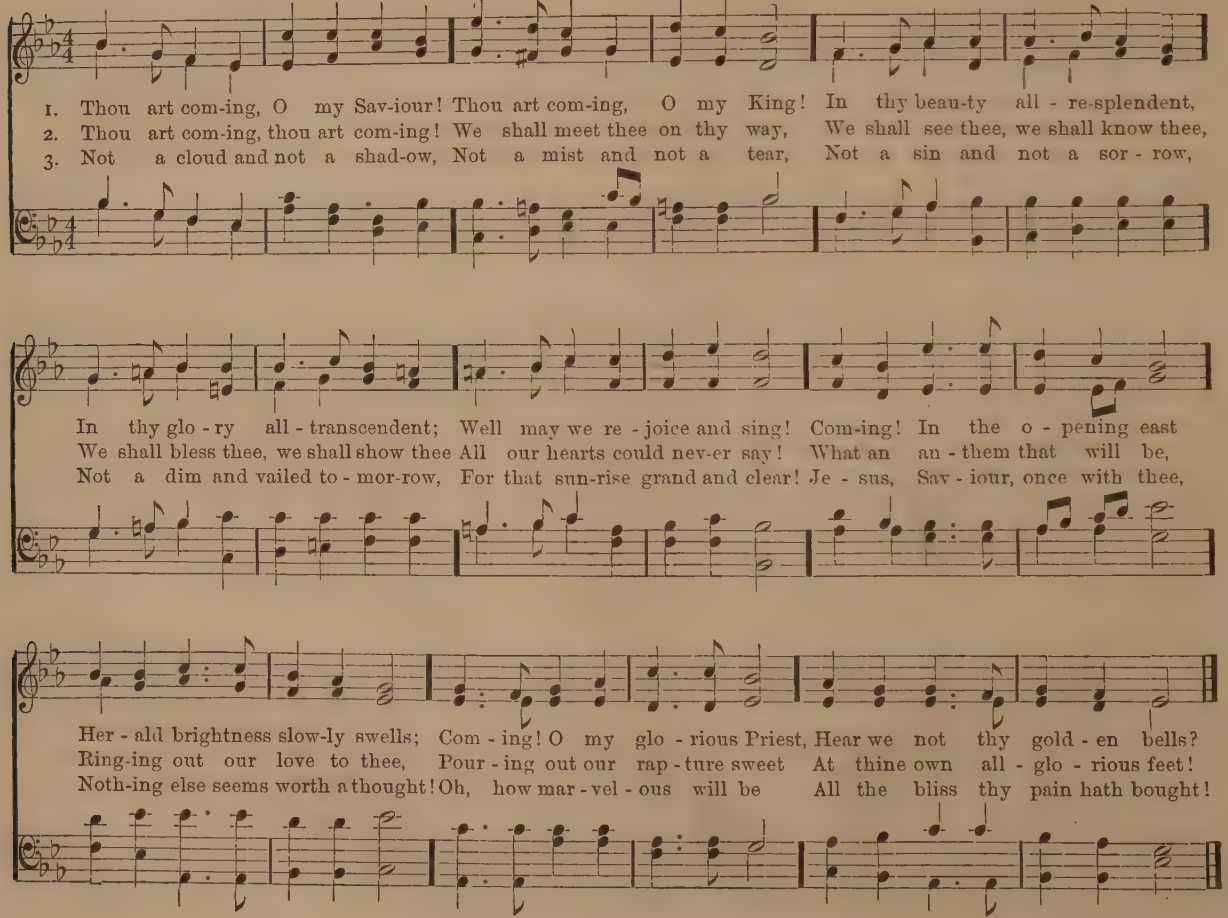

1. Saints of God! the dawn is brightening, To - ken of our com - ing Lord; O'er the earth the
2. Now, O Lord! ful - fill thy plea - sure, Breathe up - on thy chos - en band, And, with pen - te -
3. Broad the shad - ow of our na - tion, Ea - ger mill - ions hith - er roam; Lo! they wait for
4. Soon shall end the time of weep - ing, Soon the reap - ing time will come,— Heaven and earth to -
field is whitening; Loud-er rings the Master's word,—"Pray for reap-ers In the har - vest of the Lord."
cos - tal measure, Send forth reapers o'er our land,— Faith-ful reap-ers, Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.
thy sal - va - tion; Come, Lord Je - sus! quick-ly come! By thy Spir - it, Bring thy ransomed peo - ple home.
geth - er keep-ing God's e - ter - nal Har - vest Home: Saints and angels! Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

How bright that blessed hope!—Concluded.


Morn - ing so bright and clear, Man - sions of God ap-pear, Sin shall not en - ter there, Je - sus will come!
Soon shall the trumpet speak, Each sleeping saint a - wake, And the glad morning break, Je - sus will come!
Hap - py, reproach to bear, Shame, for his sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je - sus will come!

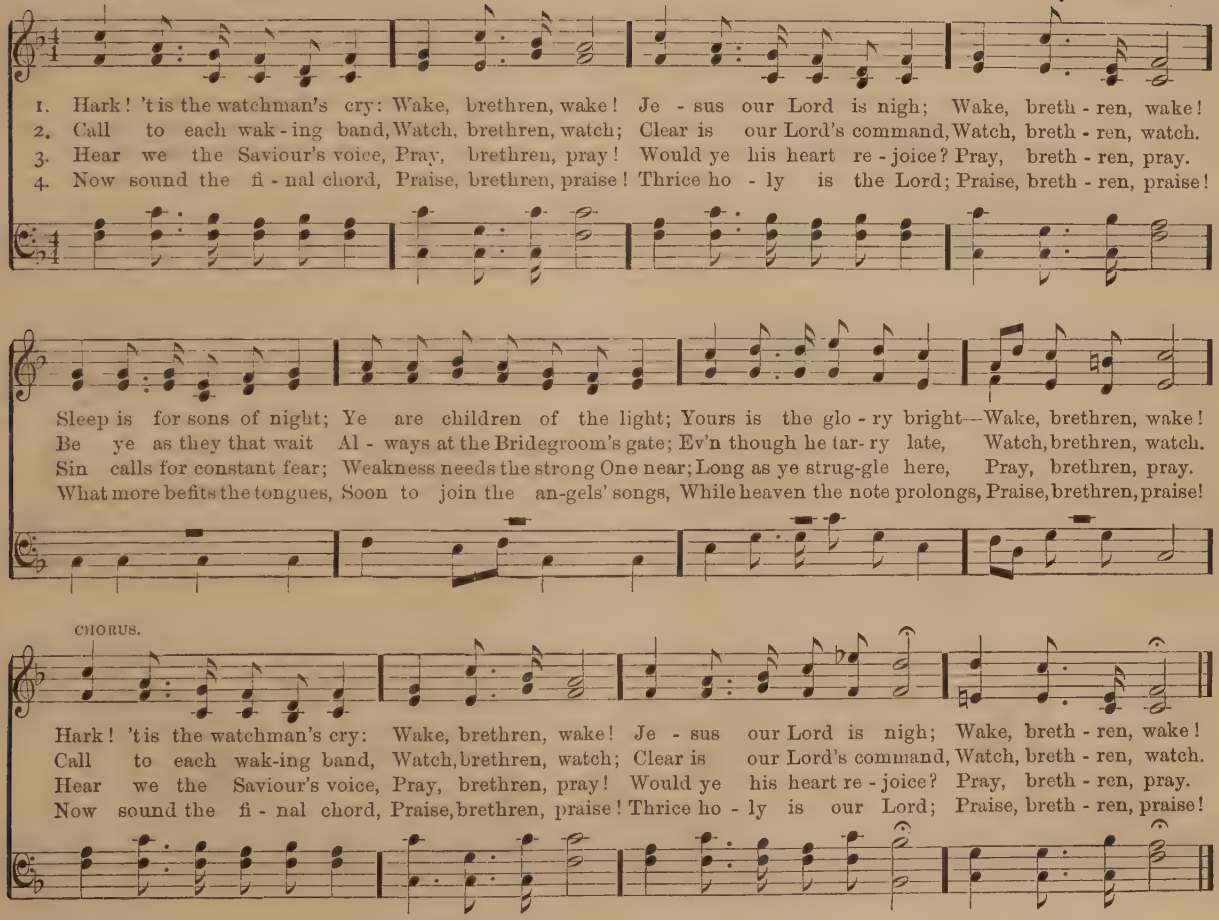
209 Thou art coming, O my Saviour!

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. SOUTHWICK.—C. J. VINCENT.


1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour! Thou art com-ing, O my King! In thy beau-ty all - re-splendent,
2. Thou art com-ing, thou art com-ing! We shall meet thee on thy way, We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
3. Not a cloud and not a shad-ow, Not a mist and not a tear, Not a sin and not a sor - row,
In thy glo - ry all - transcendent; Well may we re - joice and sing! Com-ing! In the o - pening east
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee All our hearts could nev-er say! What an an - them that will be,
Not a dim and vailed to - mor-row, For that sun-rise grand and clear! Je - sus, Sav - iour, once with thee,
Her - ald brightness slow-ly swells; Com - ing! O my glo - rious Priest, Hear we not thy gold - en bells?
Ring-ing out our love to thee, Pour - ing out our rap - ture sweet At thine own all - glo - rious feet!
Noth-ing else seems worth a thought! Oh, how mar - vel - ous will be All the bliss thy pain hath bought!

210 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry!

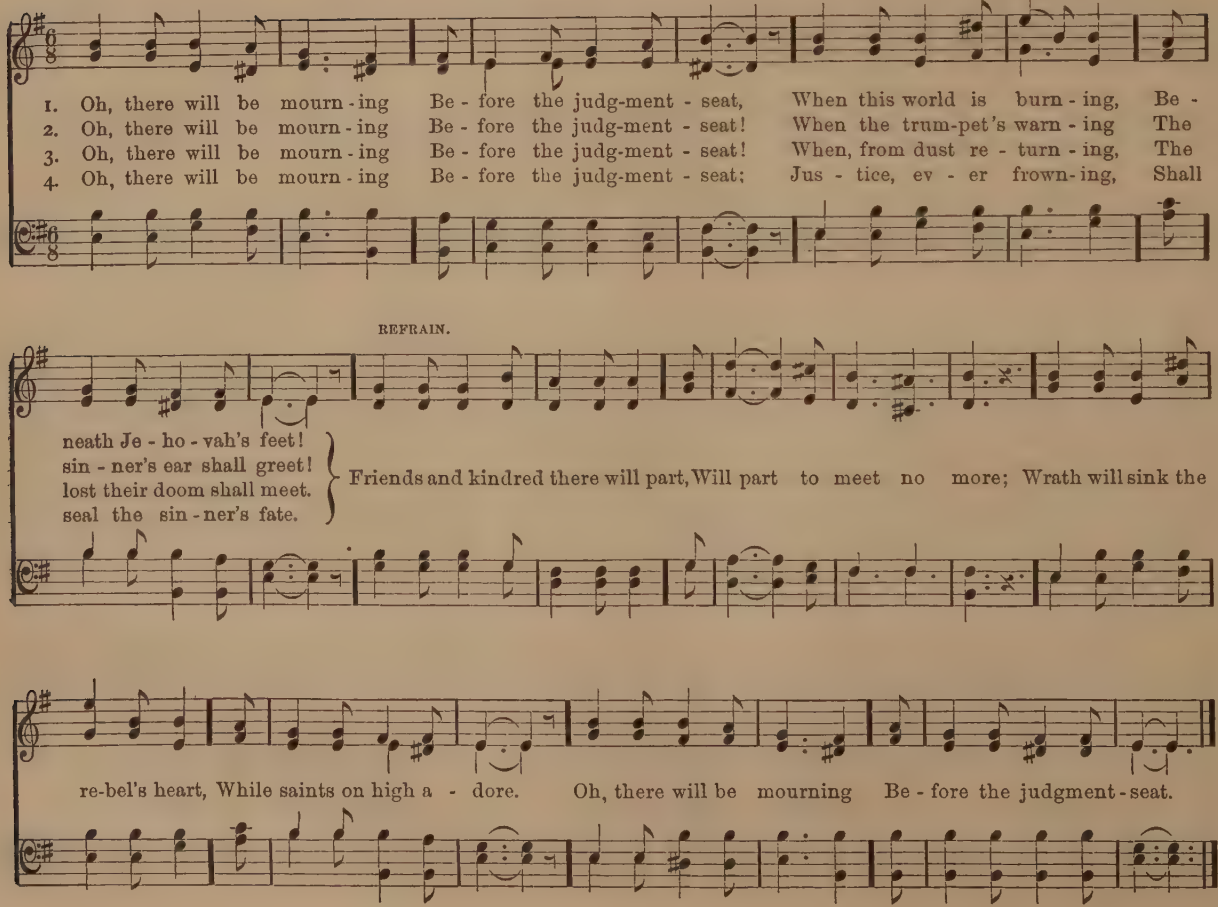
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. J. R. MURRAY.


1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is nigh; Wake, breth - ren, wake!
2. Call to each wak - ing band, Watch, brethren, watch; Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, breth - ren, watch.
3. Hear we the Saviour's voice, Pray, brethren, pray! Would ye his heart re - joice? Pray, breth - ren, pray.
4. Now sound the fi - nal chord, Praise, brethren, praise! Thrice ho - ly is the Lord; Praise, breth - ren, praise!
Sleep is for sons of night; Ye are children of the light; Yours is the glo - ry bright—Wake, brethren, wake!
Be ye as they that wait Al - ways at the Bridegroom's gate; Ev'n though he tar - ry late, Watch, brethren, watch.
Sin calls for constant fear; Weakness needs the strong One near; Long as ye strug-gle here, Pray, brethren, pray.
What more befits the tongues, Soon to join the an-gels' songs, While heaven the note prolongs, Praise, brethren, praise!
CHORUS.
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is nigh; Wake, breth - ren, wake!
Call to each wak-ing band, Watch, brethren, watch; Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, breth - ren, watch.
Hear we the Saviour's voice, Pray, brethren, pray! Would ye his heart re - joice? Pray, breth - ren, pray.
Now sound the fi - nal chord, Praise, brethren, praise! Thrice ho - ly is our Lord; Praise, breth - ren, praise!

211 Oh, there will be mourning.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

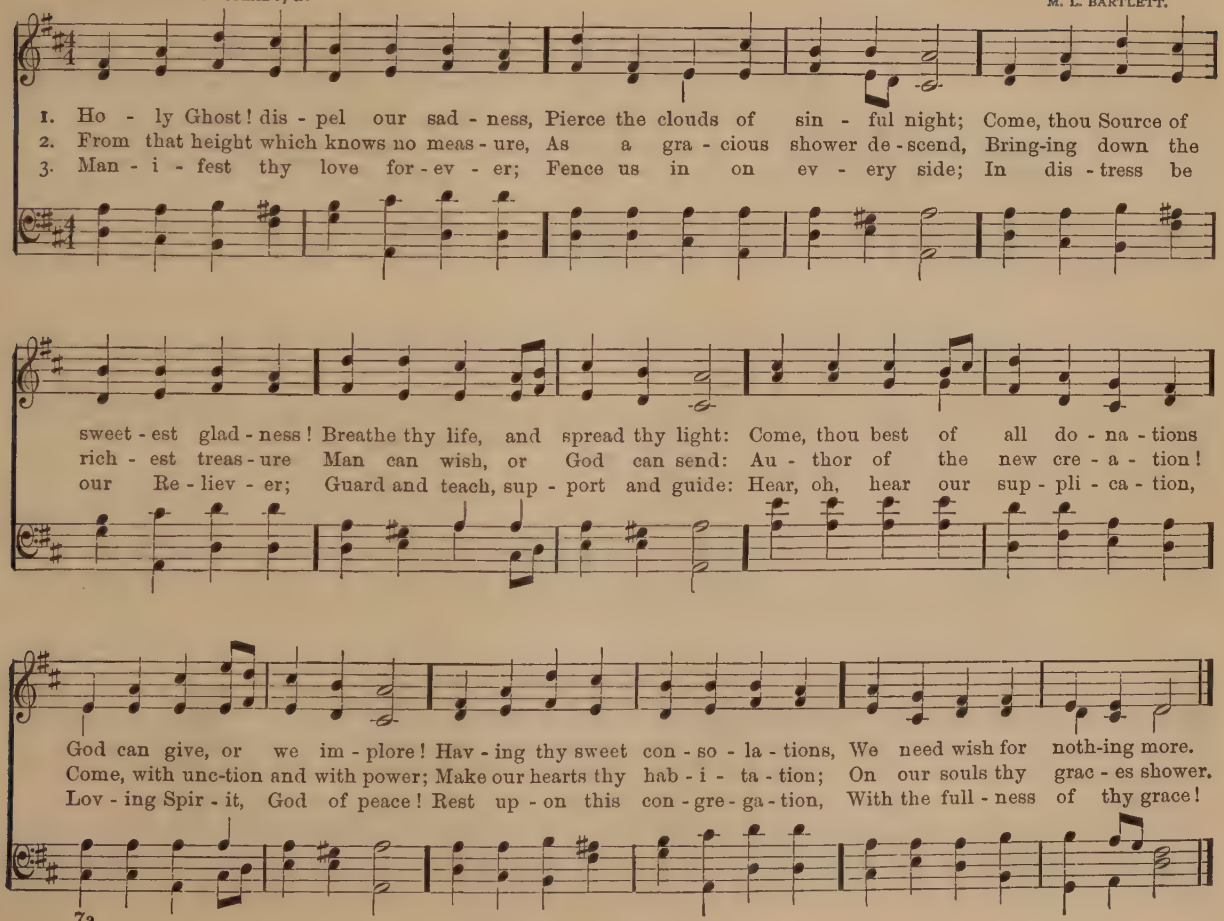
JUDGMENT.—arr. by THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Oh, there will be mourn - ing Be - fore the judg-ment - seat, When this world is burn - ing, Be -
2. Oh, there will be mourn - ing Be - fore the judg-ment - seat! When the trum-pet's warn - ing The
3. Oh, there will be mourn - ing Be - fore the judg-ment - seat! When, from dust re - turn - ing, The
4. Oh, there will be mourn - ing Be - fore the judg-ment - seat; Jus - tice, ev - er frown - ing, Shall
REFRAIN.
neath Je - ho - vah's feet!
sin - ner's ear shall greet!
lost their doom shall meet.
seal the sin - ner's fate.
Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more; Wrath will sink the
re-bel's heart, While saints on high a - dore. Oh, there will be mourning Be - fore the judgment - seat.

212 Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness.

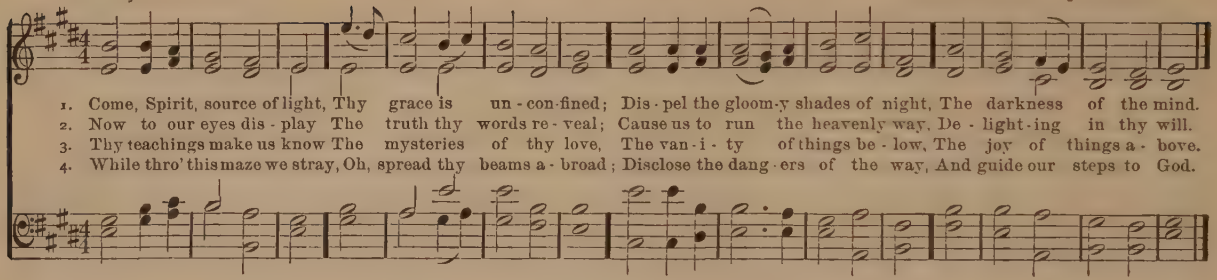
REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, tr.

M. L. BARTLETT.


1. Ho - ly Ghost! dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night; Come, thou Source of
2. From that height which knows no meas - ure, As a gra - cious shower de - scend, Bring-ing down the
3. Man - i - fest thy love for - ev - er; Fence us in on ev - ery side; In dis - tress be
sweet - est glad - ness! Breathe thy life, and spread thy light: Come, thou best of all do - na - tions
rich - est treas - ure Man can wish, or God can send: Au - thor of the new cre - a - tion!
our Re - liev - er; Guard and teach, sup - port and guide: Hear, oh, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion,
God can give, or we im - plore! Hav - ing thy sweet con - so - la - tions, We need wish for noth-ing more.
Come, with unc-tion and with power; Make our hearts thy hab - i - ta - tion; On our souls thy grac - es shower.
Lov - ing Spir - it, God of peace! Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion, With the full - ness of thy grace!

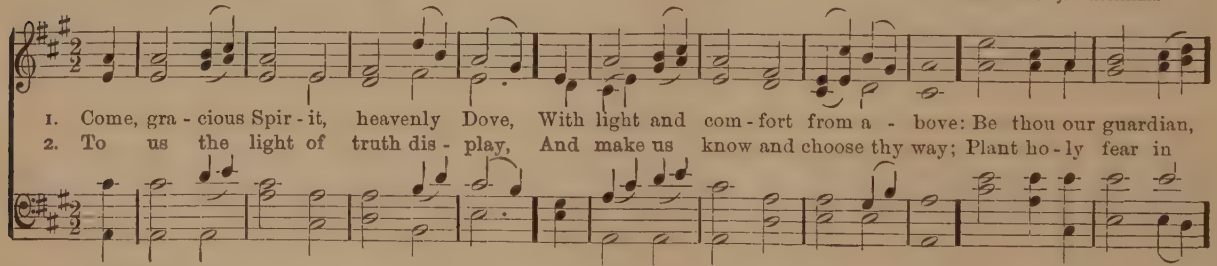
213 Come, Spirit, source of light.

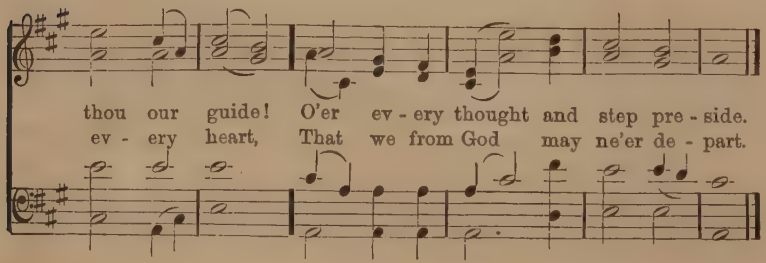
REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME. MORNINGTON.—arr. by L. MASON.


1. Come, Spirit, source of light, Thy grace is un-con-fined; Dis-pel the gloom-y shades of night, The darkness of the mind.
2. Now to our eyes dis-play The truth thy words re-veal; Cause us to run the heavenly way, De-light-ing in thy will.
3. Thy teachings make us know The mysteries of thy love, The van-i-ty of things be-low, The joy of things a-bove.
4. While thro' this maze we stray, Oh, spread thy beams a-broad; Disclose the dang-ers of the way, And guide our steps to God.

214 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.

REV. SIMON BROWNE. WIMBORNE.—J. WHITAKER.


1. Come, gra-cious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove: Be thou our guardian,
2. To us the light of truth dis-play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho-ly fear in



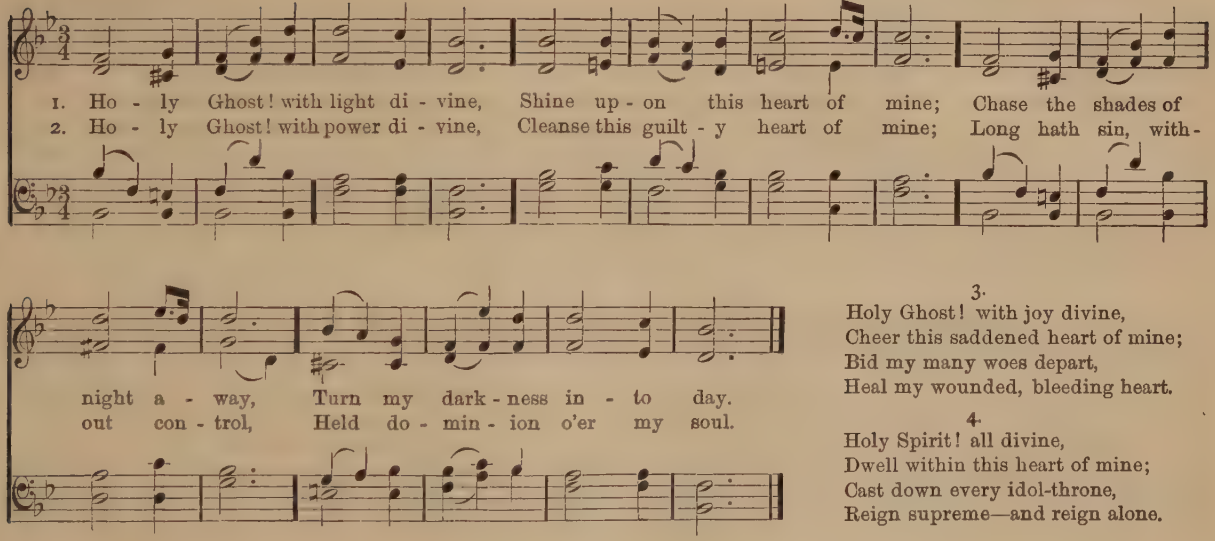
3.
Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4.
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

215 Holy Ghost! with light divine.

REV. ANDREW REED.

LAST HOPE.—arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.


1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with power di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine; Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.

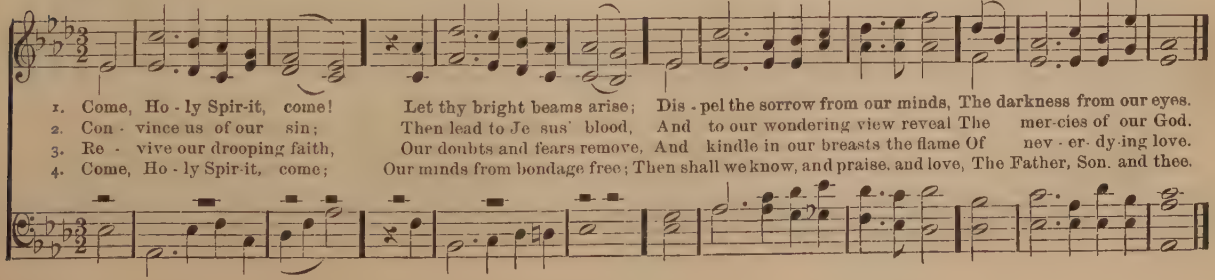
3.
Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4.
Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

216 Come, Holy Spirit, come!

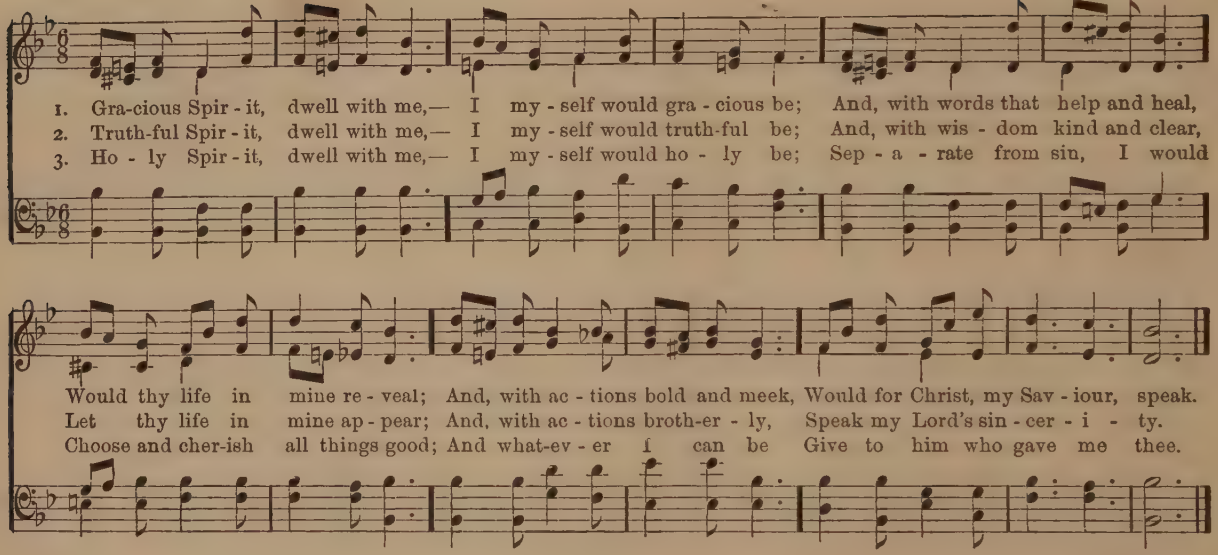
REV. JOSEPH HART.

HAYDN.—arr. fr. HAYDN.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir-it, come! Let thy bright beams arise; Dis - pel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
2. Con - vince us of our sin; Then lead to Je sus' blood, And to our wondering view reveal The mer-cies of our God.
3. Re - vive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy-ing love.
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir-it, come; Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love, The Father, Son, and thee.

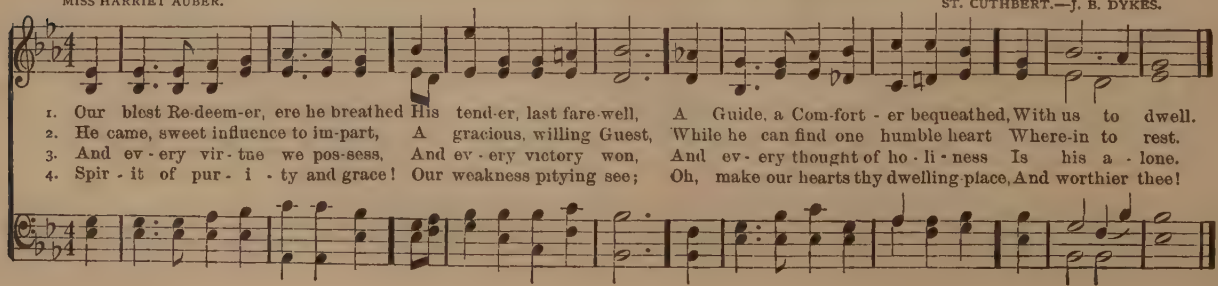
217 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.

REV. THOMAS T. LYNCH. E. P. PARKER.


1. Gra-cious Spir-it, dwell with me,— I my-self would gra-cious be; And, with words that help and heal,
2. Truth-ful Spir-it, dwell with me,— I my-self would truth-ful be; And, with wis-dom kind and clear,
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell with me,— I my-self would ho-ly be; Sep-a-rate from sin, I would
Would thy life in mine re-veal; And, with ac-tions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Sav-iour, speak.
Let thy life in mine ap-pear; And, with ac-tions broth-er-ly, Speak my Lord's sin-cer-i-ty.
Choose and cher-ish all things good; And what-ev-er I can be Give to him who gave me thee.

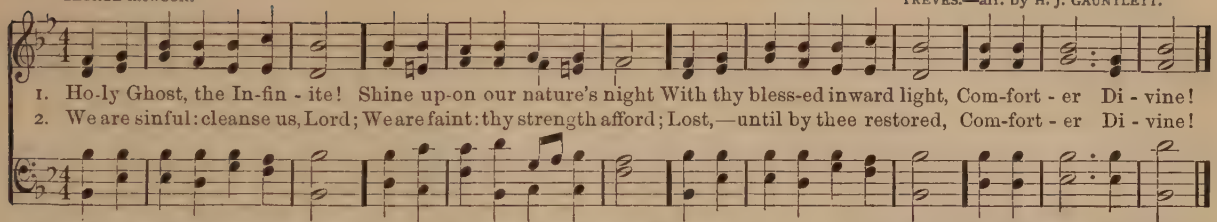
218 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed.

MISS HARRIET AUBER. ST. CUTHBERT.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His tend-er, last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed, With us to dwell.
2. He came, sweet influence to im-part, A gracious, willing Guest, While he can find one humble heart Where-in to rest.
3. And ev-ery vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-ery victory won, And ev-ery thought of ho-li-ness Is his a-lone.
4. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace! Our weakness pitying see; Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place, And worthier thee!

219 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!

GEORGE RAWSON. TREVES.—arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Ho-ly Ghost, the In-fin - ite! Shine up-on our nature's night With thy bless-ed inward light, Com-fort - er Di - vine!
2. We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord; We are faint: thy strength afford; Lost,—until by thee restored, Com-fort - er Di - vine!

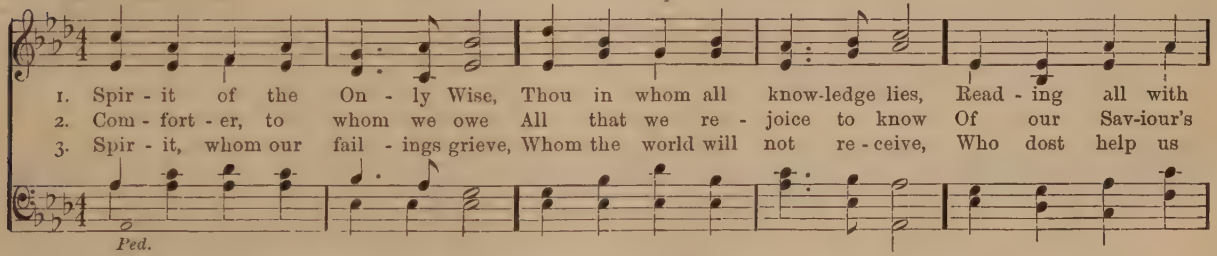
3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

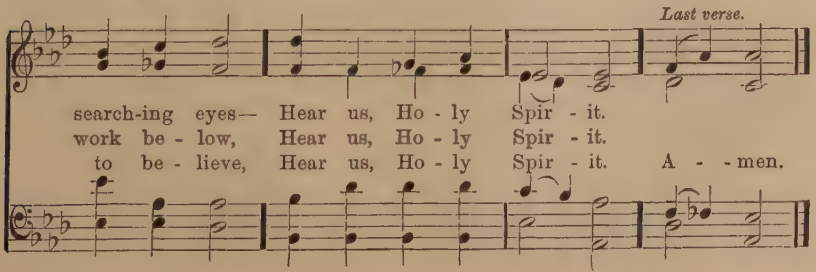
4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

220 Spirit of the Only Wise.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK. MAYENT.—BUNNETT.


1. Spir - it of the On - ly Wise, Thou in whom all know-ledge lies, Read - ing all with
2. Com - fort - er, to whom we owe All that we re - joice to know Of our Sav-iour's
3. Spir - it, whom our fail - ings grieve, Whom the world will not re - ceive, Who dost help us
Ped.



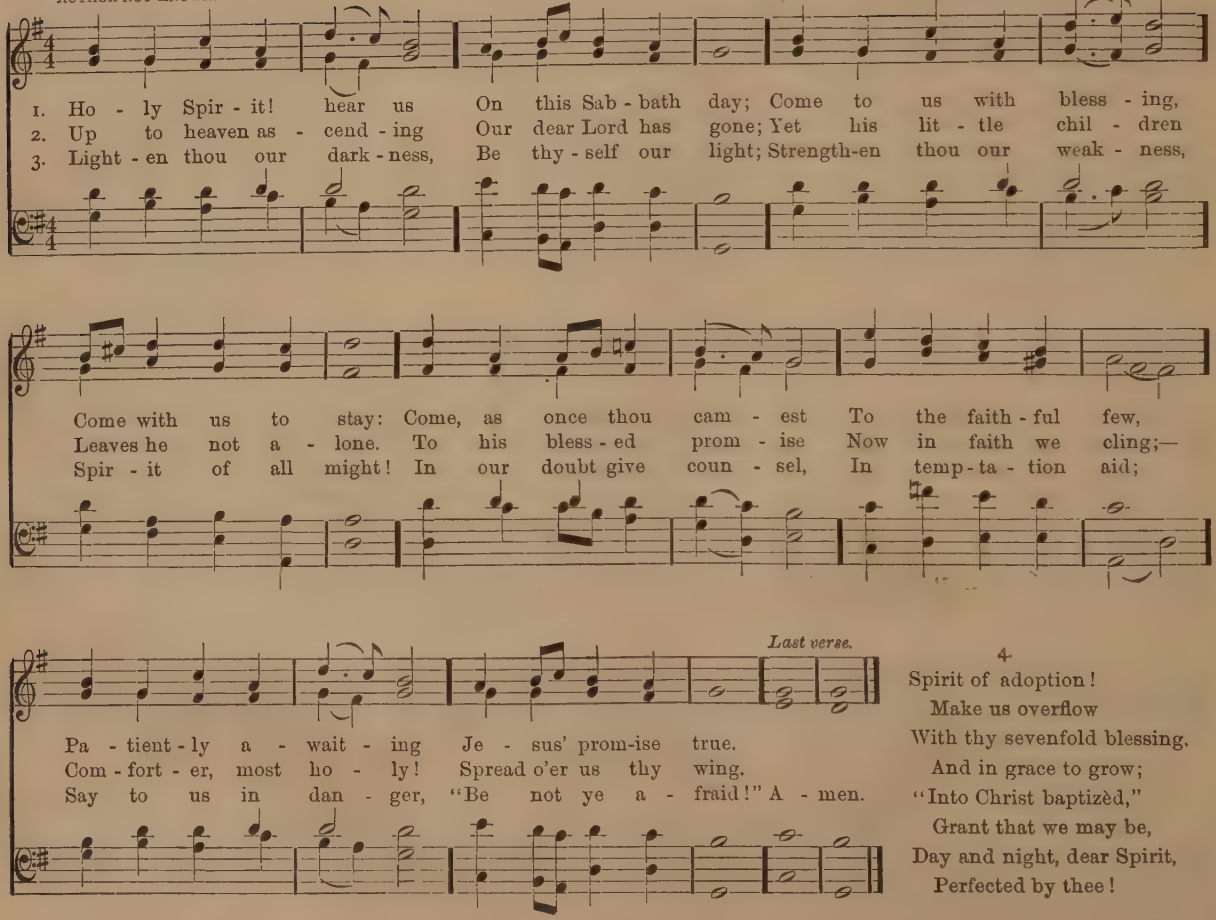
4.
Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5.
Thou whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

221 Holy Spirit! hear us.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

PRINCETHORPE.—WILLIAM PITTS.

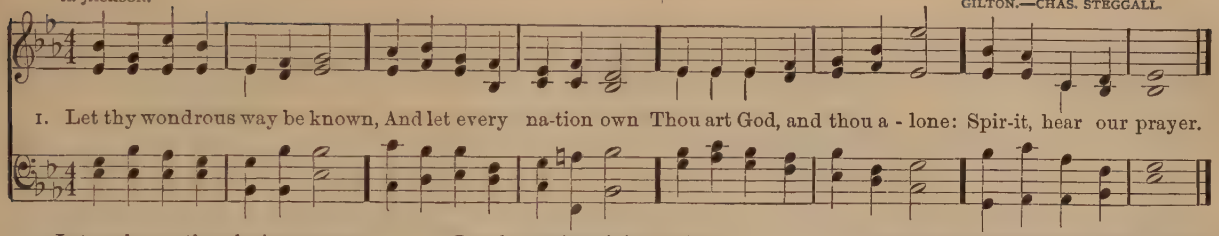

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! hear us On this Sab - bath day; Come to us with bless - ing,
2. Up to heaven as - cend - ing Our dear Lord has gone; Yet his lit - tle chil - dren
3. Light - en thou our dark - ness, Be thy - self our light; Strength-en thou our weak - ness,
Come with us to stay: Come, as once thou cam - est To the faith - ful few,
Leaves he not a - lone. To his bless - ed prom - ise Now in faith we cling;—
Spir - it of all might! In our doubt give coun - sel, In temp - ta - tion aid;
Last verse.
Pa - tient - ly a - wait - ing Je - sus' prom-ise true.
Com - fort - er, most ho - ly! Spread o'er us thy wing.
Say to us in dan - ger, "Be not ye a - fraid!" A - men.

4

Spirit of adoption!
Make us overflow
With thy sevenfold blessing.
And in grace to grow;
"Into Christ baptizèd,"
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfected by thee!

222 Let thy wondrous way be known.

A. JACKSON. GILTON.—CHAS. STEGGALL.



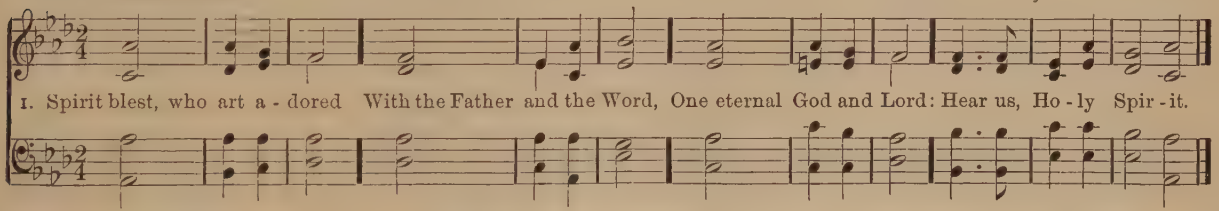
2 Let each one thy glorious name
Magnify, and spread thy fame,
And thy love let all proclaim:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

3 Let the nations join to sing,
And let hallelujahs ring
To the righteous Judge and King
Spirit, hear our prayer.

4 Then shall blessings from thy hand
Fall in showers upon thy land,
And the world in rapture stand:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

223 Spirit blest, who art adored.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK. SUSIMAME.—arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou, whom Jesus from his throne
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou by whom our souls are fed
With the true and living bread,
Even him who for us bled;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

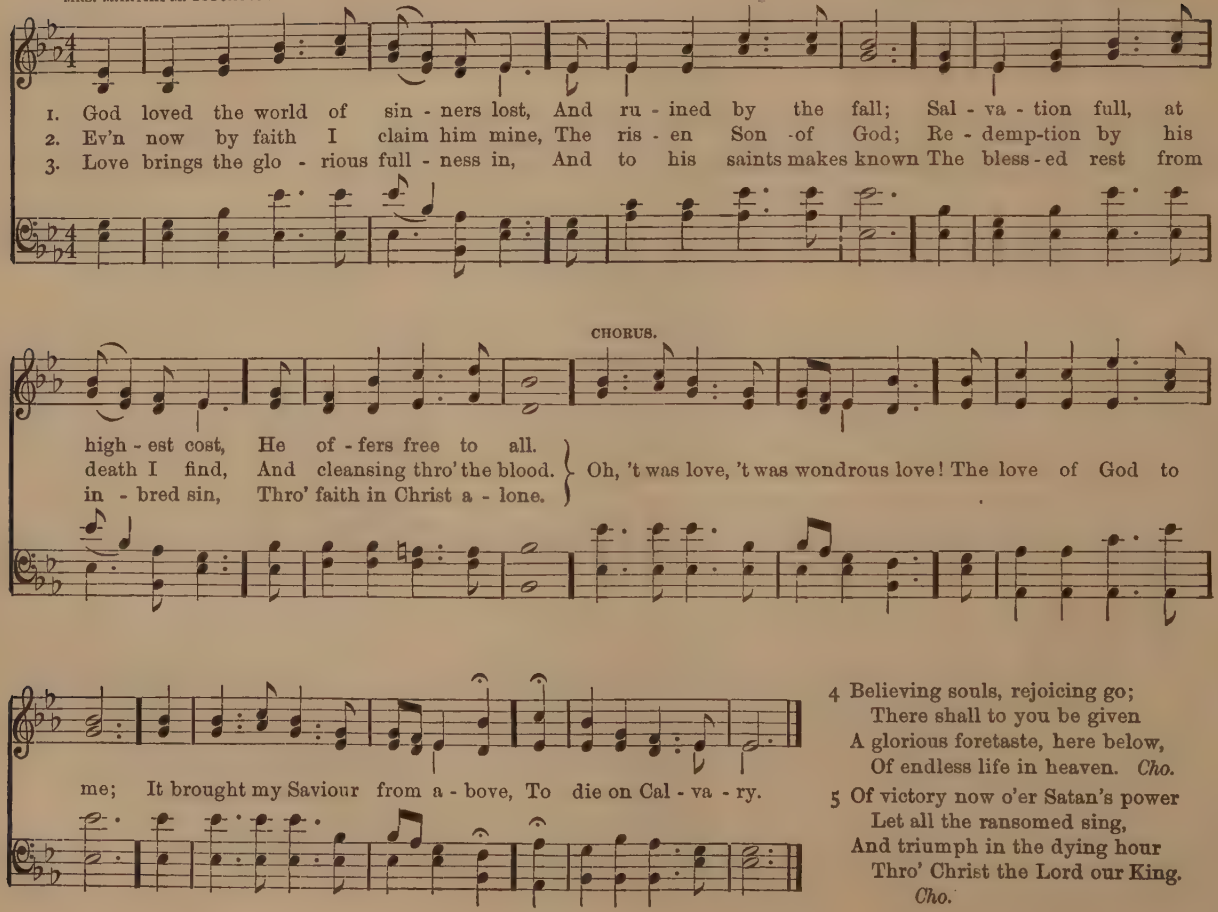
8 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

224 God loved the world of sinners lost.

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON. WONDROUS LOVE.—WM. G. FISCHER.


1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
2. Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re - demp-tion by his
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to his saints makes known The bless - ed rest from
CHORUS.
high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love! The love of God to
me; It brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

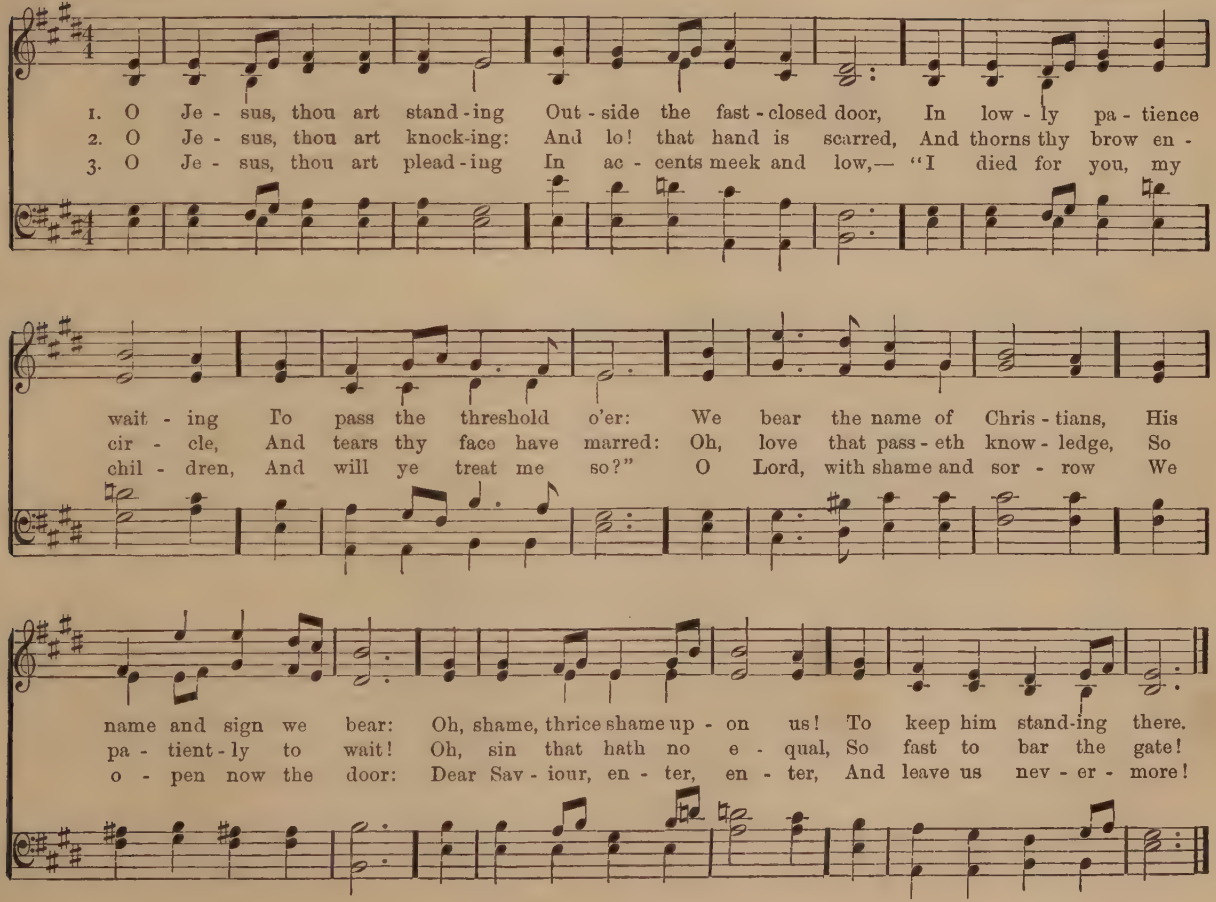
4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven. *Cho.*

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Thro' Christ the Lord our King.
Cho.

O Jesus, thou art standing.

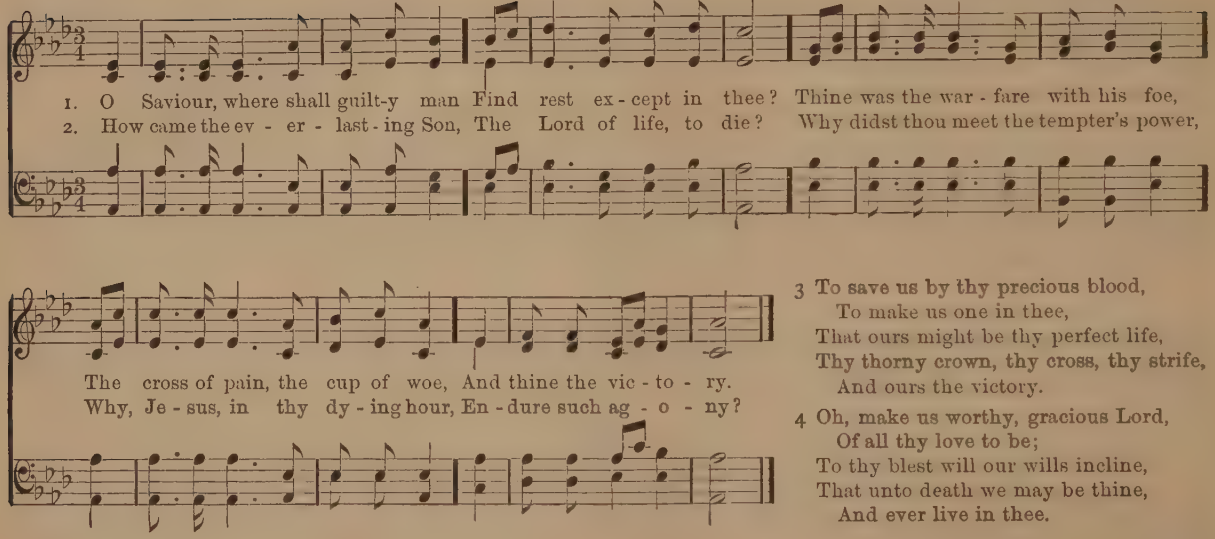
REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D.D.

ST. HILDA.—E. HUSBAND.


1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2. O Je - sus, thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en -
3. O Je - sus, thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,— "I died for you, my
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris - tians, His
cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred: Oh, love that pass - eth know - ledge, So
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep him stand - ing there.
pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

226 O Saviour, where shall guilty man.

C. E. MAY. NAUMANN.—arr. fr. NAUMANN.

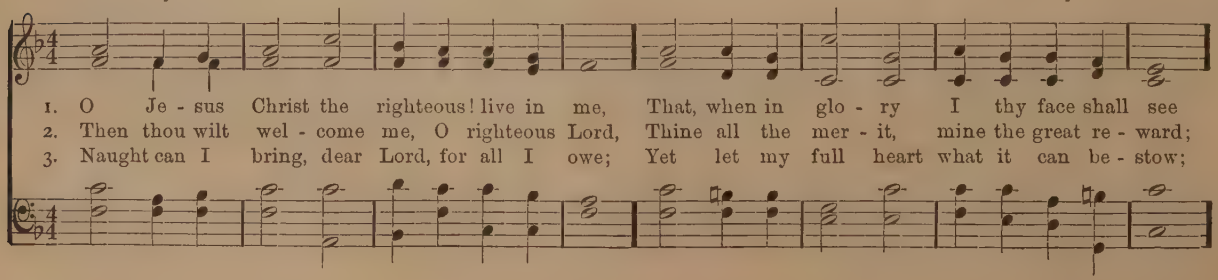

1. O Saviour, where shall guilt-y man Find rest ex - cept in thee? Thine was the war - fare with his foe,
2. How came the ev - er - last - ing Son, The Lord of life, to die? Why didst thou meet the tempter's power,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe, And thine the vic - to - ry.
Why, Je - sus, in thy dy - ing hour, En - dure such ag - o - ny?

3 To save us by thy precious blood,
To make us one in thee,
That ours might be thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all thy love to be;
To thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be thine,
And ever live in thee.

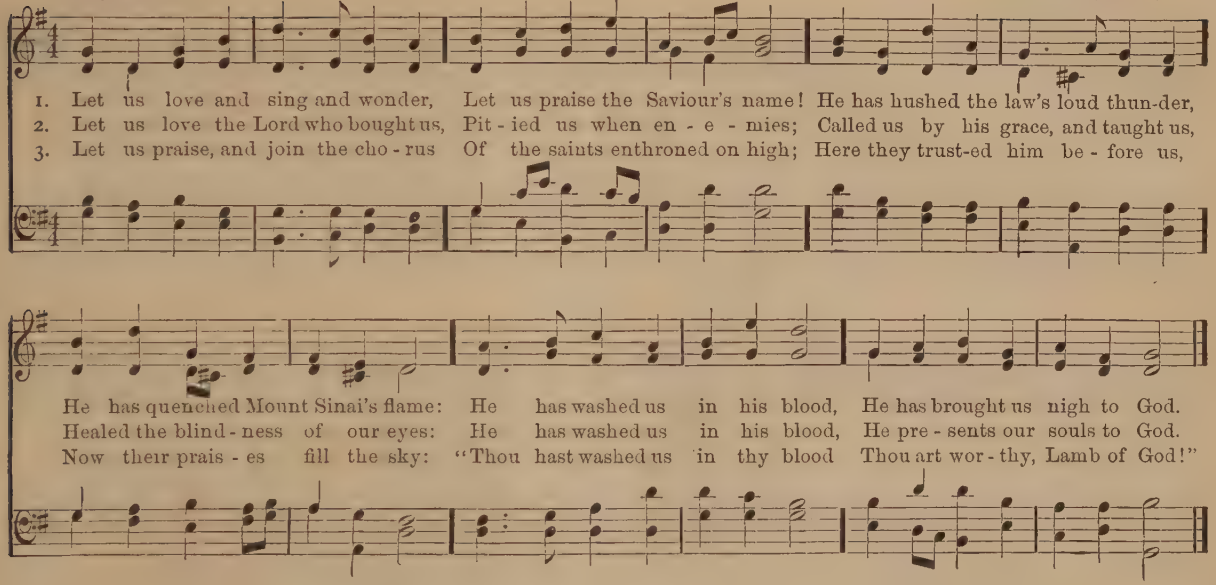
227 O Jesus Christ the righteous! live in me.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. LANGRAN.—J. LANGRAN.

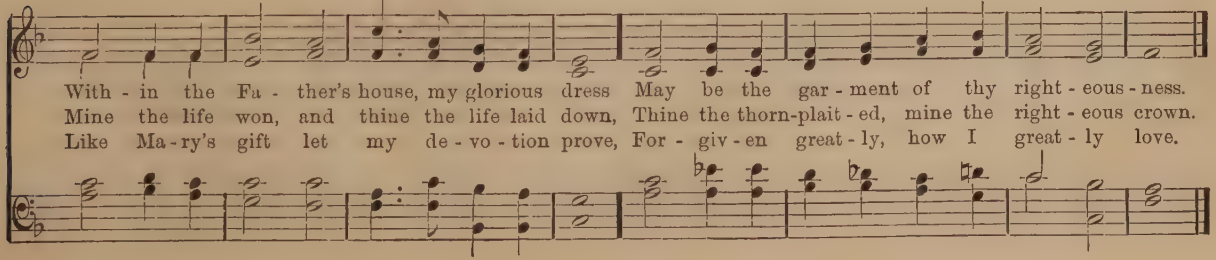

1. O Je - sus Christ the righteous! live in me, That, when in glo - ry I thy face shall see
2. Then thou wilt wel - come me, O righteous Lord, Thine all the mer - it, mine the great re - ward;
3. Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe; Yet let my full heart what it can be - stow;

228 Let us love and sing and wonder.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. PALMS.—H. SMART.

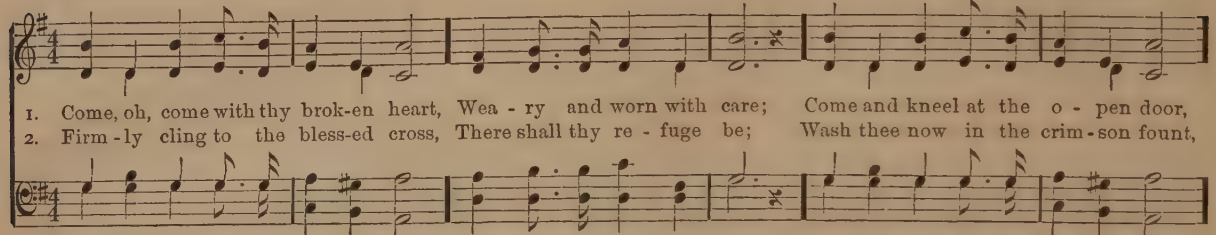

1. Let us love and sing and wonder, Let us praise the Saviour's name! He has hushed the law's loud thun-der,
2. Let us love the Lord who bought us, Pit-ied us when en-e-mies; Called us by his grace, and taught us,
3. Let us praise, and join the cho-rus Of the saints enthroned on high; Here they trust-ed him be-fore us,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame: He has washed us in his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.
Healed the blind-ness of our eyes: He has washed us in his blood, He pre-sents our souls to God.
Now their prais-es fill the sky: "Thou hast washed us in thy blood Thou art wor-thy, Lamb of God!"

O Jesus Christ the righteous.—Concluded.

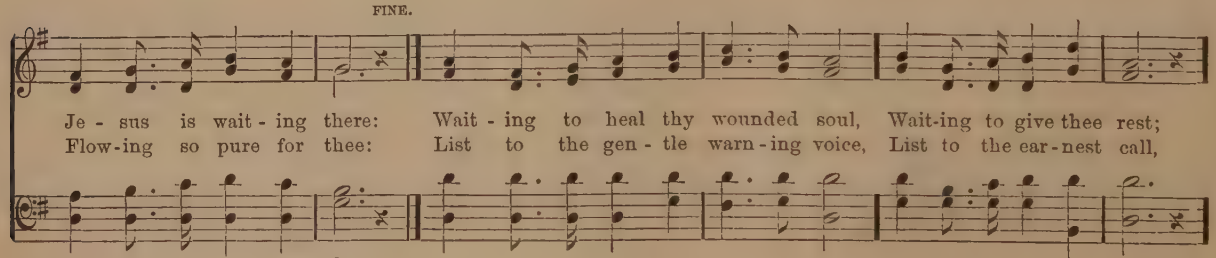

With-in the Fa-ther's house, my glorious dress May be the gar-ment of thy right-eous-ness.
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down, Thine the thorn-plait-ed, mine the right-eous crown.
Like Ma-ry's gift let my de-vo-tion prove, For-giv-en great-ly, how I great-ly love.

229 Come, oh, come with thy broken heart.

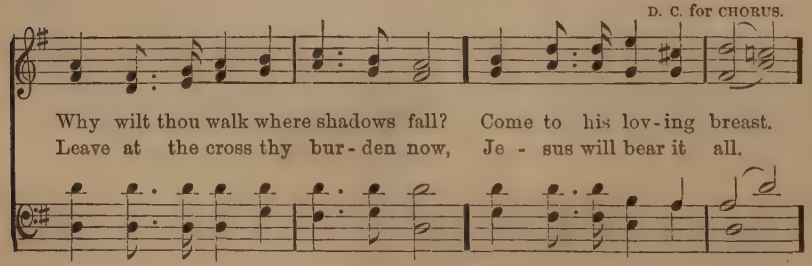
MRS. FANNY CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE. TIRYUS.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. Come, oh, come with thy brok-en heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door,
2. Firm - ly cling to the bless-ed cross, There shall thy re - fuge be; Wash thee now in the crim - son fount,
D. C. Come, oh, come with thy brok - en heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door,

FINE.


Je - sus is wait - ing there: Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul, Wait-ing to give thee rest;
Flow-ing so pure for thee: List to the gen - tle warn - ing voice, List to the ear - nest call,
Je - sus is wait - ing there.

D. C. for CHORUS.

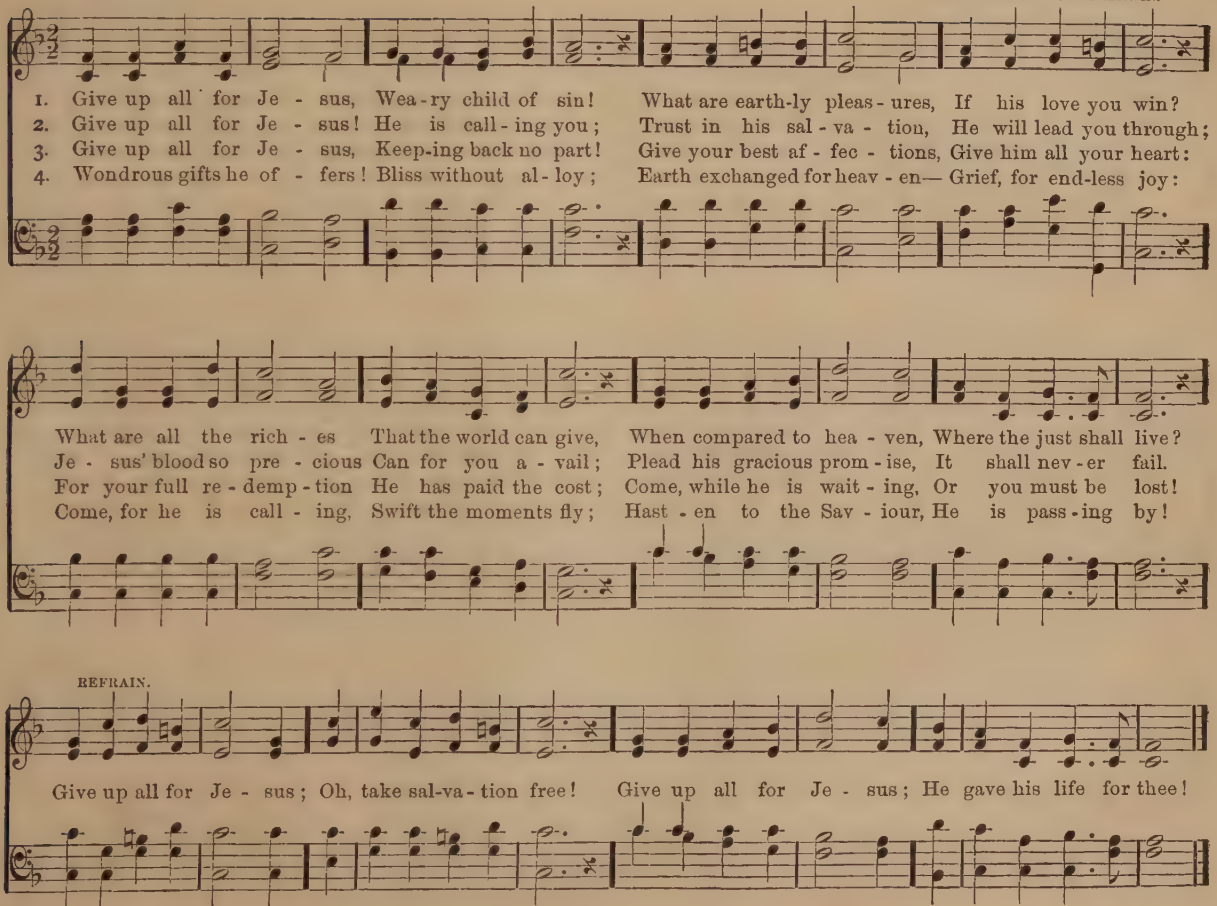


3.

Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above:
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace.—*Cho.*

230 Give up all for Jesus.

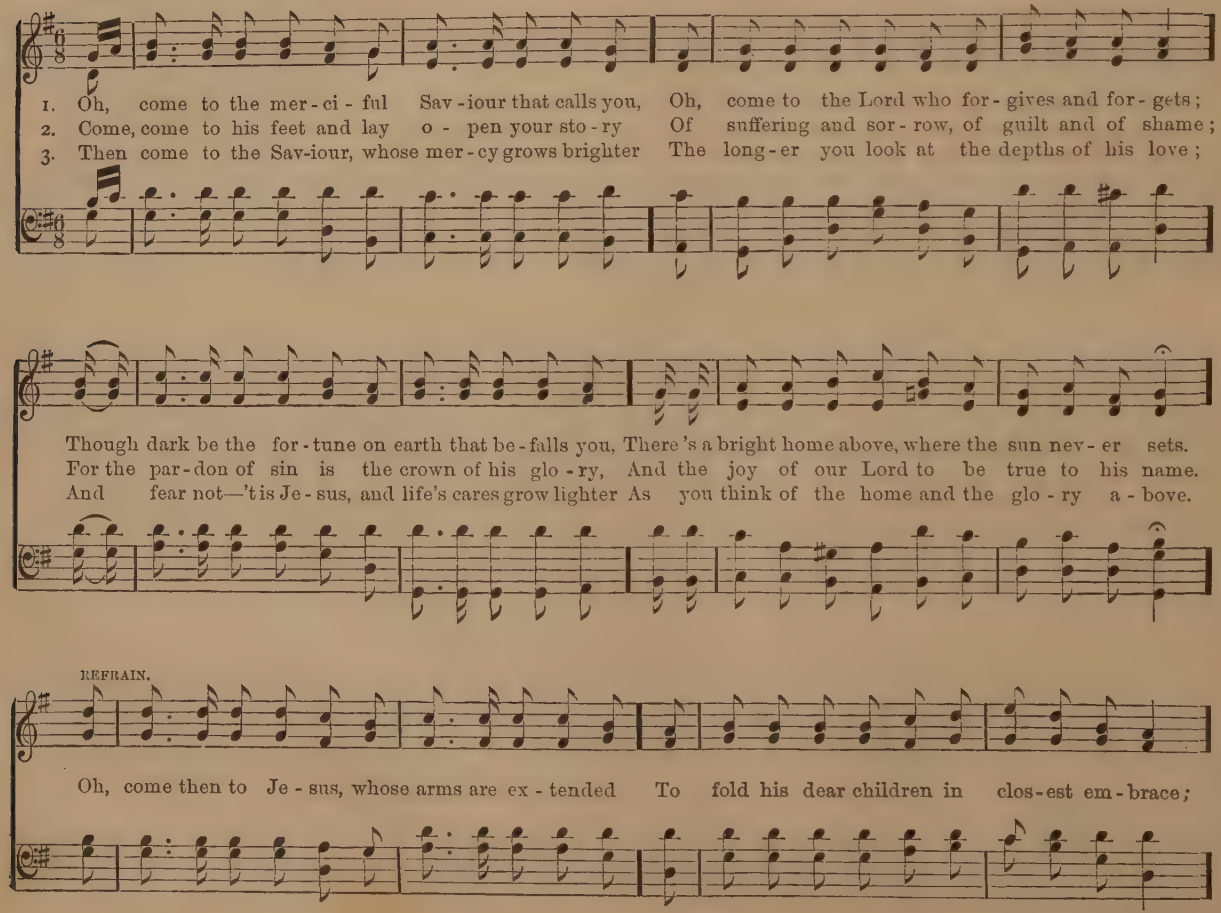
F. E. BELDEN. MONA.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Give up all for Je - sus, Wea - ry child of sin! What are earth-ly pleas - ures, If his love you win?
2. Give up all for Je - sus! He is call - ing you; Trust in his sal - va - tion, He will lead you through;
3. Give up all for Je - sus, Keep-ing back no part! Give your best af - fec - tions, Give him all your heart:
4. Wondrous gifts he of - fers! Bliss without al - loy; Earth exchanged for heav - en— Grief, for end-less joy:
What are all the rich - es That the world can give, When compared to hea - ven, Where the just shall live?
Je - sus' blood so pre - cious Can for you a - vail; Plead his gracious prom - ise, It shall nev - er fail.
For your full re - demp - tion He has paid the cost; Come, while he is wait - ing, Or you must be lost!
Come, for he is call - ing, Swift the moments fly; Hast - en to the Sav - iour, He is pass - ing by!
REFRAIN.
Give up all for Je - sus; Oh, take sal-va - tion free! Give up all for Je - sus; He gave his life for thee!

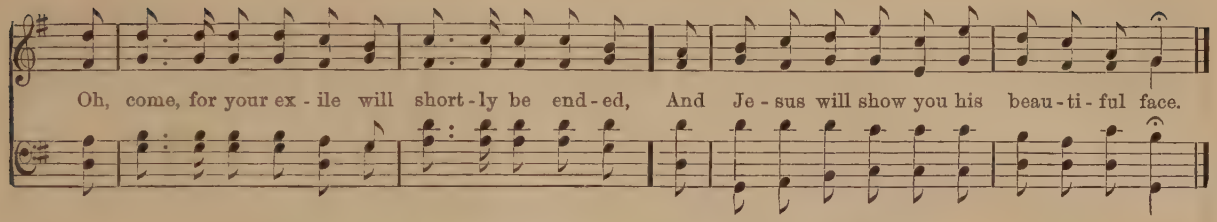
231 Oh, come to the merciful Saviour.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D.

BOULDERWOOD.—S. J. VAIL.

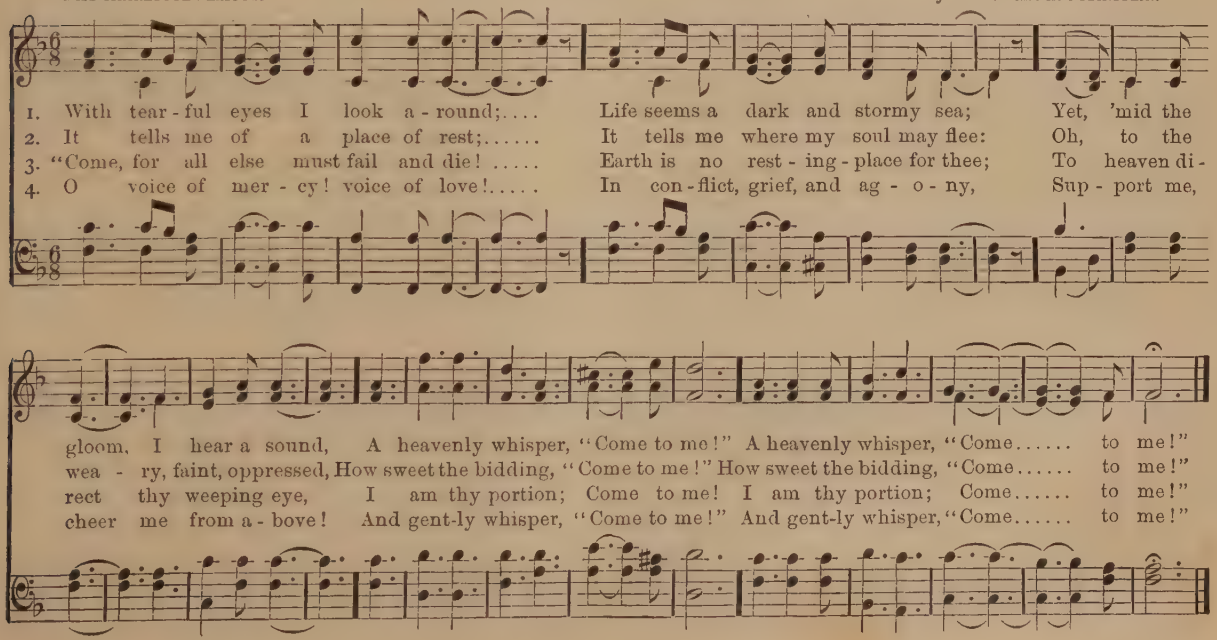

1. Oh, come to the mer-ci-ful Sav-iour that calls you, Oh, come to the Lord who for-gives and for-gets;
2. Come, come to his feet and lay o-pen your sto-ry Of suffering and sor-row, of guilt and of shame;
3. Then come to the Sav-iour, whose mer-cy grows brighter The long-er you look at the depths of his love;
Though dark be the for-tune on earth that be-falls you, There's a bright home above, where the sun nev-er sets.
For the par-don of sin is the crown of his glo-ry, And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.
And fear not—'tis Je-sus, and life's cares grow lighter As you think of the home and the glo-ry a-bove.
REFRAIN.
Oh, come then to Je-sus, whose arms are ex-tended To fold his dear children in clos-est em-brace;

Oh, come to the merciful Saviour.—Concluded.



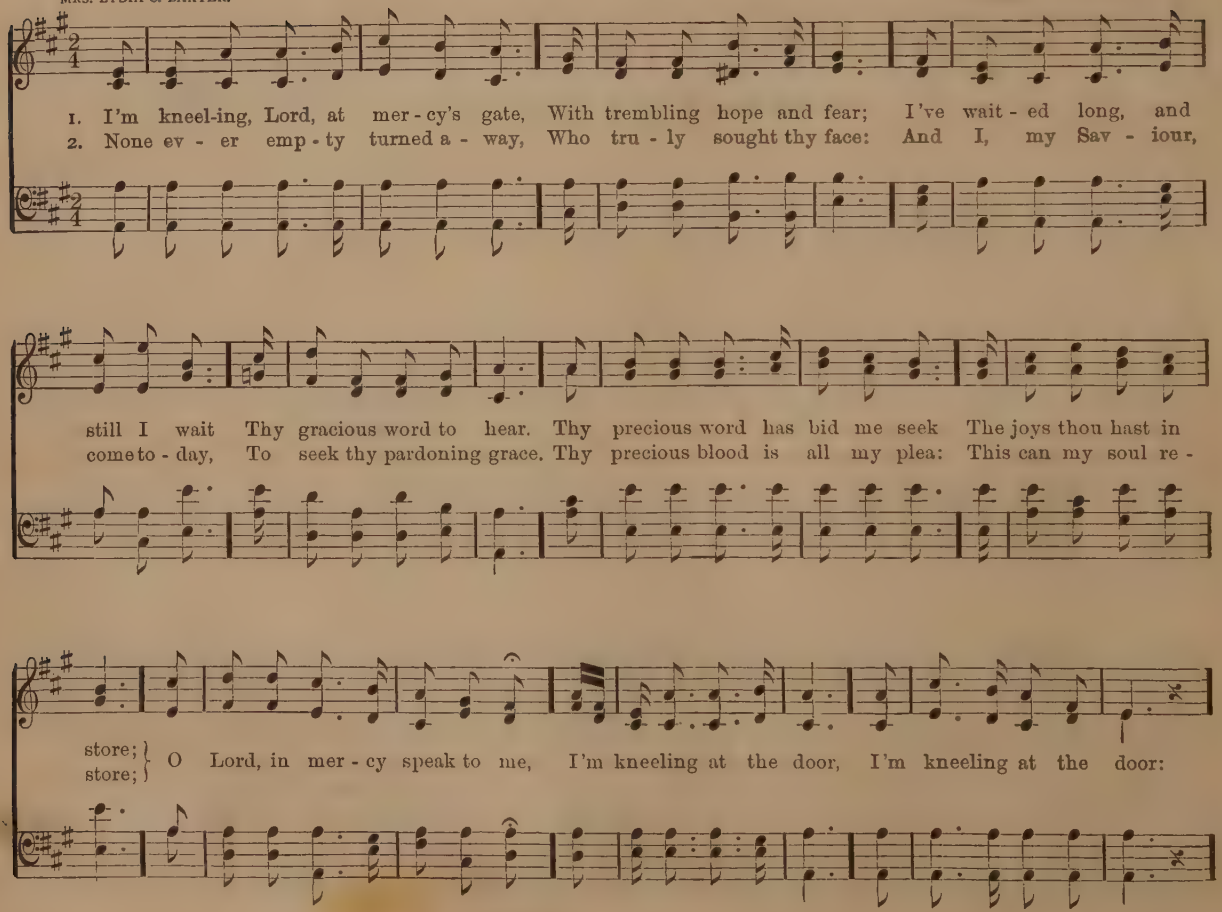
232 With tearful eyes I look around.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAPHET.—arr. fr. RUBINSTEIN.

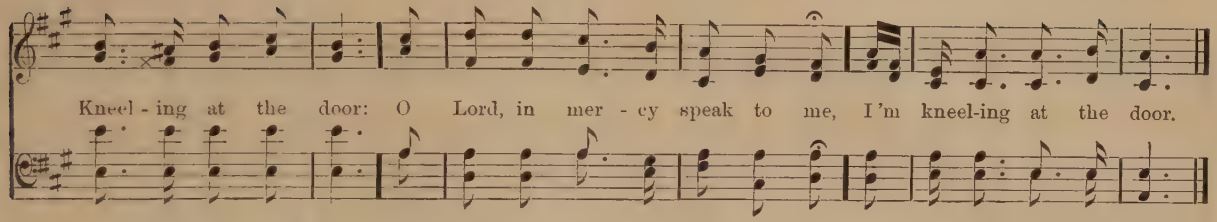

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round;.... Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet, 'mid the
2. It tells me of a place of rest;..... It tells me where my soul may flee: Oh, to the
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! ..... Earth is no rest - ing - place for thee; To heaven di -
4. O voice of mer - cy! voice of love!..... In con - flict, grief, and ag - o - ny, Sup - port me,
gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!" A heavenly whisper, "Come..... to me!"
wea - ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!" How sweet the bidding, "Come..... to me!"
rect thy weeping eye, I am thy portion; Come to me! I am thy portion; Come..... to me!"
cheer me from a - bove! And gent-ly whisper, "Come to me!" And gent-ly whisper, "Come..... to me!"

233 I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate.

MRS. LYDIA C. BAXTER. FLECTENS.—T. E. PERKINS.

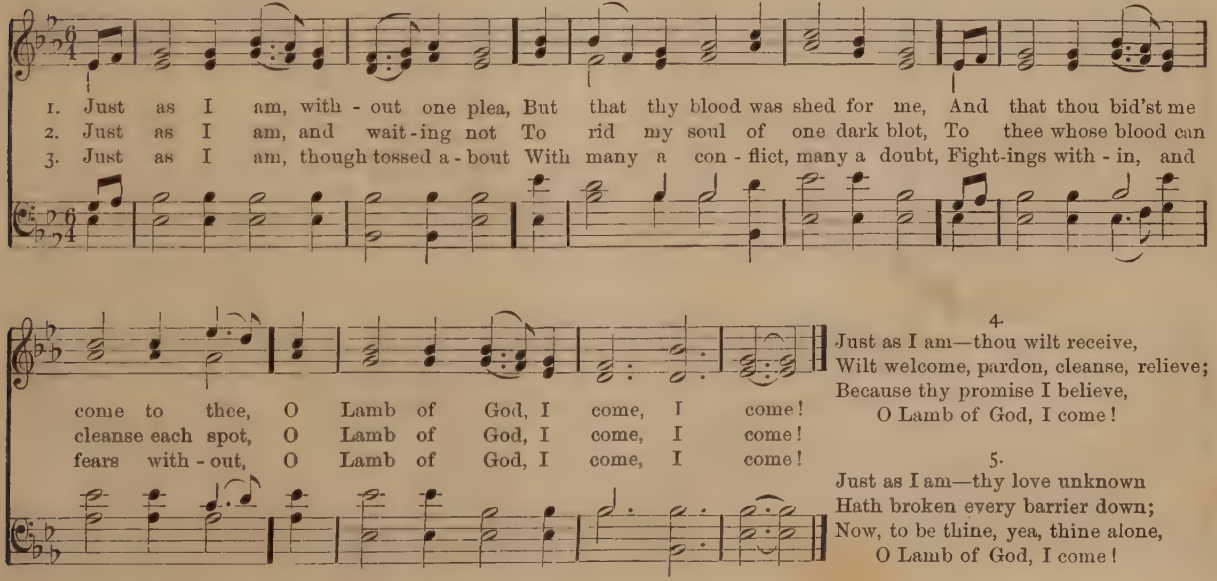

1. I'm kneel-ing, Lord, at mer-cy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've wait-ed long, and
2. None ev-er emp-ty turned a-way, Who tru-ly sought thy face: And I, my Sav-iour,
still I wait Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in
come to-day, To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea: This can my soul re-
store;
store;
O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door:

I'm kneeling, Lord.—Concluded.



234 Just as I am, without one plea.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WOODWORTH.—W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight-ings with - in, and
come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

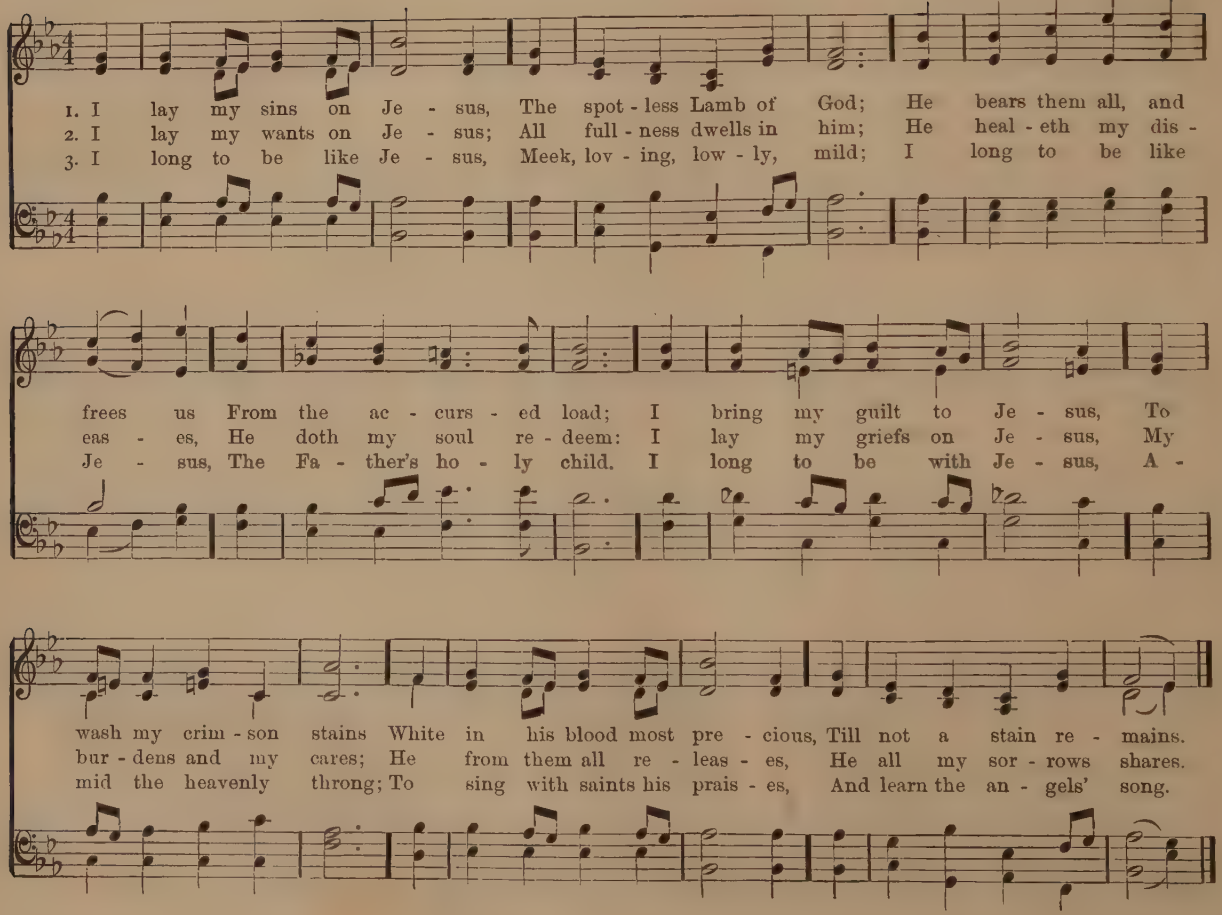
4.
Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5.
Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

235 I lay my sins on Jesus.

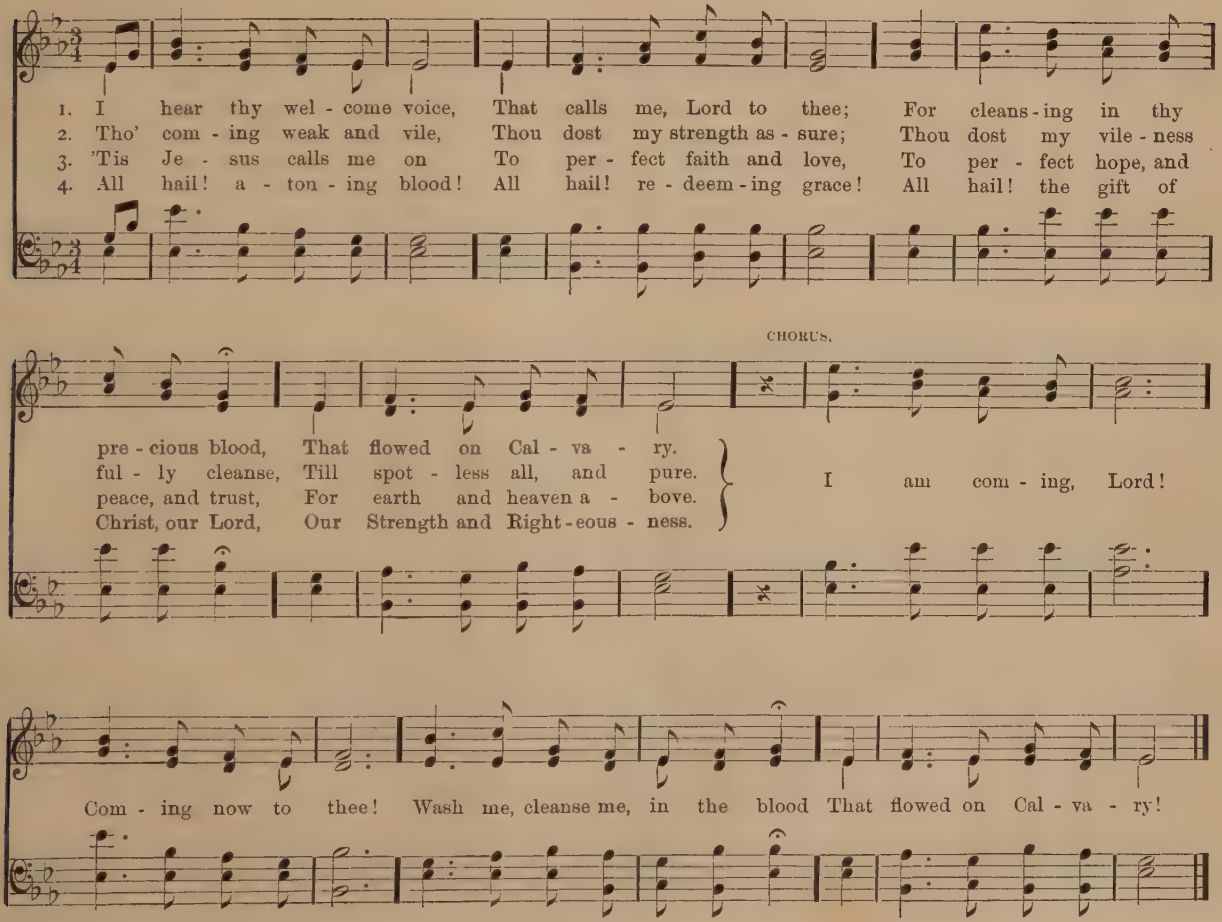
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

LUX MUNDI.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in him; He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem: I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child. I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heavenly throng; To sing with saints his prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song.

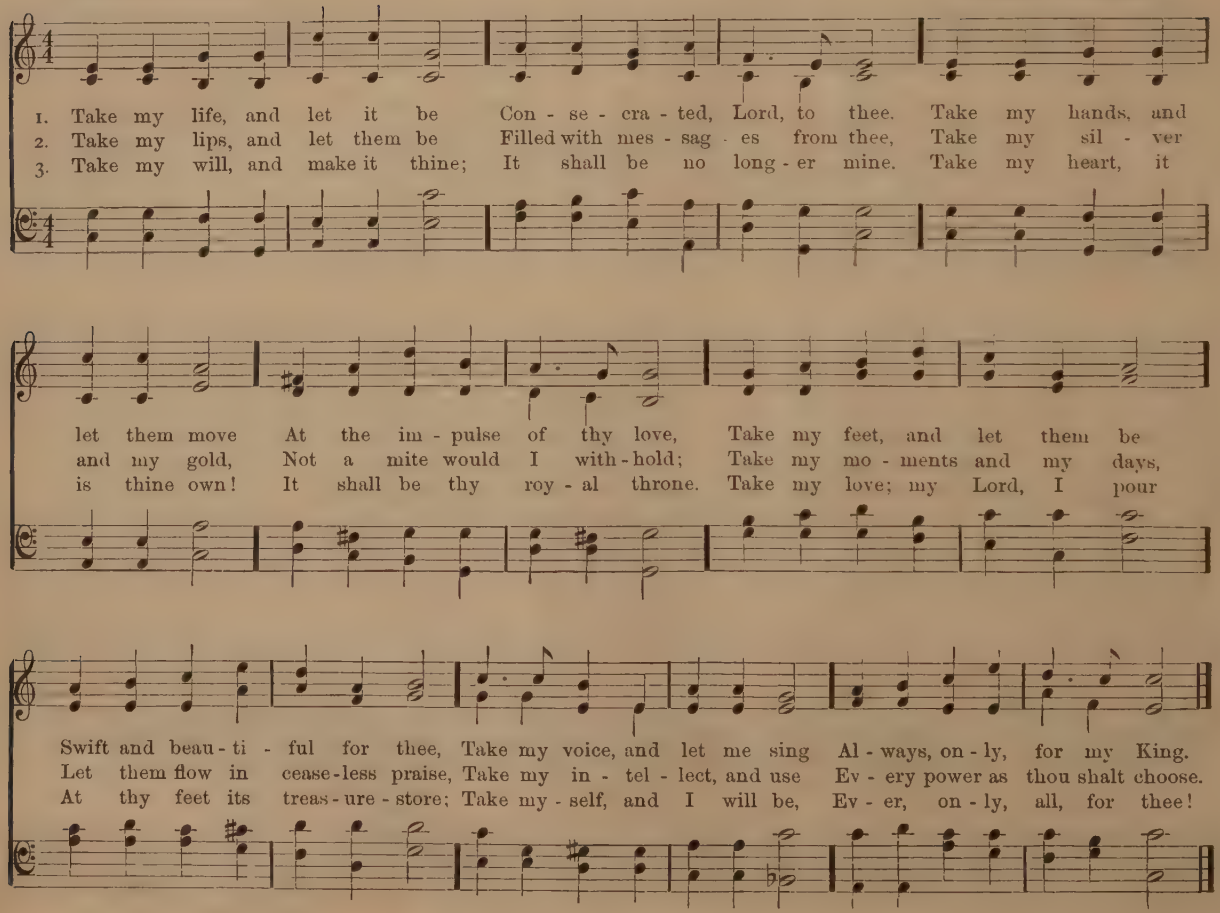
236 I hear thy welcome voice.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH. I AM COMING.—L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord to thee; For cleans - ing in thy
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou dost my vile - ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail! re - deem - ing grace! All hail! the gift of
CHORUS.
pre - cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.
Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right - eous - ness.
I am com - ing, Lord!
Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

237 Take my life, and let it be.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. CULFORD.—E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee. Take my hands, and
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from thee, Take my sil - ver
3. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no long - er mine. Take my heart, it
let them move At the im - pulse of thy love, Take my feet, and let them be
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold; Take my mo - ments and my days,
is thine own! It shall be thy roy - al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Let them flow in cease - less praise, Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.
At thy feet its treas - ure - store; Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all, for thee!

238 Jesus! lover of my soul.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. REFUGE.—J. P. HOLBROOK.

DUET.

1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly While the bil - lows near me
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a -
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the

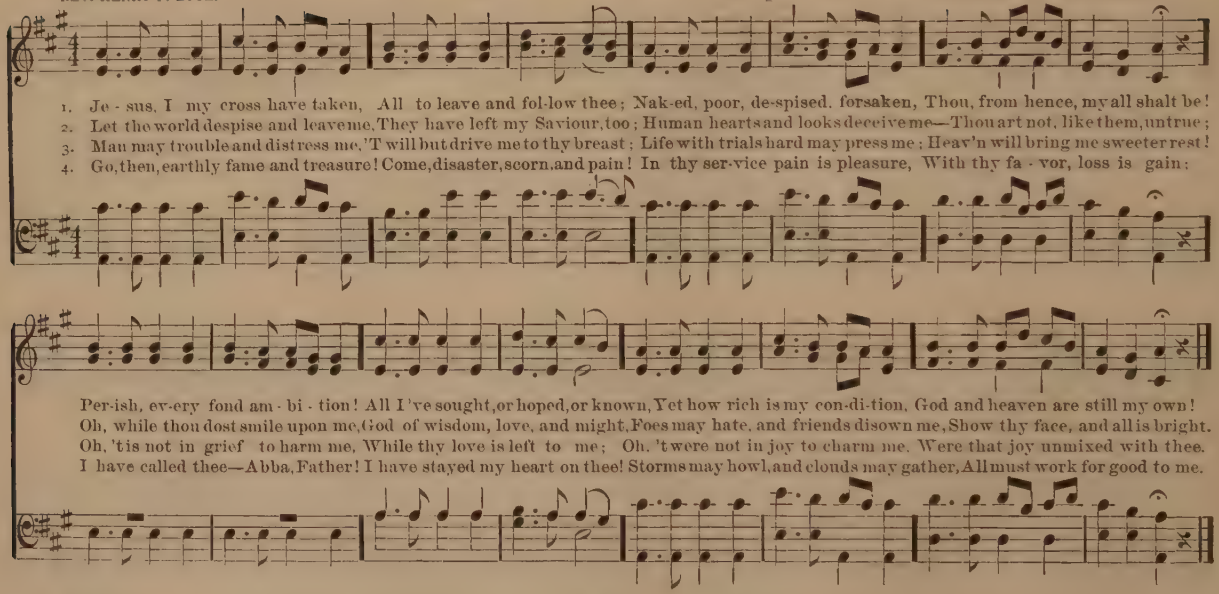
CHORUS.

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
all un - righteous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

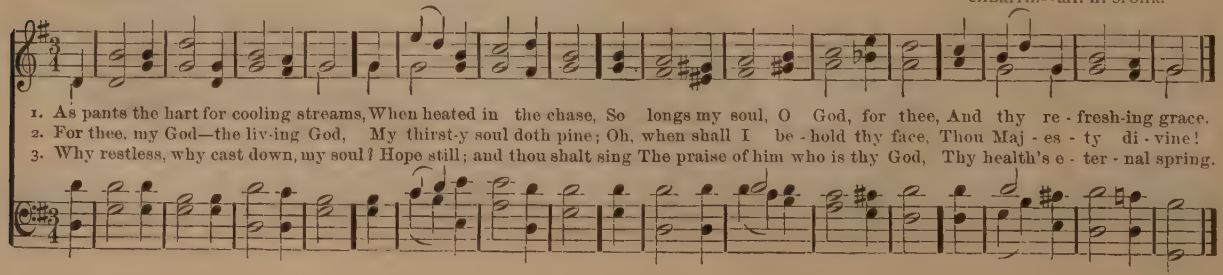
239 Jesus, I my cross have taken.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE. ELLESDIE.—arr. fr. MOZART.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Nak-ed, poor, de-spised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue;
3. Man may trouble and distress me, 'T will but drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest!
4. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn, and pain! In thy ser-vice pain is pleasure, With thy fa - vor, loss is gain;
Per-ish, ev-ery fond am - bi - tion! All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own!
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.
I have called thee—Abba, Father! I have stayed my heart on thee! Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

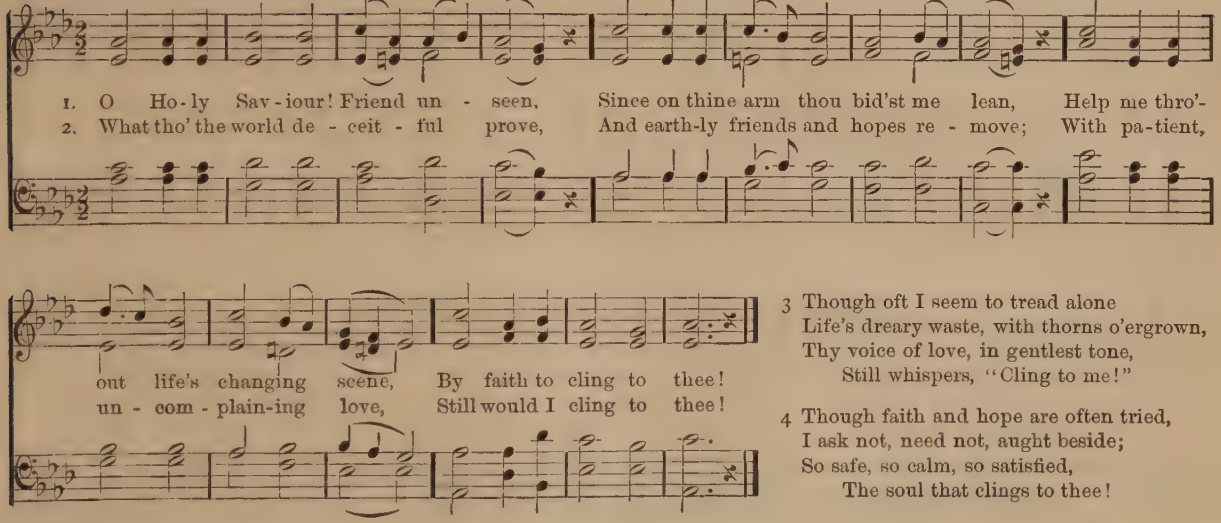
240 As pants the hart for cooling streams.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE. CHERITH.—arr. fr. SPOHR.


1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh-ing grace.
2. For thee, my God—the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine!
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

241 O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. FLEMMING.—arr. fr. FLEMMING.

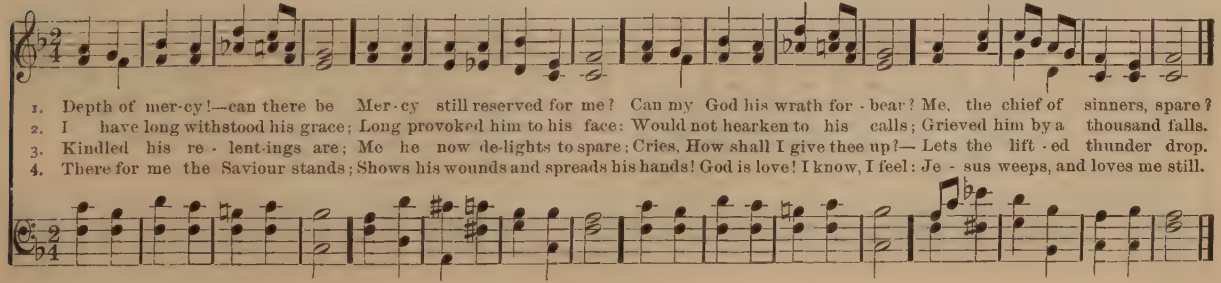

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean, Help me thro'-
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth-ly friends and hopes re - move; With pa-tient,
out life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!
un - com - plain-ing love, Still would I cling to thee!

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

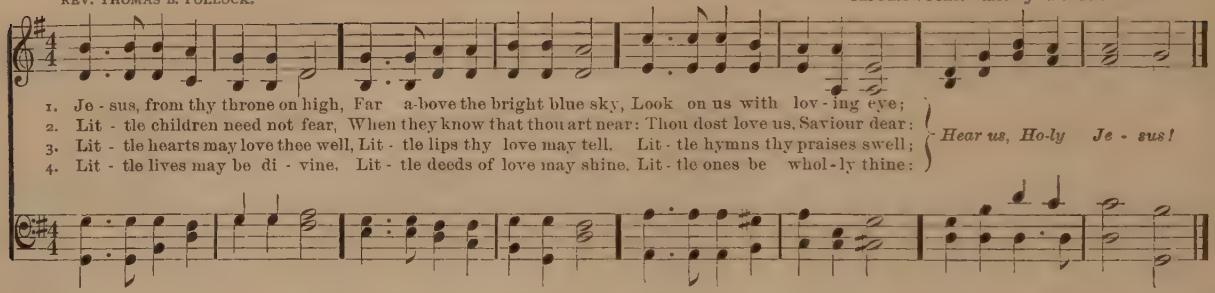
242 Depth of mercy!—can there be.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. SEYMOUR.—arr. fr. VON WEBER.


1. Depth of mer-cy!—can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face: Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3. Kindled his re - lent-ings are; Me he now de-lights to spare; Cries, How shall I give thee up?— Lets the lift - ed thunder drop.
4. There for me the Saviour stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his hands! God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

243 Jesus, from thy throne on high.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK. SEPTEM VOCES.—arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Je - sus, from thy throne on high, Far a-bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with lov - ing eye;
2. Lit - tle children need not fear, When they know that thou art near: Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
3. Lit - tle hearts may love thee well, Lit - tle lips thy love may tell. Lit - tle hymns thy praises swell;
4. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine. Lit - tle deeds of love may shine. Lit - tle ones be whol - ly thine:
Hear us, Ho-ly Je - sus!

244 Jesus, once an infant small.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

TUNE—"SEPTEM VOCES."

1 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

2 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

3 Jesus, thou dost love us still,
And it is thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

4 Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

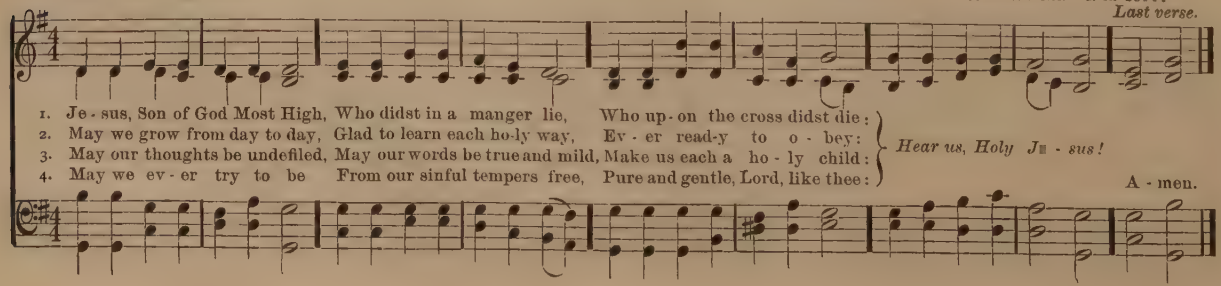
5 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

6 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

245 Jesus, Son of God Most High.

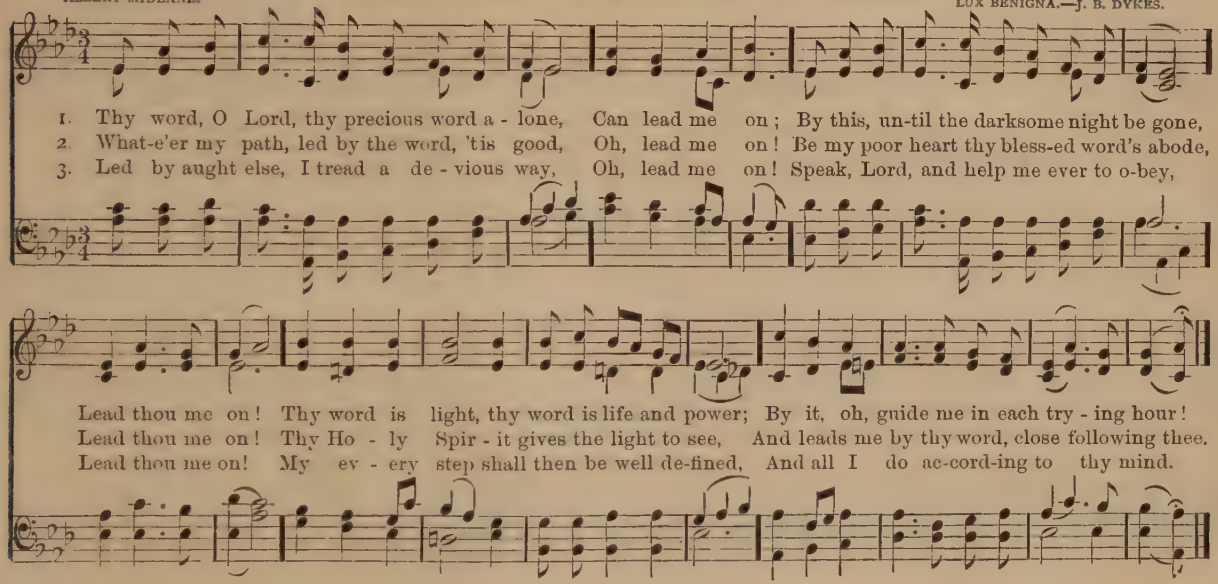
REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK. MAGDALENA.—C. R. CUFF.

Last verse.


1. Je - sus, Son of God Most High, Who didst in a manger lie, Who up - on the cross didst die:
2. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho-ly way, Ev - er read-y to o - bey:
3. May our thoughts be undefiled, May our words be true and mild, Make us each a ho - ly child:
4. May we ev - er try to be From our sinful tempers free, Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:
Hear us, Holy Je - sus!
A - men.

246 Thy word, O Lord, thy precious word alone.

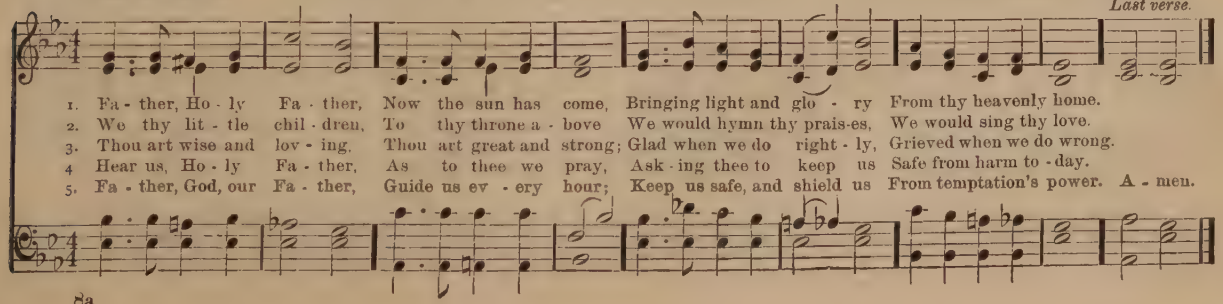
ALBERT MIDLANE. LUX BENIGNA.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Thy word, O Lord, thy precious word a - lone, Can lead me on; By this, un-til the darksome night be gone,
2. What-e'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good, Oh, lead me on! Be my poor heart thy bless-ed word's abode,
3. Led by aught else, I tread a de - vious way, Oh, lead me on! Speak, Lord, and help me ever to o-bey,
Lead thou me on! Thy word is light, thy word is life and power; By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour!
Lead thou me on! Thy Ho - ly Spir - it gives the light to see, And leads me by thy word, close following thee.
Lead thou me on! My ev - ery step shall then be well de-fined, And all I do ac-cord-ing to thy mind.

247 Father, Holy Father.

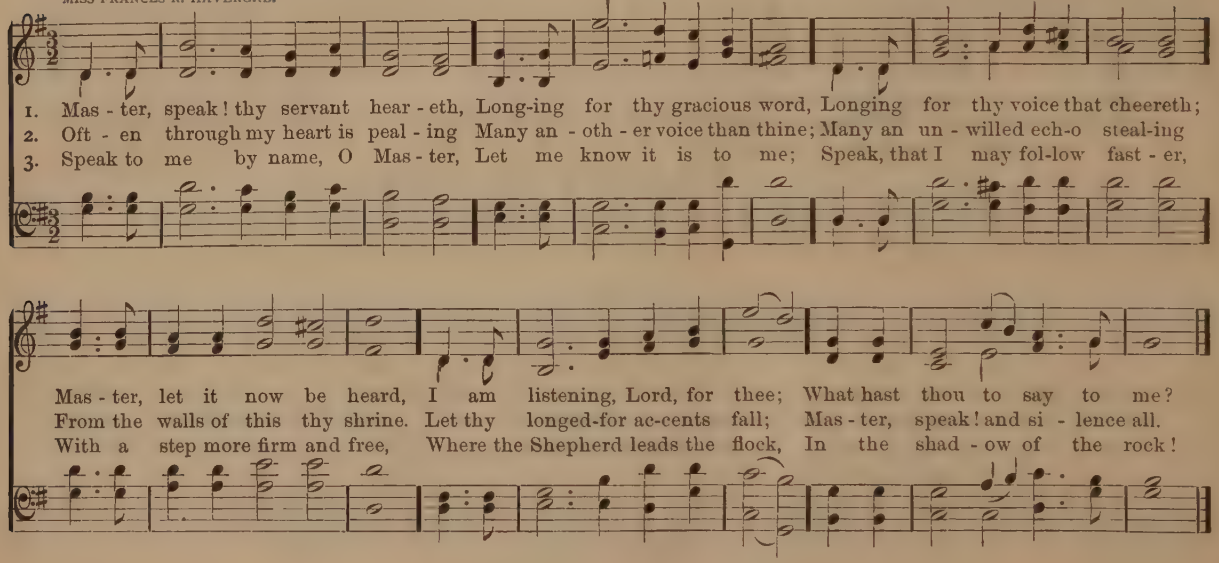
AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. UPTON CRESSETT.—G. HINTON.

Last verse.


1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come, Bringing light and glo - ry From thy heavenly home.
2. We thy lit - tle chil - dren, To thy throne a - bove We would hymn thy prais-es, We would sing thy love.
3. Thou art wise and lov - ing. Thou art great and strong; Glad when we do right - ly, Grieved when we do wrong.
4 Hear us, Ho - ly Fa - ther, As to thee we pray, Ask - ing thee to keep us Safe from harm to - day.
5. Fa - ther, God, our Fa - ther, Guide us ev - ery hour; Keep us safe, and shield us From temptation's power. A - men.

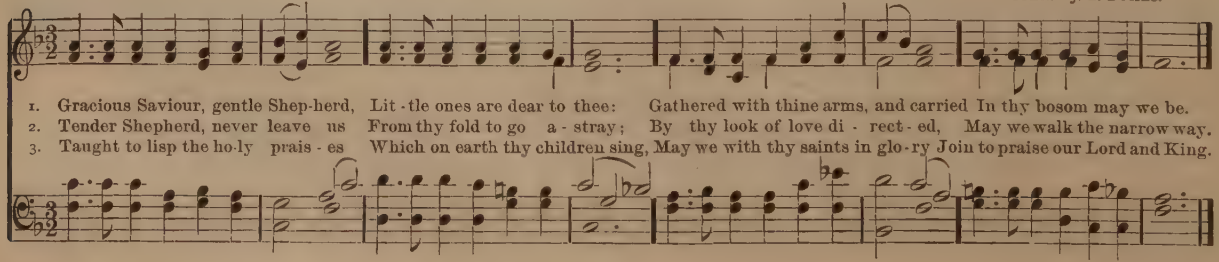
248 Master, speak! thy servant heareth.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GRANGE.—R. B. BOTHWICK.


1. Mas - ter, speak! thy servant hear - eth, Long-ing for thy gracious word, Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
2. Oft - en through my heart is peal - ing Many an - oth - er voice than thine; Many an un - willed ech-o steal-ing
3. Speak to me by name, O Mas - ter, Let me know it is to me; Speak, that I may fol-low fast - er,
Mas - ter, let it now be heard, I am listening, Lord, for thee; What hast thou to say to me?
From the walls of this thy shrine. Let thy longed-for ac-cents fall; Mas - ter, speak! and si - lence all.
With a step more firm and free, Where the Shepherd leads the flock, In the shad - ow of the rock!

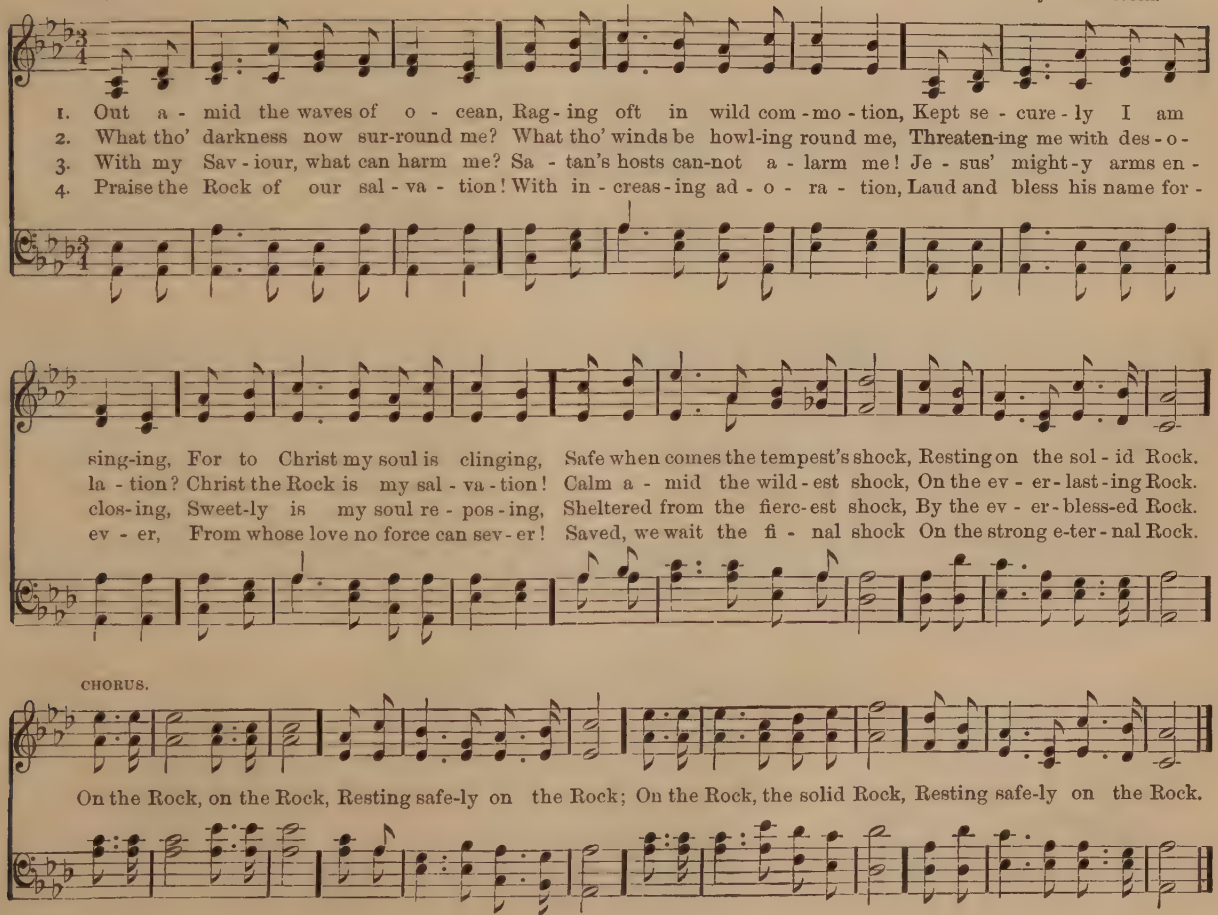
249 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL. ST. SYLVESTER.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shep-herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to thee: Gathered with thine arms, and carried In thy bosom may we be.
2. Tender Shepherd, never leave us From thy fold to go a - stray; By thy look of love di - rect - ed, May we walk the narrow way.
3. Taught to lisp the ho-ly prais - es Which on earth thy children sing, May we with thy saints in glo - ry Join to praise our Lord and King.

250 Out amid the waves of ocean.

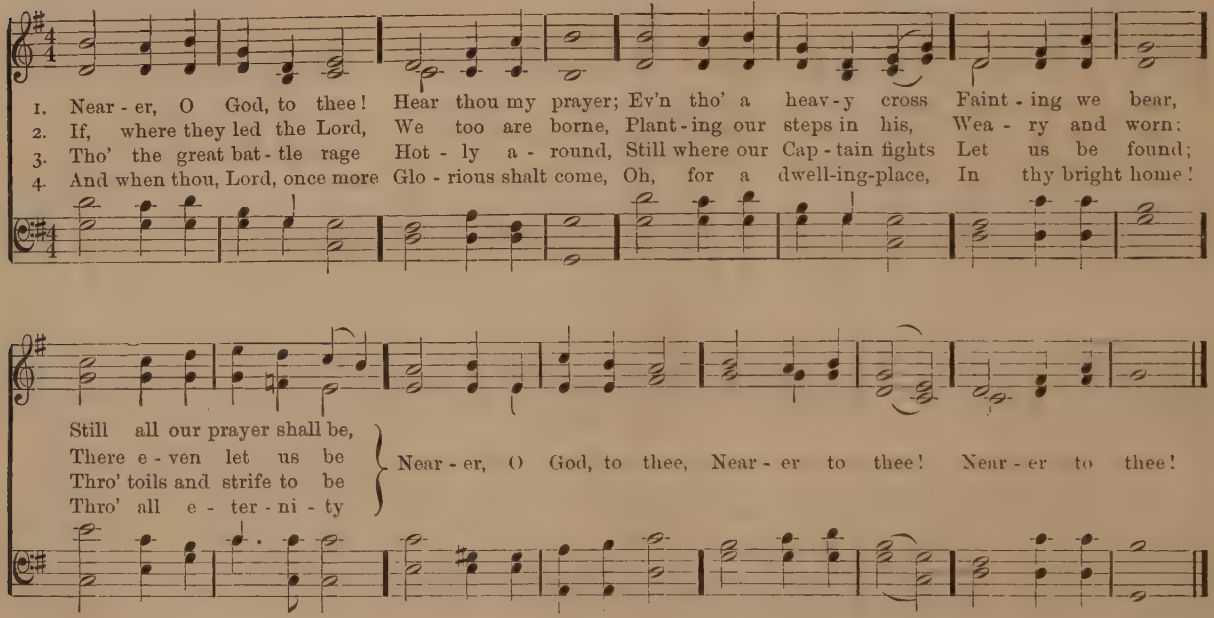
M. D. JANES. PETRA.—W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Rag - ing oft in wild com - mo - tion, Kept se - cure - ly I am
2. What tho' darkness now sur-round me? What tho' winds be howl-ing round me, Threaten-ing me with des - o -
3. With my Sav - iour, what can harm me? Sa - tan's hosts can-not a - larm me! Je - sus' might - y arms en -
4. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion! With in - creas - ing ad - o - ra - tion, Laud and bless his name for -
sing-ing, For to Christ my soul is clinging, Safe when comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock.
la - tion? Christ the Rock is my sal - va - tion! Calm a - mid the wild - est shock, On the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
clos-ing, Sweet-ly is my soul re - pos - ing, Sheltered from the fierc-est shock, By the ev - er - bless-ed Rock.
ev - er, From whose love no force can sev - er! Saved, we wait the fi - nal shock On the strong e-ter - nal Rock.
CHORUS.
On the Rock, on the Rock, Resting safe-ly on the Rock; On the Rock, the solid Rock, Resting safe-ly on the Rock.

251 Nearer, O God, to thee!

REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D.D.

PROPIOR DEO.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Near - er, O God, to thee! Hear thou my prayer; Ev'n tho' a heav - y cross Faint - ing we bear,
2. If, where they led the Lord, We too are borne, Plant - ing our steps in his, Wea - ry and worn:
3. Tho' the great bat - tle rage Hot - ly a - round, Still where our Cap - tain fights Let us be found;
4. And when thou, Lord, once more Glo - rious shalt come, Oh, for a dwell-ing-place, In thy bright home!
Still all our prayer shall be,
There e - ven let us be
Thro' toils and strife to be
Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty
Near - er, O God, to thee, Near - er to thee! Near - er to thee!

252 More love to thee, O Christ.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

TUNE—"PROPIOR DEO."

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

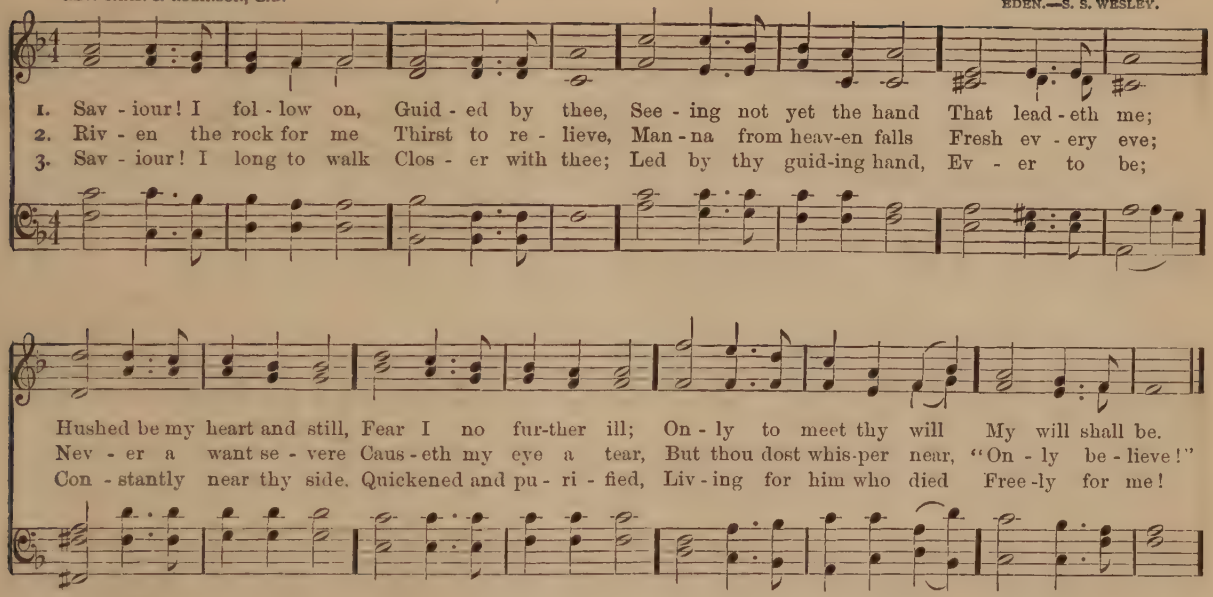
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

253 Saviour! I follow on.

REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

EDEN.—S. S. WESLEY.


1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by thee, See - ing not yet the hand That lead - eth me;
2. Riv - en the rock for me Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from heav-en falls Fresh ev - ery eve;
3. Sav - iour! I long to walk Clos - er with thee; Led by thy guid-ing hand, Ev - er to be;
Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no fur-ther ill; On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
Nev - er a want se - vere Caus - eth my eye a tear, But thou dost whis-per near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
Con - stantly near thy side, Quickened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for him who died Free - ly for me!

254 Saviour! thy dying love.

REV. SYLVANUS D. PHELPS, D.D.

TUNE—"EDEN."

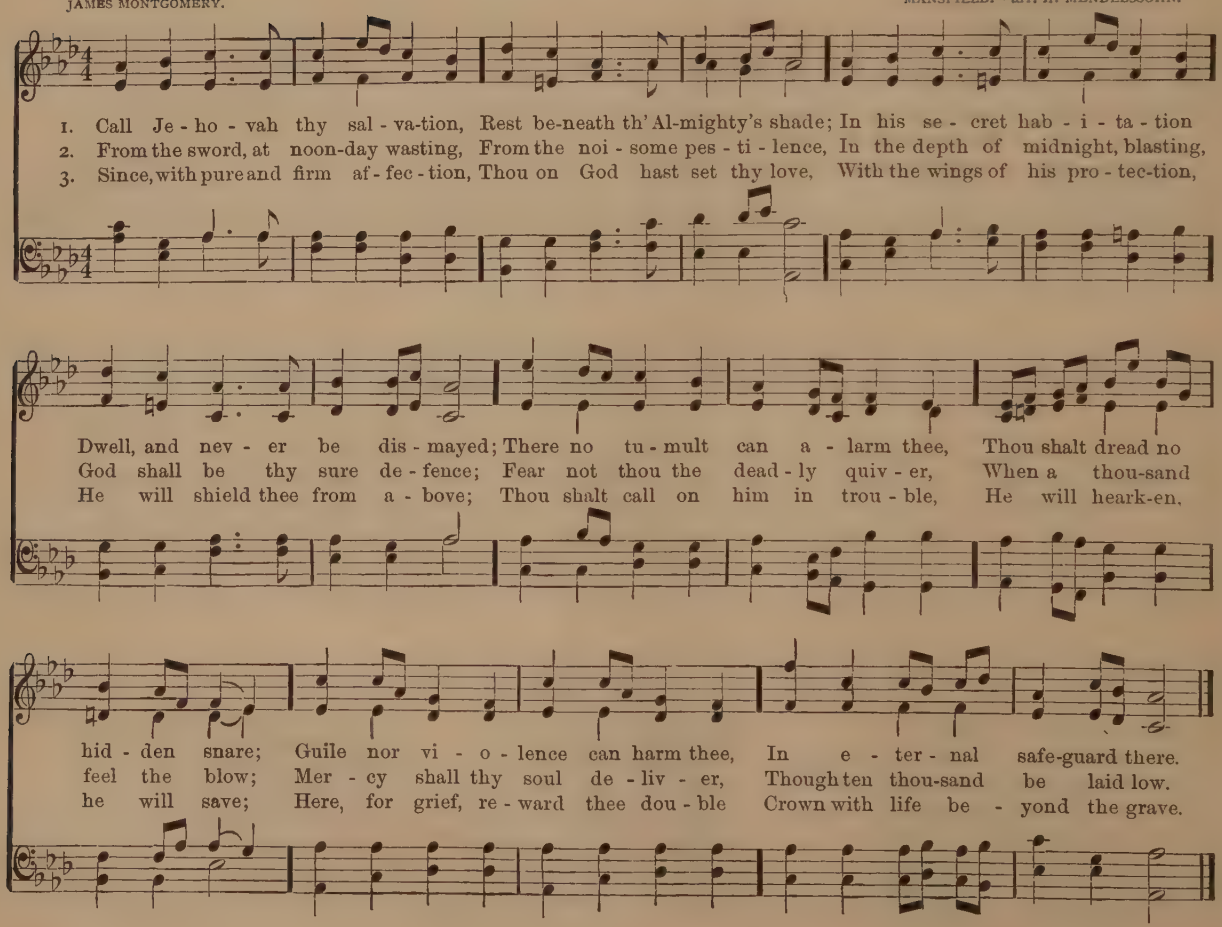
1 Saviour, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

255 Call Jehovah thy salvation.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. MANSFIELD.—arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

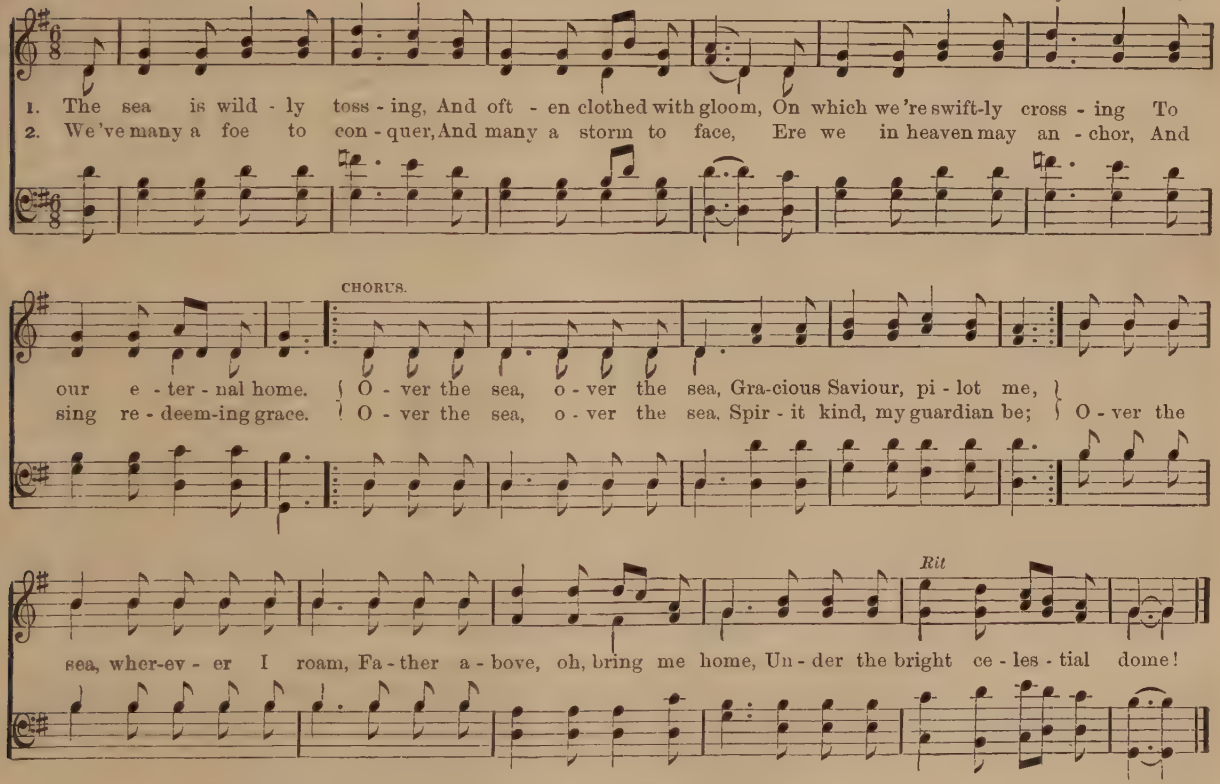

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va-tion, Rest be-neath th' Al-mighty's shade; In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion
2. From the sword, at noon-day wasting, From the noi - some pes - ti - lence, In the depth of midnight, blasting,
3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love, With the wings of his pro - tec-tion,
Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed; There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no
God shall be thy sure de - fence; Fear not thou the dead - ly quiv - er, When a thou-sand
He will shield thee from a - bove; Thou shalt call on him in trou - ble, He will heark-en,
hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there.
feel the blow; Mer - cy shall thy soul de - liv - er, Though ten thou-sand be laid low.
he will save; Here, for grief, re - ward thee dou - ble Crown with life be - yond the grave.

256

The sea is wildly tossing.

REV. W. W. RAND, D.D.

PEACE.—arr. by H. KINGSBURY.


1. The sea is wild - ly toss - ing, And oft - en clothed with gloom, On which we're swift-ly cross - ing To
2. We've many a foe to con - quer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heaven may an - chor, And
CHORUS.
our e - ter - nal home. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Gra-cious Saviour, pi - lot me,
sing re - deem-ing grace. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Spir - it kind, my guardian be; O - ver the
Rit
sea, wher-ev - er I roam, Fa - ther a - bove, oh, bring me home, Un - der the bright ce - les - tial dome!

3 Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still.—*Cho.*

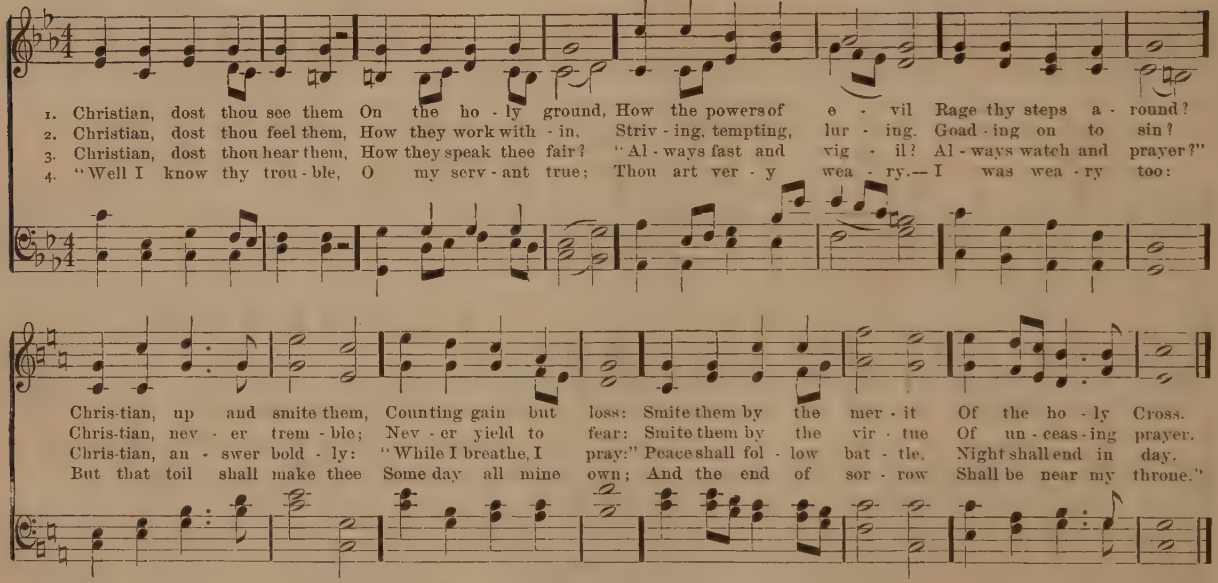
4 Sail on, then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart.—*Cho.*

5 We 'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife.—*Cho.*

257 Christian, dost thou see them.

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D., tr.

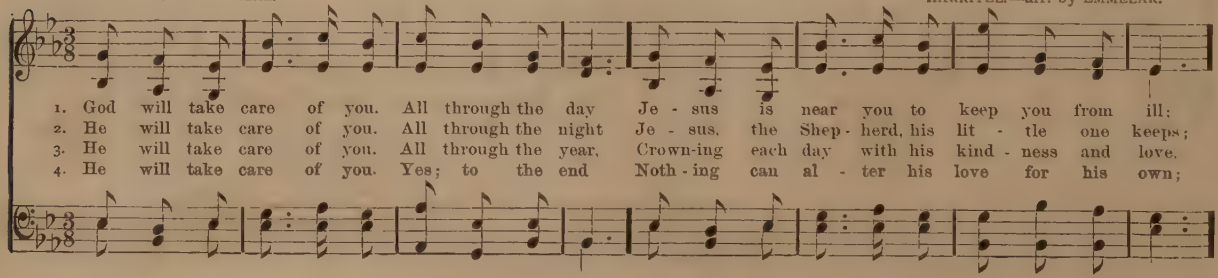
CRETE.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of e - vil Rage thy steps a - round?
2. Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempting, lur - ing, Goad - ing on to sin?
3. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and prayer?"
4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my serv - ant true; Thou art ver - y wea - ry.— I was wea - ry too:
Chris-tian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss: Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross.
Chris-tian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er yield to fear: Smite them by the vir - tue Of un - ceas - ing prayer.
Chris-tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe, I pray:" Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
But that toil shall make thee Some day all mine own; And the end of sor - row Shall be near my throne."

258 God will take care of you.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

HARRITEL.—arr. by EMMELAR.

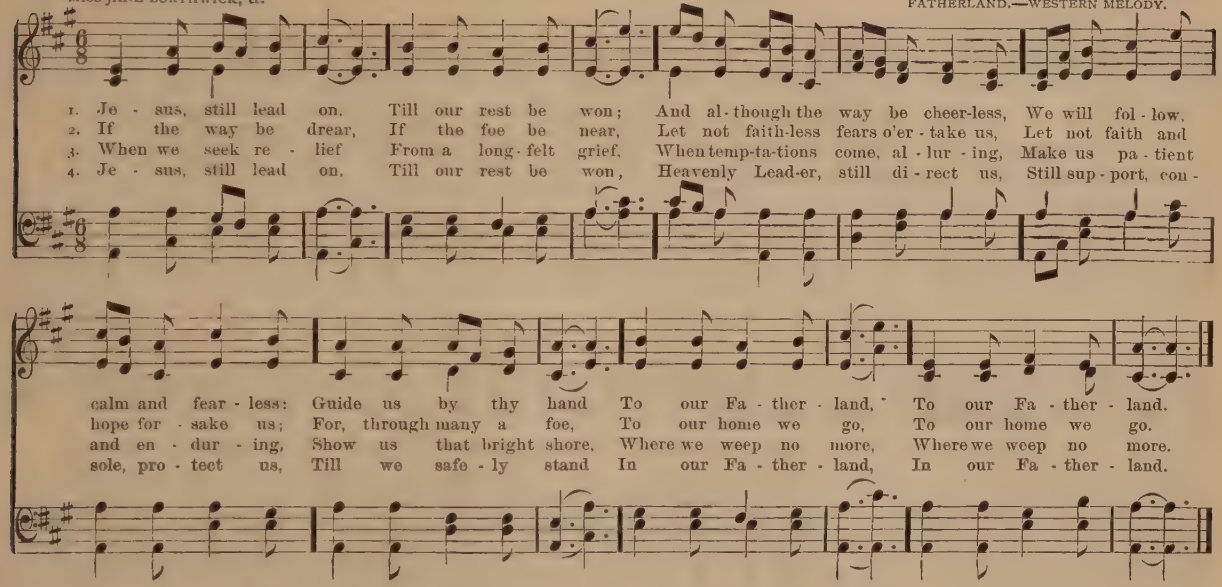

1. God will take care of you. All through the day Je - sus is near you to keep you from ill:
2. He will take care of you. All through the night Je - sus, the Shep - herd, his lit - tle one keeps;
3. He will take care of you. All through the year, Crown-ing each day with his kind - ness and love.
4. He will take care of you. Yes; to the end Noth - ing can al - ter his love for his own;

259

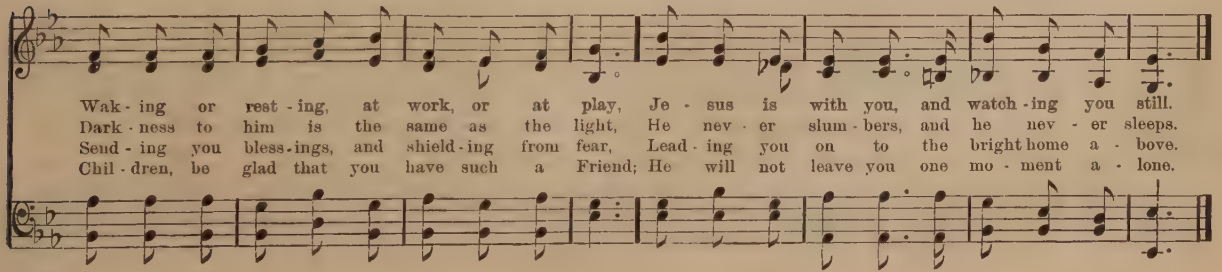
Jesus, still lead on.

MISS JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

FATHERLAND.—WESTERN MELODY.


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol-low,
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us, Let not faith and
3. When we seek re - lief From a long-felt grief, When temp-ta-tions come, al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, Heavenly Lead-er, still di-rect us, Still sup-port, con-
calm and fear - less: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa - ther - land, To our Fa - ther - land.
hope for - sake us; For, through many a foe, To our home we go, To our home we go.
and en - dur - ing, Show us that bright shore, Where we weep no more, Where we weep no more.
sole, pro - tect us, Till we safe - ly stand In our Fa - ther - land, In our Fa - ther - land.

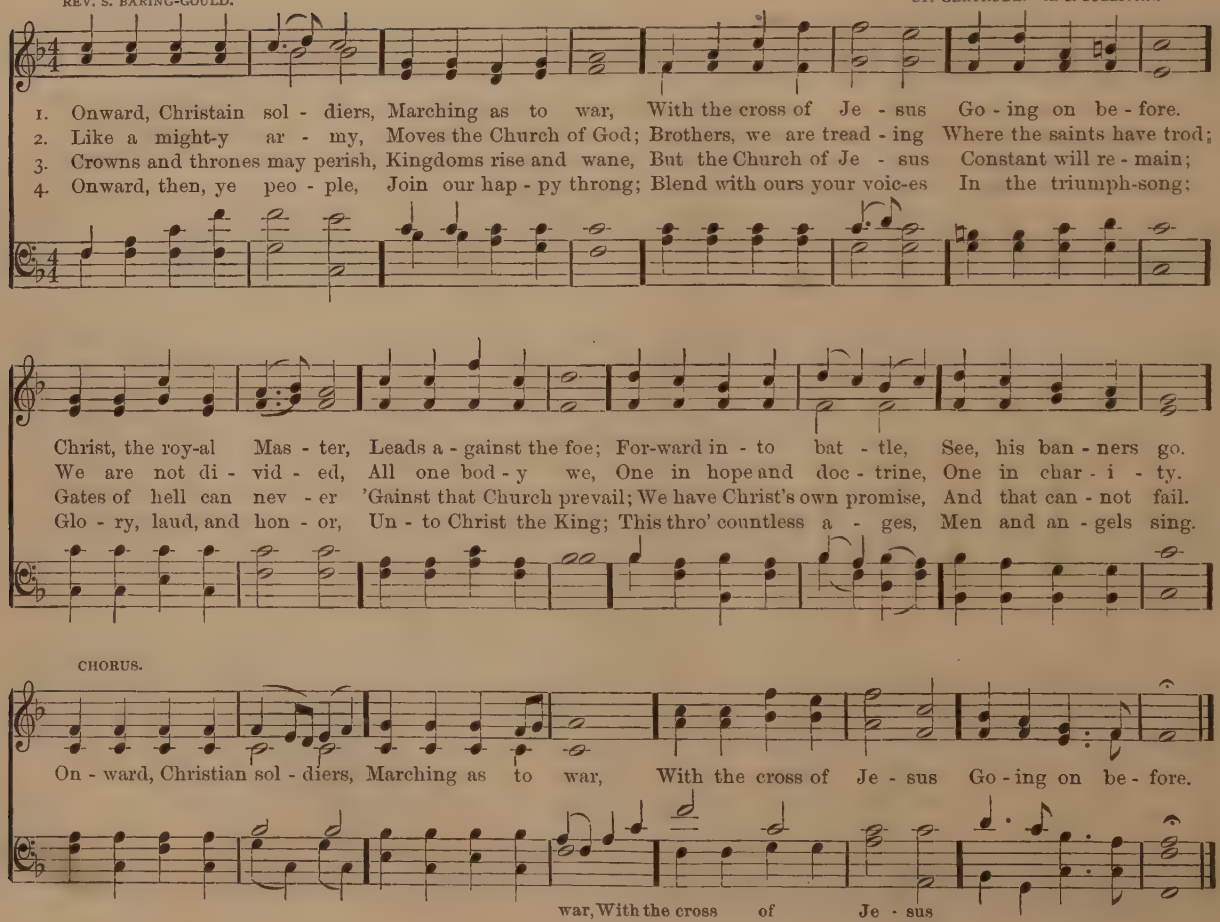
God will take care of you.—Concluded.


Wak - ing or rest - ing, at work, or at play, Je - sus is with you, and watch - ing you still.
Dark - ness to him is the same as the light, He nev - er slum - bers, and he nev - er sleeps.
Send - ing you bless - ings, and shield - ing from fear, Lead - ing you on to the bright home a - bove.
Chil - dren, be glad that you have such a Friend; He will not leave you one mo - ment a - lone.

Onward, Christian soldiers.

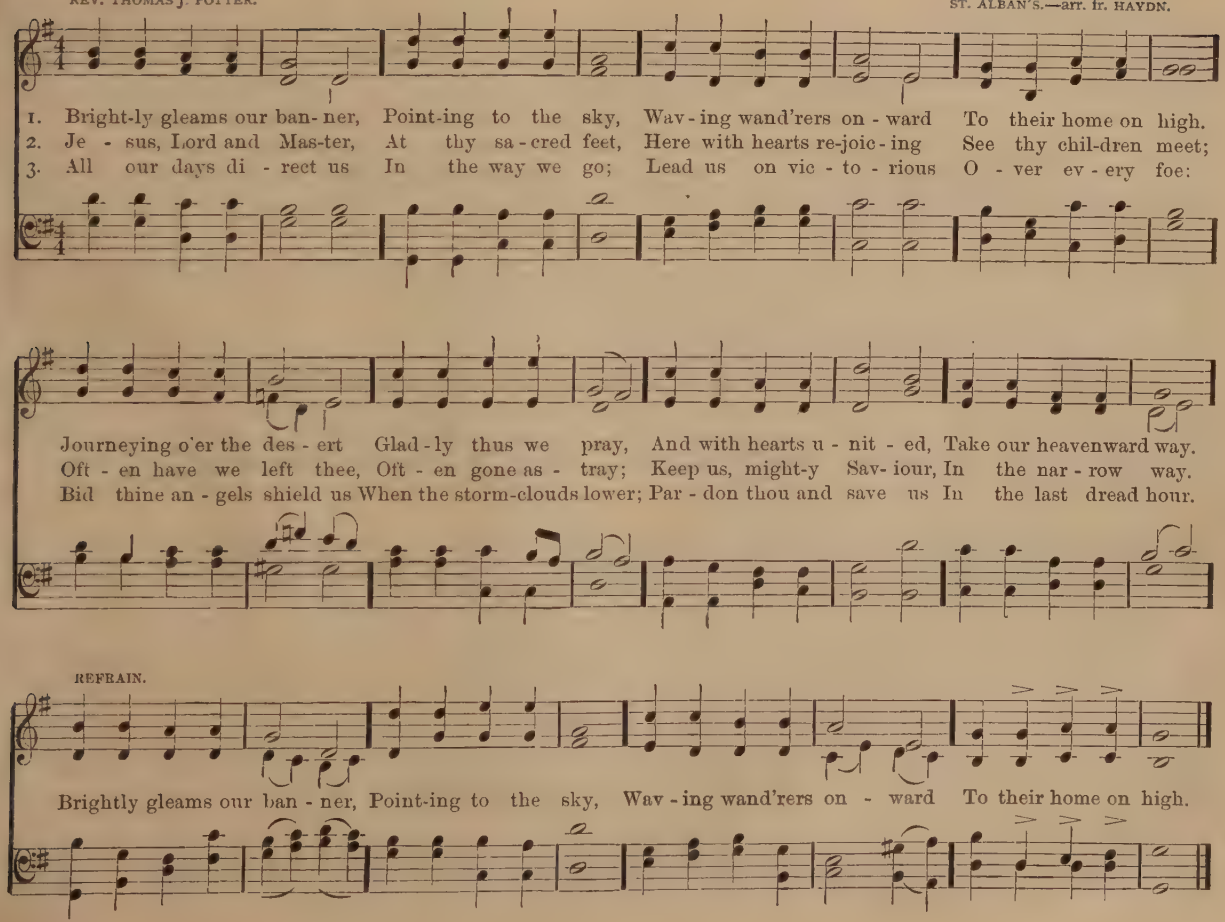
REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

ST. GERTRUDE.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christain sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will re - main;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voic-es In the triumph-song;
Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

261 Brightly gleams our banner.

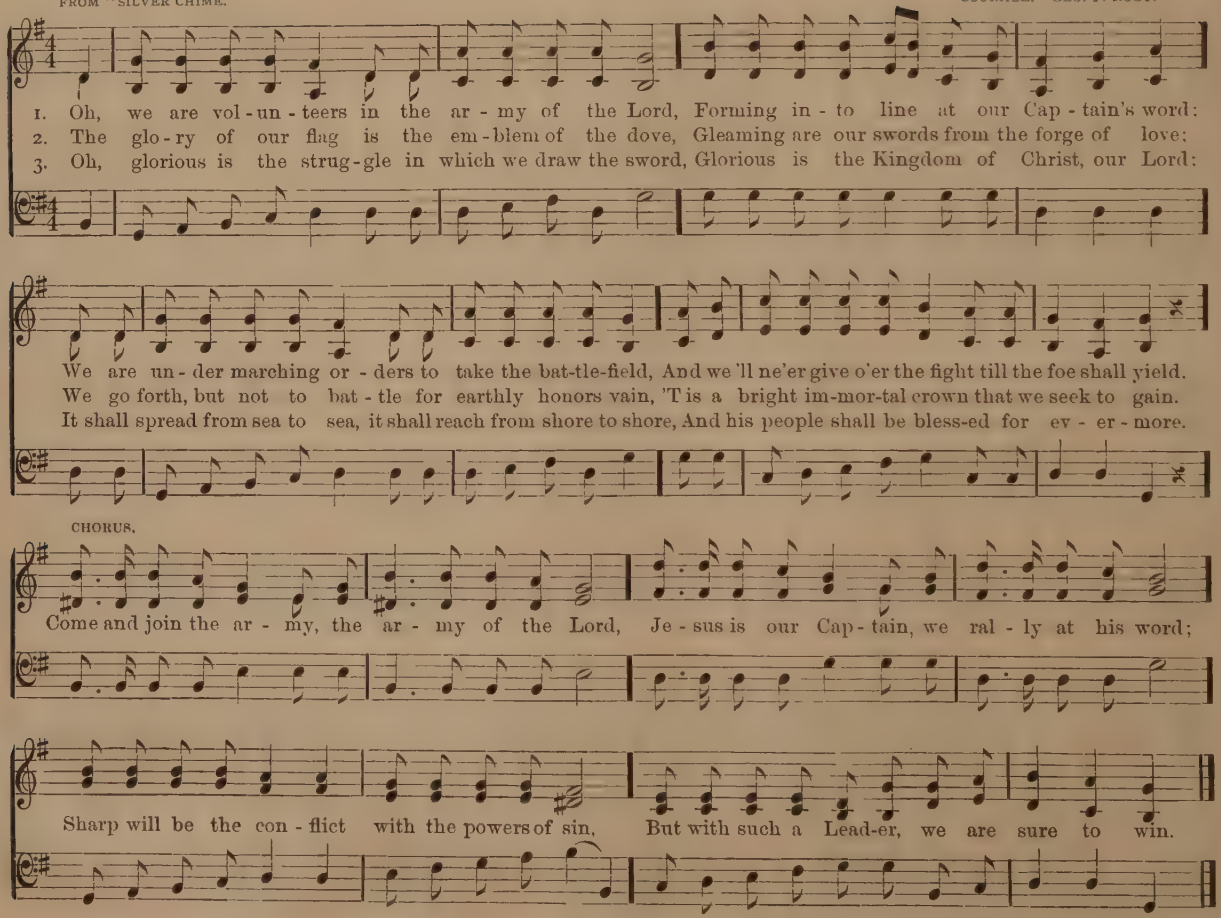
REV. THOMAS J. POTTER. ST. ALBAN'S.—arr. fr. HAYDN.


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See thy chil-dren meet;
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-to-rious O-ver ev-ery foe:
Journeying o'er the des-ert Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-nit-ed, Take our heavenward way.
Oft-en have we left thee, Oft-en gone as-tray; Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Par-don thou and save us In the last dread hour.
REFRAIN.
Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

262 Oh, we are volunteers.

FROM "SILVER CHIME."

COURAGE.—GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Cap-tain's word:
2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love:
3. Oh, glorious is the strug-gle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord:
We are un-der marching or-ders to take the bat-tle-field, And we 'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
We go forth, but not to bat-tle for earthly honors vain, 'T is a bright im-mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And his people shall be bless-ed for ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Cap-tain, we ral-ly at his word;
Sharp will be the con-flict with the powers of sin, But with such a Lead-er, we are sure to win.

263 We are homeward bound.

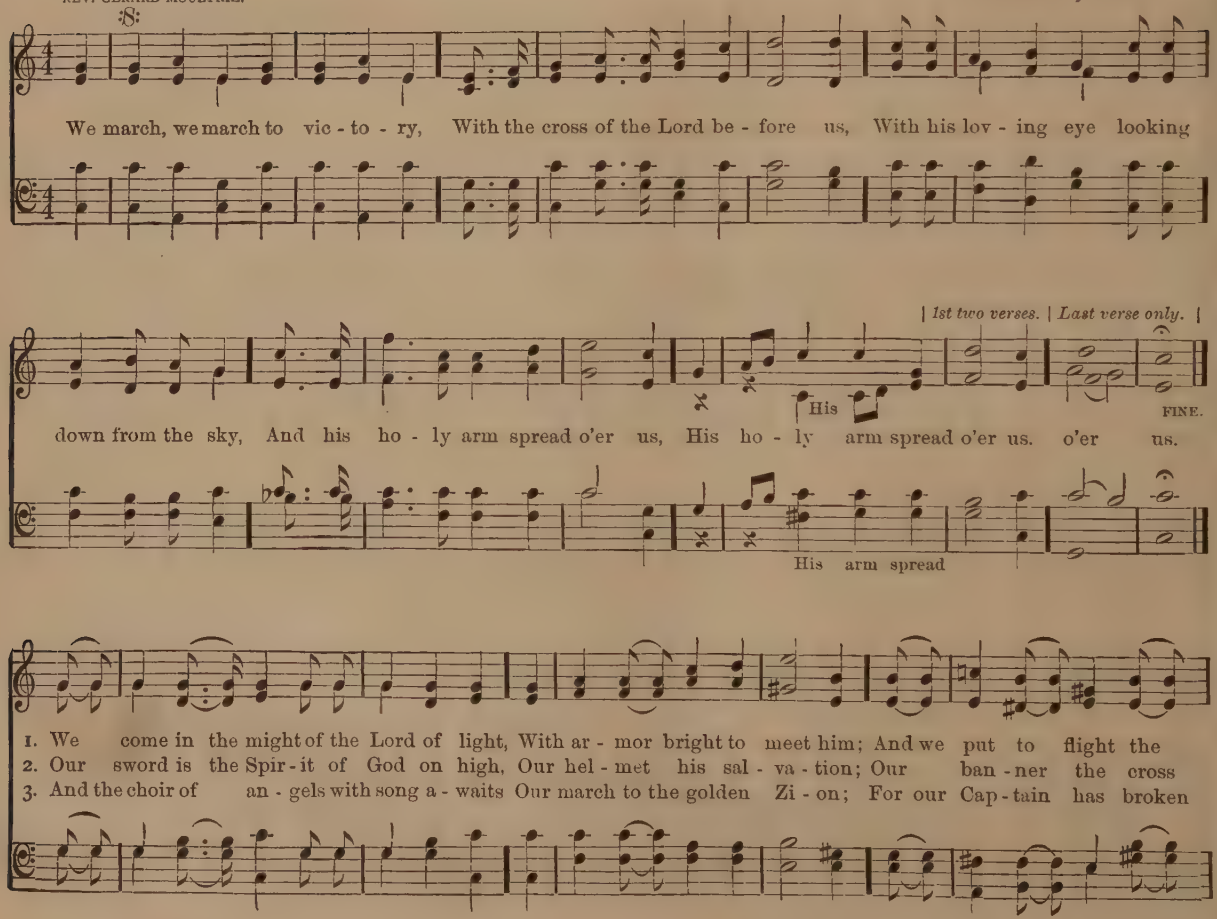
REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

HOMEWARD.—REV. A. A. GRALEY.

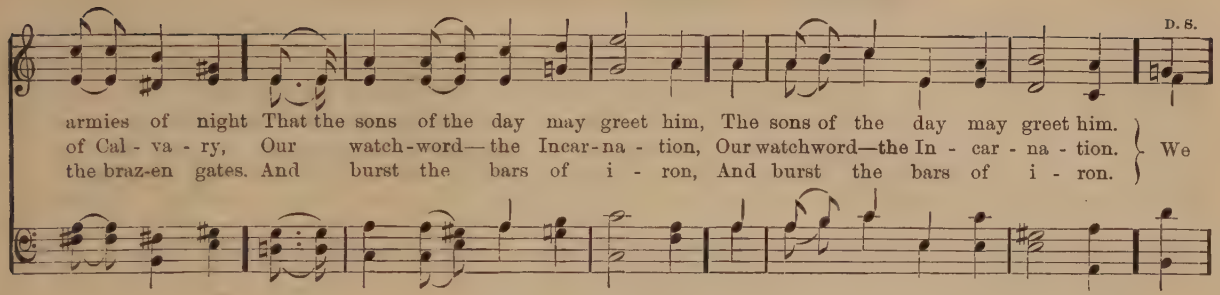
1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love, With a jour-ney set for ev-ery day;
2. There we sometimes meet oth-ers go-ing on be-fore; Pil-grims come ev-ery hour a new array;
3. So we too pass on, and the end is draw-ing near, Wea-ry foot-steps suf-fer no de-lay:
And the sun-shine hot casts a shadow from a-bove, Un-der-neath the cooling rock be-side the way.
And our hands have clasped, as we told our toils o'er, Un-der-neath the cooling rock be-side the way.
We as-suage each wound, and we ban-ish ev-ery fear, Un-der-neath the cooling rock be-side the way.
CHORUS.
Oh, the bless-ed shadow where the pilgrims wait and rest, Lay-ing off each bur-den that we bear;
And we sing our Saviour, who will welcome us at last, In the home he promised to pre-pare.

264 We march, we march to victory.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE. INCARNATION.—J. BARNBY.

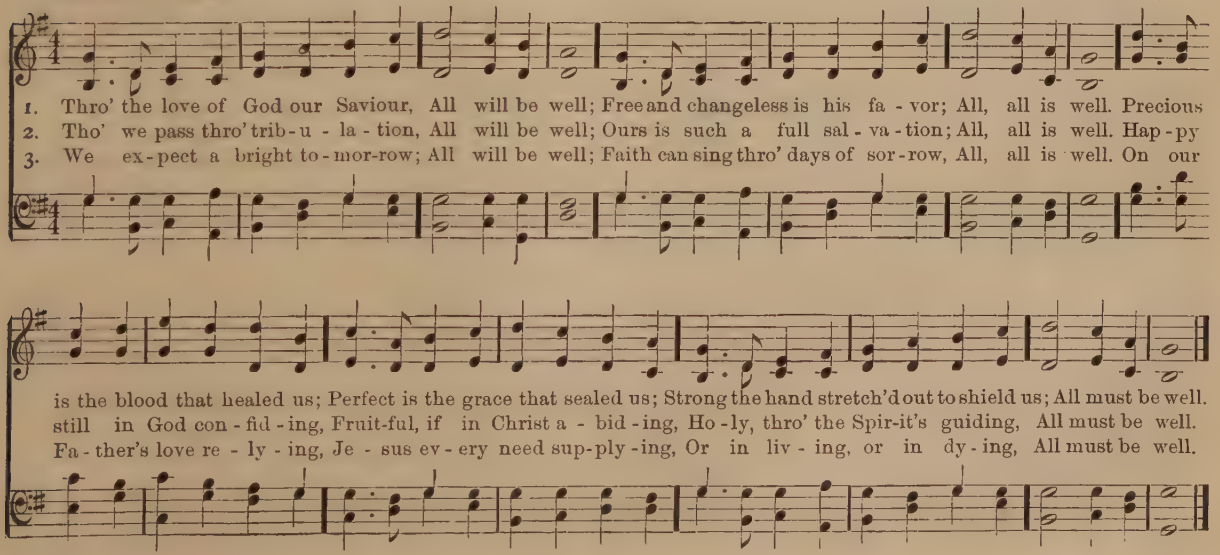

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his lov - ing eye looking
| 1st two verses. | Last verse only. |
down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.
His
FINE.
His arm spread
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we put to flight the
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the golden Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken

We march to victory.—Concluded.


D. S.
armies of night That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
of Cal - va - ry, Our watch-word—the Incar-na - tion, Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion. We
the braz-en gates. And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

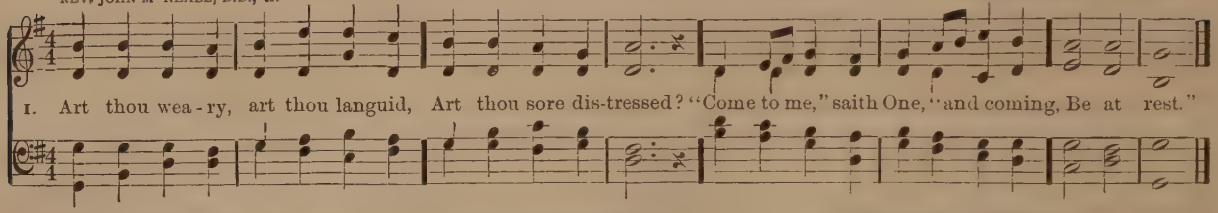
265 Through the love of God our Saviour.

MRS. MARY B. PETERS. WALES.—WELSH MELODY.


1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor; All, all is well. Precious
2. Tho' we pass thro' trib-u - la - tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion; All, all is well. Hap - py
3. We ex-pect a bright to-mor-row; All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sor-row, All, all is well. On our
is the blood that healed us; Perfect is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us; All must be well.
still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing, Ho - ly, thro' the Spir-it's guiding, All must be well.
Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - ery need sup-ply - ing, Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

266 Art thou weary, art thou languid.

REV. JOHN M NEALE, D.D., tr. STEPHANOS.—W. H. MONK.



2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

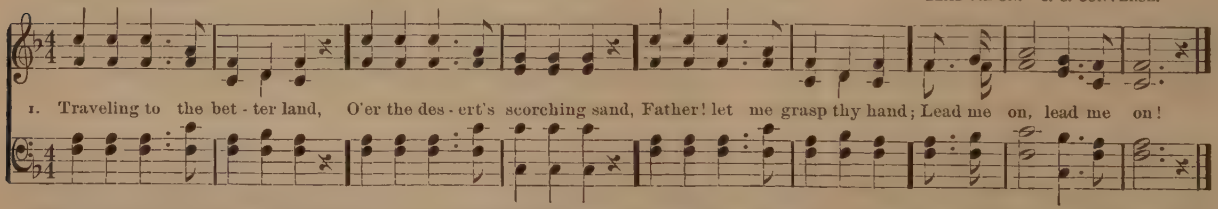
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

267 Traveling to the better land.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. LEAD ME ON.—C. C. CONVERSE.



2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

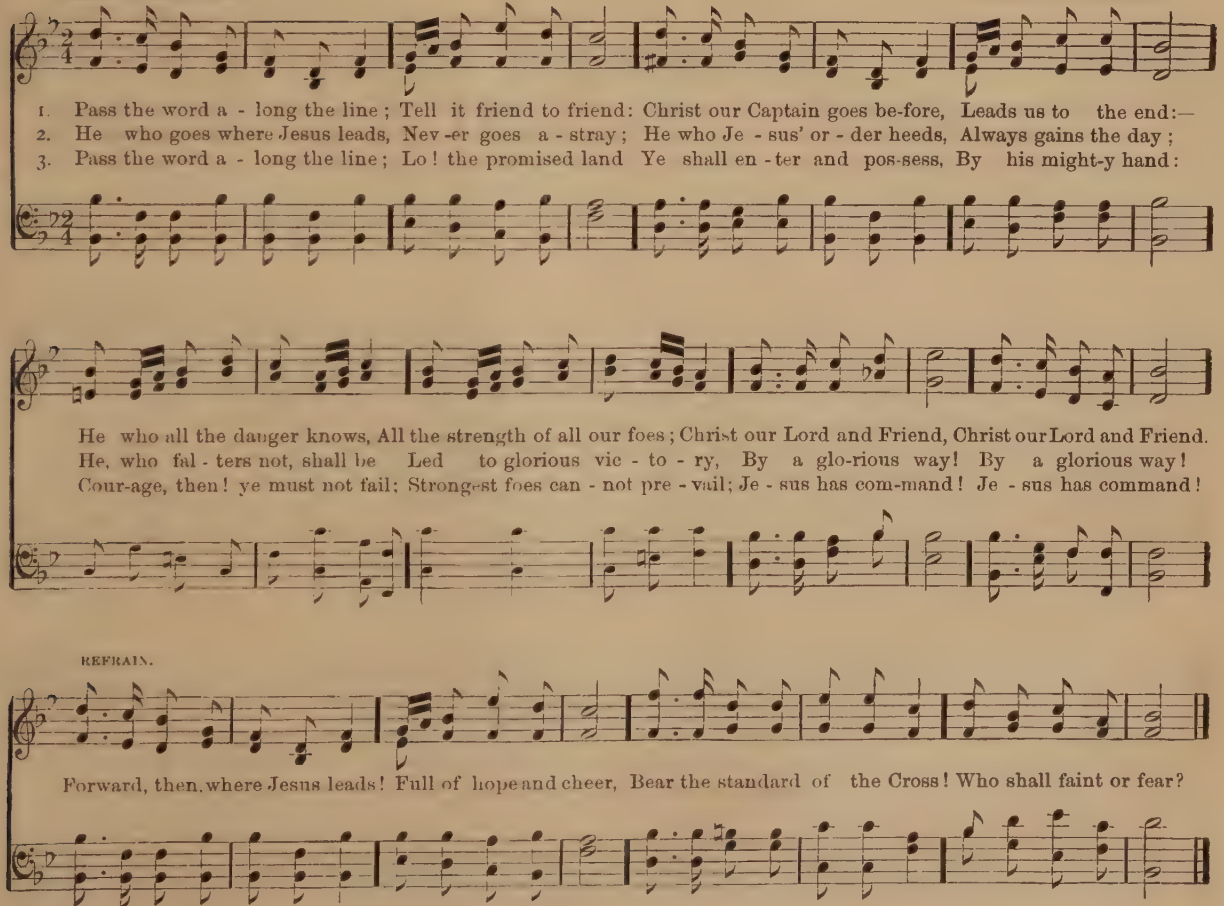
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on!

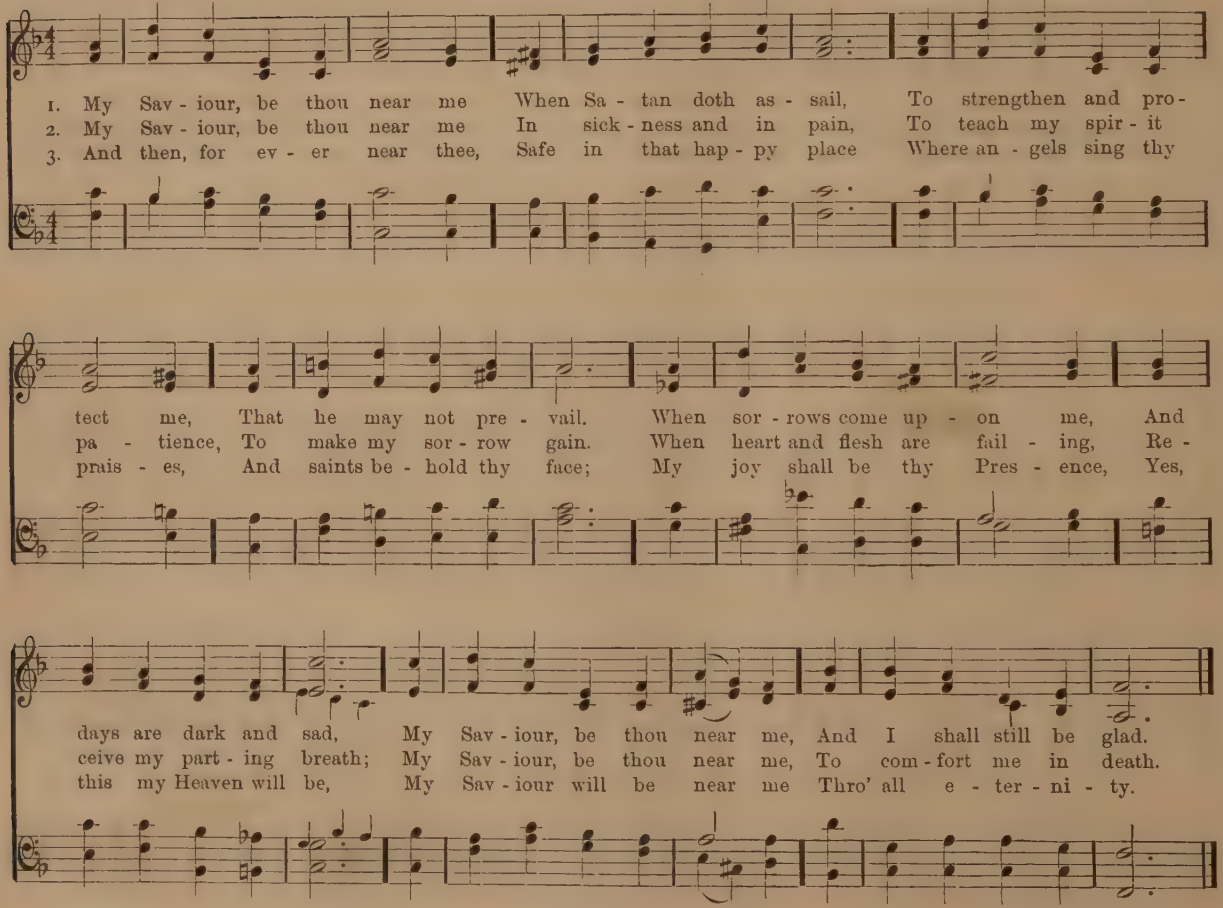
268 Pass the word along the line.

MISS H. O. KNOWLTON. SURSUM.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Pass the word a - long the line; Tell it friend to friend: Christ our Captain goes be-fore, Leads us to the end:—
2. He who goes where Jesus leads, Nev-er goes a - stray; He who Je - sus' or - der heeds, Always gains the day;
3. Pass the word a - long the line; Lo! the promised land Ye shall en - ter and pos-sess, By his might-y hand:
He who all the danger knows, All the strength of all our foes; Christ our Lord and Friend, Christ our Lord and Friend.
He, who fal - ters not, shall be Led to glorious vic - to - ry, By a glo-rious way! By a glorious way!
Cour-age, then! ye must not fail; Strong-est foes can - not pre - vail; Je - sus has com-mand! Je - sus has command!
REFRAIN.
Forward, then, where Jesus leads! Full of hope and cheer, Bear the standard of the Cross! Who shall faint or fear?

269 My Saviour, be thou near me.

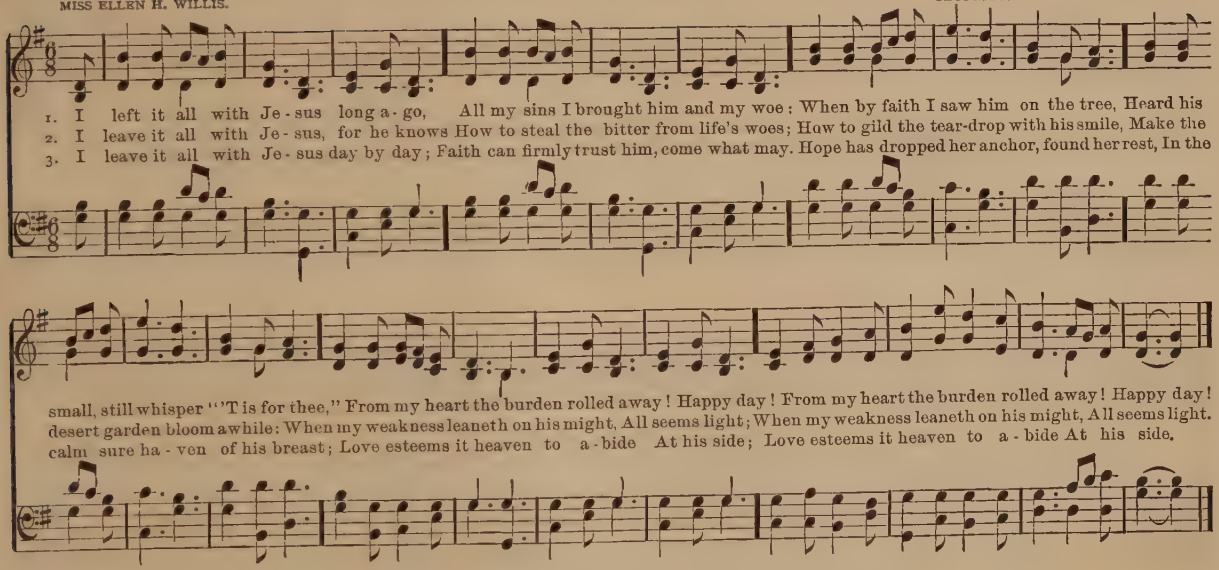
REV. T. A. STOWELL. ANGEL TOWER.—W. H. LONGHURST.


1. My Sav - iour, be thou near me When Sa - tan doth as - sail, To strengthen and pro-
tect me, That he may not pre - vail. When sor - rows come up - on me, And
days are dark and sad, My Sav - iour, be thou near me, And I shall still be glad.
2. My Sav - iour, be thou near me In sick - ness and in pain, To teach my spir - it
pa - tience, To make my sor - row gain. When heart and flesh are fail - ing, Re -
ceive my part - ing breath; My Sav - iour, be thou near me, To com - fort me in death.
3. And then, for ev - er near thee, Safe in that hap - py place Where an - gels sing thy
prais - es, And saints be - hold thy face; My joy shall be thy Pres - ence, Yes,
this my Heaven will be, My Sav - iour will be near me Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

270 I left it all with Jesus long ago.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

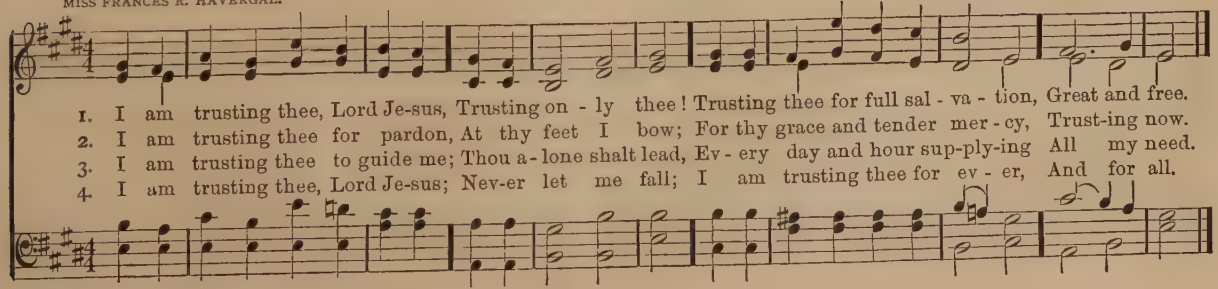
SECURITY.—ENGLISH MELODY.


1. I left it all with Je - sus long a - go, All my sins I brought him and my woe; When by faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for he knows How to steal the bitter from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with his smile, Make the
3. I leave it all with Je - sus day by day; Faith can firmly trust him, come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, In the
small, still whisper "'T is for thee," From my heart the burden rolled away! Happy day! From my heart the burden rolled away! Happy day!
desert garden bloom awhile: When my weakness leaneth on his might, All seems light; When my weakness leaneth on his might, All seems light.
calm sure ha - ven of his breast; Love esteems it heaven to a - bide At his side; Love esteems it heaven to a - bide At his side.

271 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus.

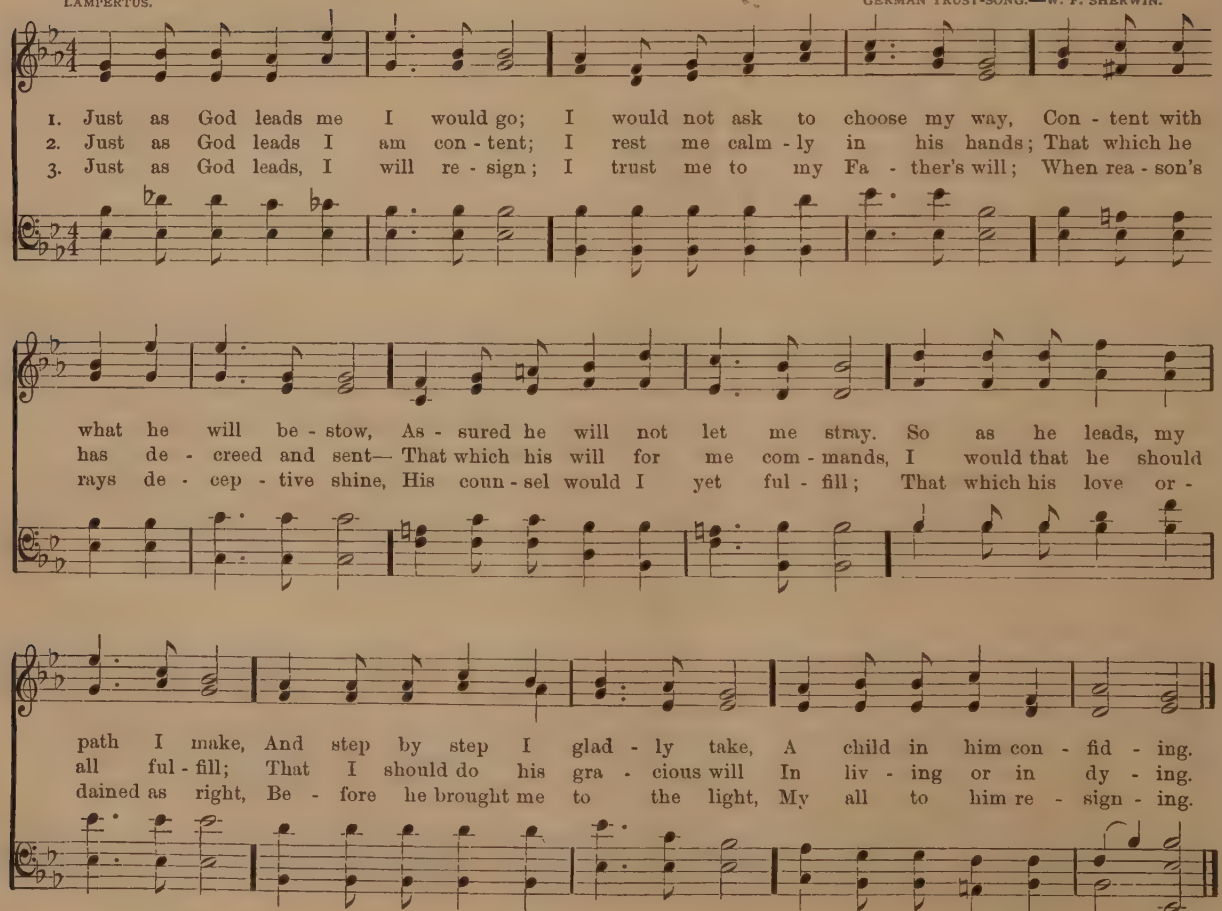
MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

TRUST.—R. P. STEWART.


1. I am trusting thee, Lord Je-sus, Trusting on - ly thee! Trusting thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
2. I am trusting thee for pardon, At thy feet I bow; For thy grace and tender mer - cy, Trust-ing now.
3. I am trusting thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - ery day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
4. I am trusting thee, Lord Je-sus; Nev-er let me fall; I am trusting thee for ev - er, And for all.

272 Just as God leads me I would go.

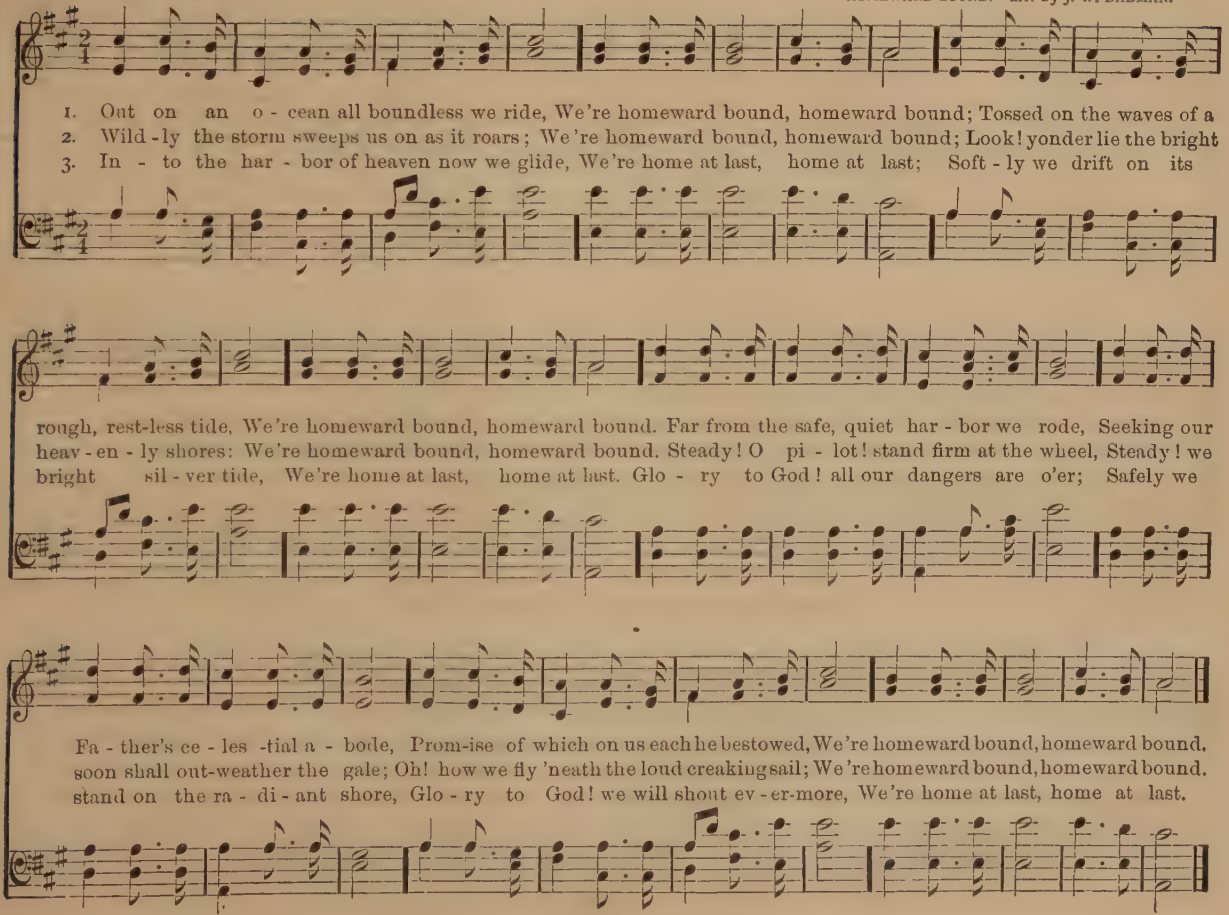
LAMPERTUS. GERMAN TRUST-SONG.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Just as God leads me I would go; I would not ask to choose my way, Con - tent with
2. Just as God leads I am con - tent; I rest me calm - ly in his hands; That which he
3. Just as God leads, I will re - sign; I trust me to my Fa - ther's will; When rea - son's
what he will be - stow, As - sured he will not let me stray. So as he leads, my
has de - creed and sent— That which his will for me com - mands, I would that he should
rays de - cep - tive shine, His coun - sel would I yet ful - fill; That which his love or -
path I make, And step by step I glad - ly take, A child in him con - fid - ing.
all ful - fill; That I should do his gra - cious will In liv - ing or in dy - ing.
dained as right, Be - fore he brought me to the light, My all to him re - sign - ing.

273 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride.

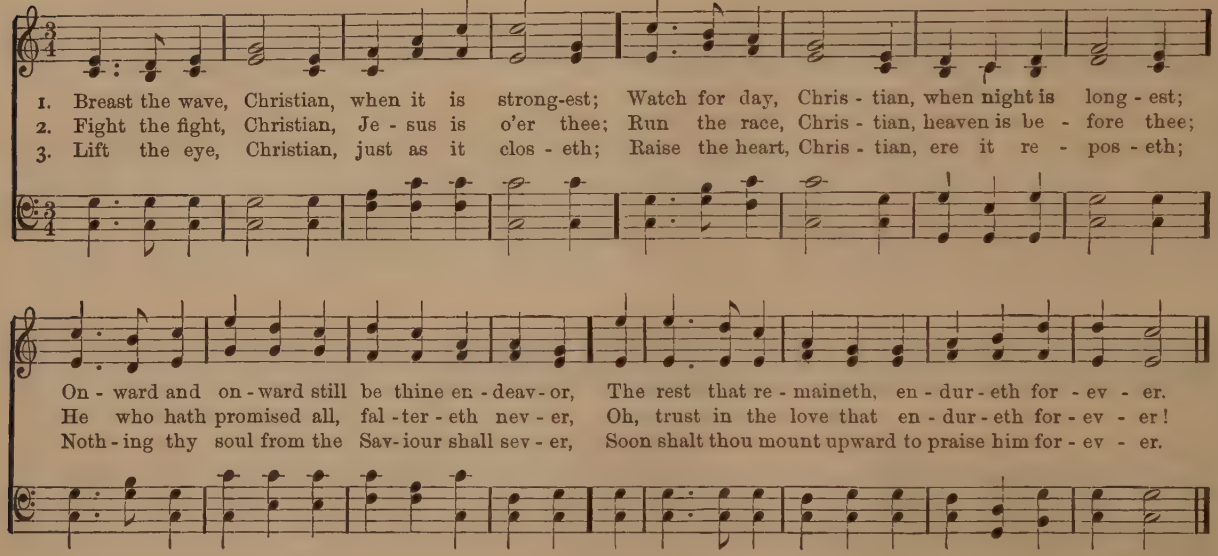
AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—arr. by J. W. DADMAN.


1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Tossed on the waves of a
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Look! yonder lie the bright
3. In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its
rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet har - bor we rode, Seeking our
heav - en - ly shores: We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we
bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er; Safely we
Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom-ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
soon shall out-weather the gale; Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
stand on the ra - di - ant shore, Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last.

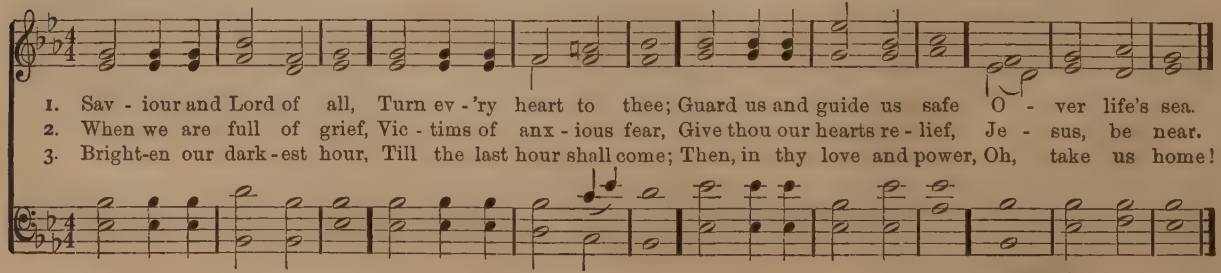
274 Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest.

J. STAMMERS. VICTORY.—R. B. LOCKWOOD.


1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris - tian, when night is long - est;
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Chris - tian, heaven is be - fore thee;
3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it clos - eth; Raise the heart, Chris - tian, ere it re - pos - eth;
On - ward and on - ward still be thine en - deav - or, The rest that re - maineth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.
He who hath promised all, fal - ter - eth nev - er, Oh, trust in the love that en - dur - eth for - ev - er!
Noth - ing thy soul from the Sav - iour shall sev - er, Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him for - ev - er.

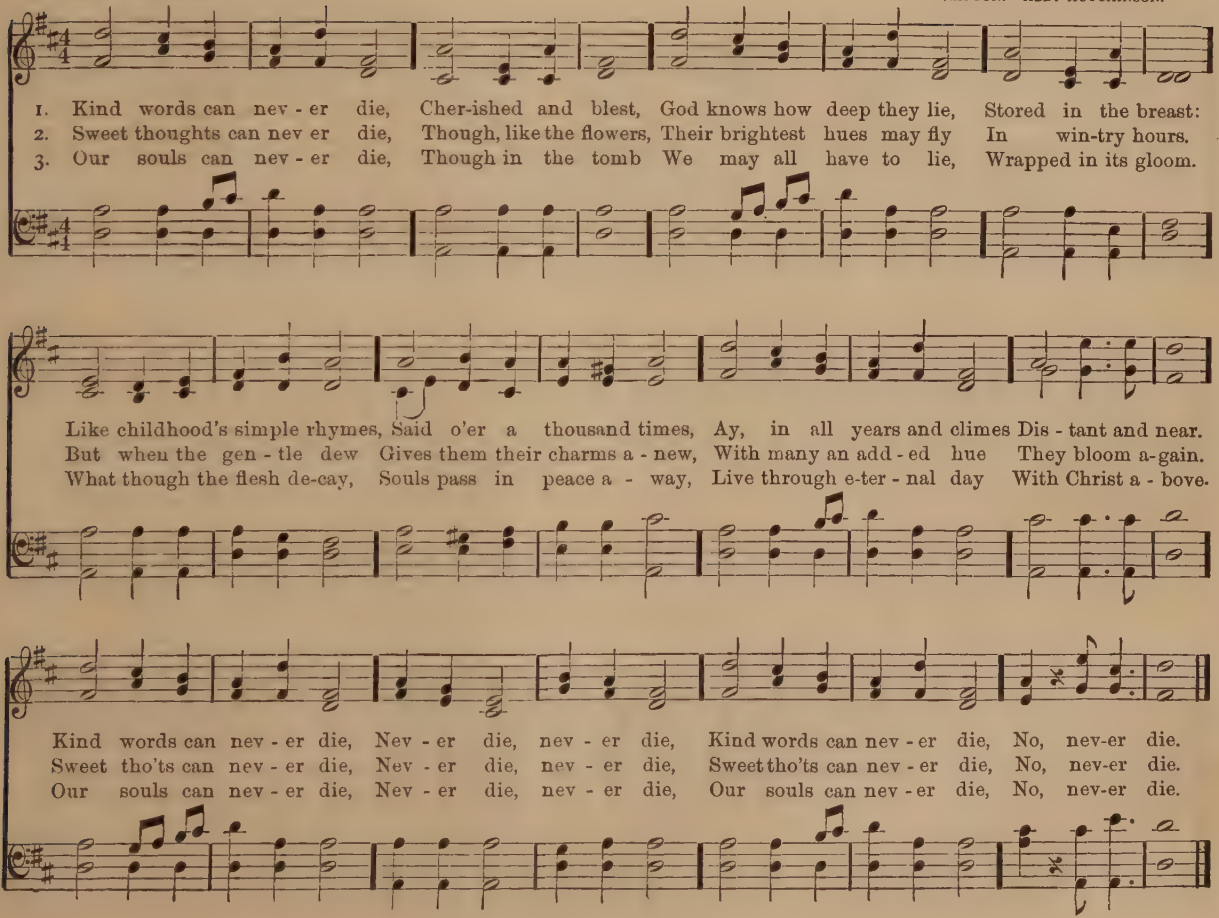
275 Saviour and Lord of all.

T. R. TAYLOR. GUARDIAN.—H. D. LESLIE.


1. Sav - iour and Lord of all, Turn ev - 'ry heart to thee; Guard us and guide us safe O - ver life's sea.
2. When we are full of grief, Vic - tims of anx - ious fear, Give thou our hearts re - lief, Je - sus, be near.
3. Bright-en our dark - est hour, Till the last hour shall come; Then, in thy love and power, Oh, take us home!

276 Kind words can never die.

MISS A. HUTCHINSON. CLIFTON.—ABBY HUTCHINSON.


1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast:
2. Sweet thoughts can nev er die, Though, like the flowers, Their brightest hues may fly In win-try hours.
3. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom.
Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Ay, in all years and climes Dis - tant and near.
But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a - new, With many an add - ed hue They bloom a-gain.
What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live through e-ter - nal day With Christ a - bove.
Kind words can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev-er die.
Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev-er die.
Our souls can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev-er die.

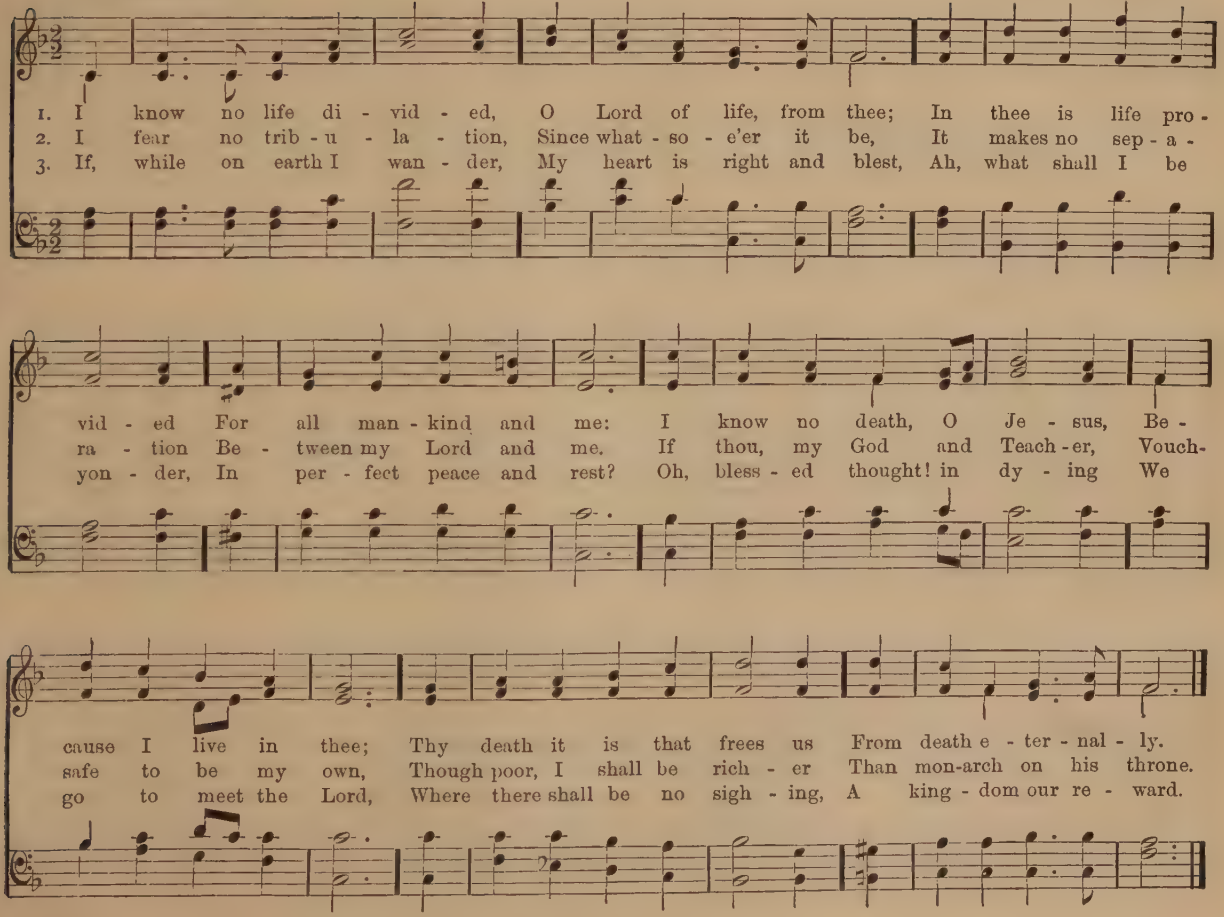
277 Oh, come and sing.

REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D. ARMORER.—EMMELAR.

:S:
1. Oh, come and sing, Your praises bring, Ye sol - diers of the Lord! Your voic - es raise, Oh, come and praise
2. One gift unpriced, God's love in Christ, Il - lu - mines all our skies; And souls a - wake Their ransom take,
3. Thou King of grace, Oh, show thy face A - bove each vale and hill! O Cru - ci-fied! Come, claim thy Bride,
D. S. Your prais-es bring, Ye sol - diers of the Lord! Your voic - es raise, Oh, come and praise
FINE.
The tri - umphs of his Word! For Sa - tan's bonds are tightening, Earth's dawn is swift-ly brightening,
With sweet and glad sur - prise: No long - er fet - ters gall - ing Are hu - man limbs en - thrall-ing;
And crown her at thy will! How heav - en's harps are ring - ing! Our long - ing hearts up - springing,
The tri - umphs of his Word!
CHORUS. D. S.
Men's heav - y bur - dens lightening, The fields with har-vests whitening.
See hea - then i - dols fall - ing— Hear mar - tyr voic - es call - ing— Oh, come and sing,
Are list - 'ning to the sing - ing, What gifts our Lord is bring - ing!

278 I know no life divided.

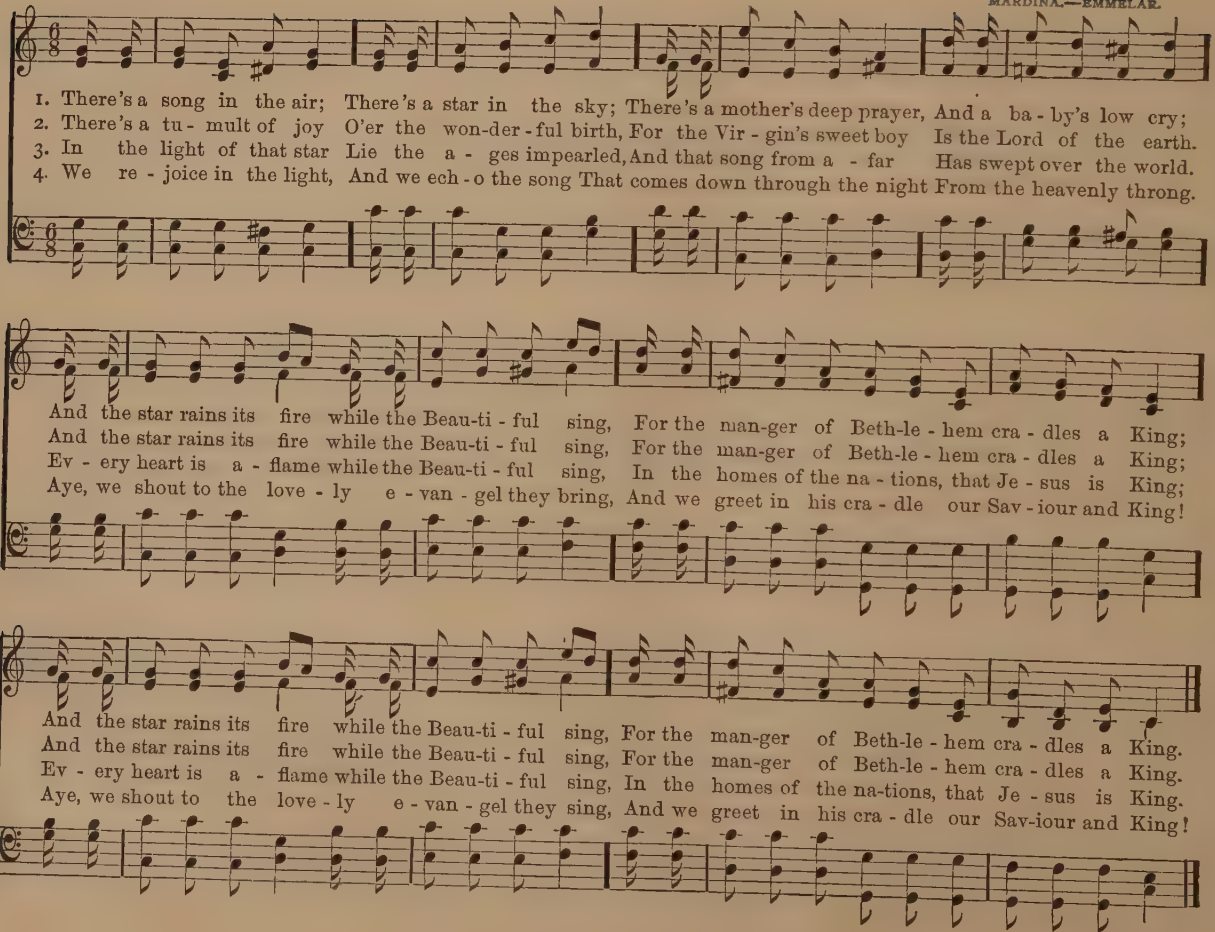
RICHARD MASSIE, tr. SPITTA.—H. P. DANKS.


1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro -
2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since what - so - e'er it be, It makes no sep - a -
3. If, while on earth I wan - der, My heart is right and blest, Ah, what shall I be
vid - ed For all man - kind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be -
ra - tion Be - tween my Lord and me. If thou, my God and Teach - er, Vouch -
yon - der, In per - fect peace and rest? Oh, bless - ed thought! in dy - ing We
cause I live in thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.
safe to be my own, Though poor, I shall be rich - er Than mon-arch on his throne.
go to meet the Lord, Where there shall be no sigh - ing, A king - dom our re - ward.

279 There's a song in the air.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

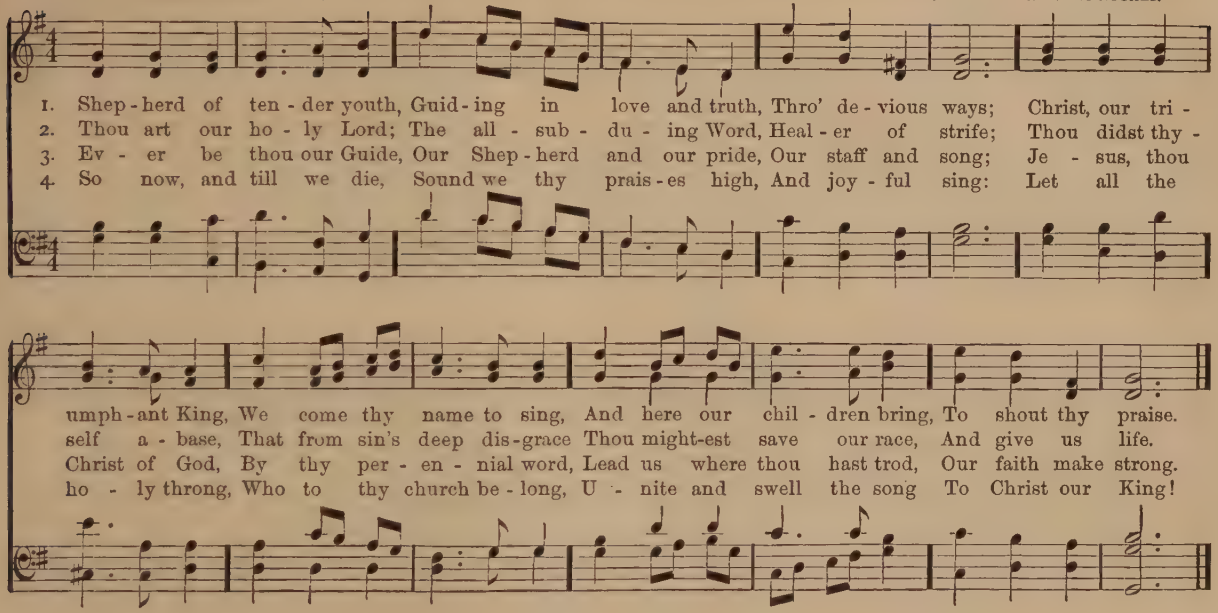
MARDINA.—EMMELAR.


1. There's a song in the air; There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep prayer, And a ba - by's low cry;
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won-der - ful birth, For the Vir - gin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges impearled, And that song from a - far Has swept over the world.
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throng.
And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le - hem cra - dles a King;
And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le - hem cra - dles a King;
Ev - ery heart is a - flame while the Beau-ti - ful sing, In the homes of the na - tions, that Je - sus is King;
Aye, we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cra - dle our Sav - iour and King!
And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le - hem cra - dles a King.
And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le - hem cra - dles a King.
Ev - ery heart is a - flame while the Beau-ti - ful sing, In the homes of the na-tions, that Je - sus is King.
Aye, we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they sing, And we greet in his cra - dle our Sav-iour and King!

280 Shepherd of tender youth.

REV. H. M. DEXTER, D.D. tr.

WORSHIP.—MRS. WATTS-HUGHES.


1. Shep-herd of ten-der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth, Thro' de-vious ways; Christ, our tri-
2. Thou art our ho-ly Lord; The all-sub-du-ing Word, Heal-er of strife; Thou didst thy-
3. Ev-er be thou our Guide, Our Shep-herd and our pride, Our staff and song; Je-sus, thou
4. So now, and till we die, Sound we thy prais-es high, And joy-ful sing: Let all the
umph-ant King, We come thy name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring, To shout thy praise.
self a-base, That from sin's deep dis-grace Thou might-est save our race, And give us life.
Christ of God, By thy per-en-nial word, Lead us where thou hast trod, Our faith make strong.
ho-ly throng, Who to thy church be-long, U-nite and swell the song To Christ our King!

281 Christ for the world we sing.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D.D.

TUNE—"WORSHIP."

1.
Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

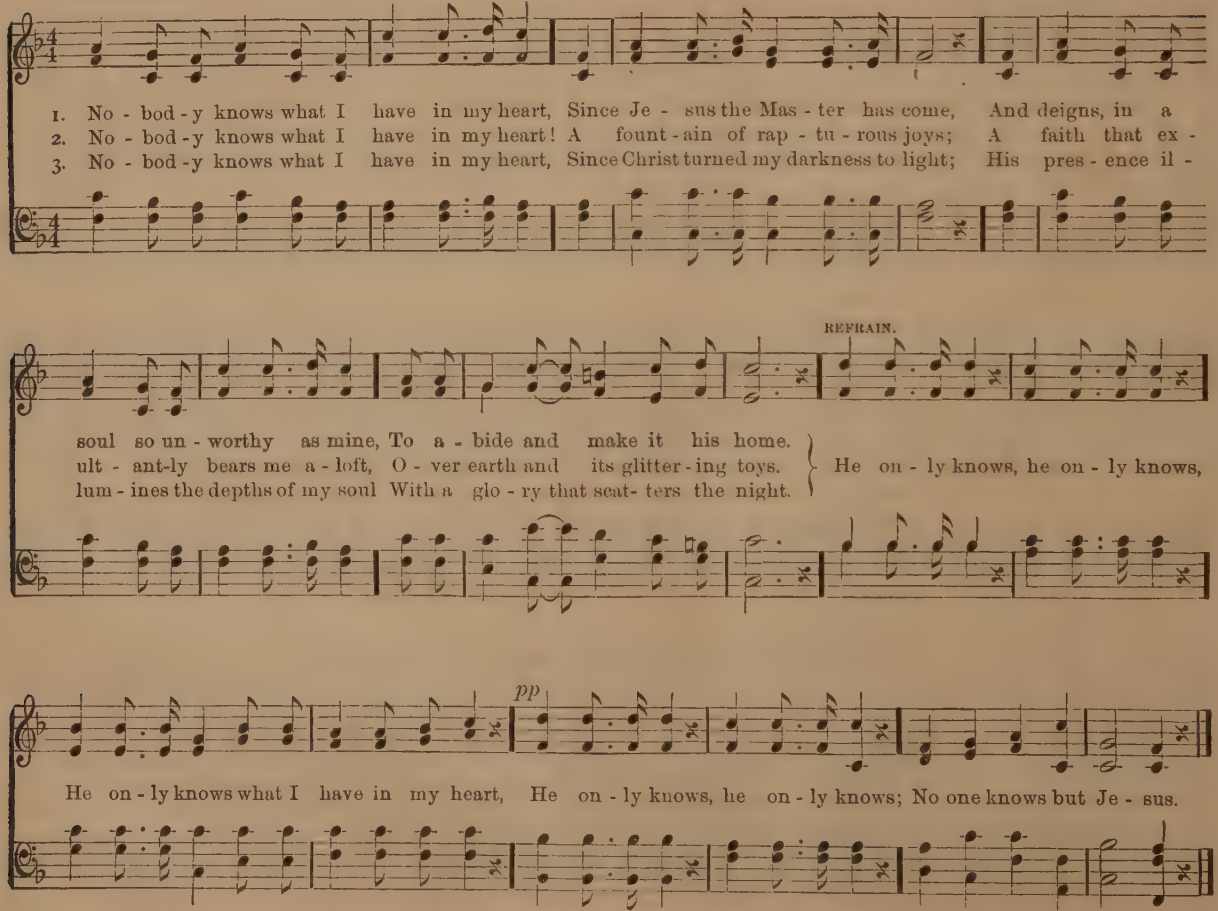
2.
Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3.
Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4.
Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

282 Nobody knows what I have in my heart.

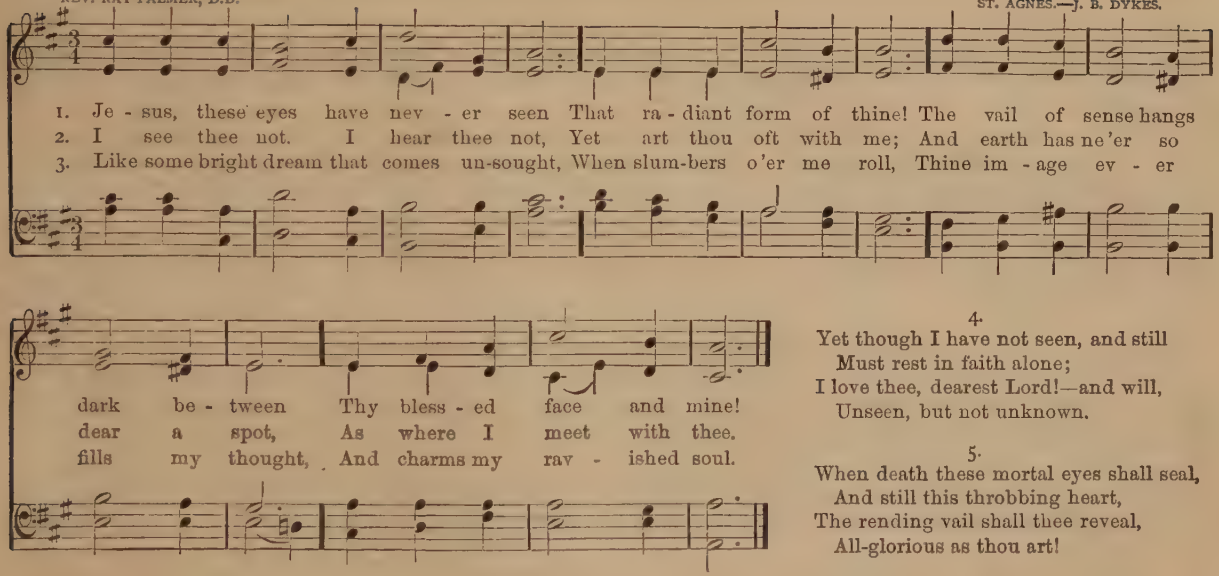
M. B. FONTAINE. NEMO.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Je - sus the Mas - ter has come, And deigns, in a
2. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart! A fount - ain of rap - tu - rous joys; A faith that ex -
3. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Christ turned my darkness to light; His pres - ence il -
REFRAIN.
soul so un - worthy as mine, To a - bide and make it his home.
ult - ant-ly bears me a - loft, O - ver earth and its glitter - ing toys.
lum - ines the depths of my soul With a glo - ry that scat - ters the night.
He on - ly knows, he on - ly knows,
pp
He on - ly knows what I have in my heart, He on - ly knows, he on - ly knows; No one knows but Je - sus.

283 Jesus, these eyes have never seen.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

ST. AGNES.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine! The vail of sense hangs
2. I see thee not. I hear thee not, Yet art thou oft with me; And earth has ne'er so
3. Like some bright dream that comes un-sought, When slum-bers o'er me roll, Thine im - age ev - er
dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine!
dear a spot, As where I meet with thee.
fills my thought, And charms my rav - ished soul.

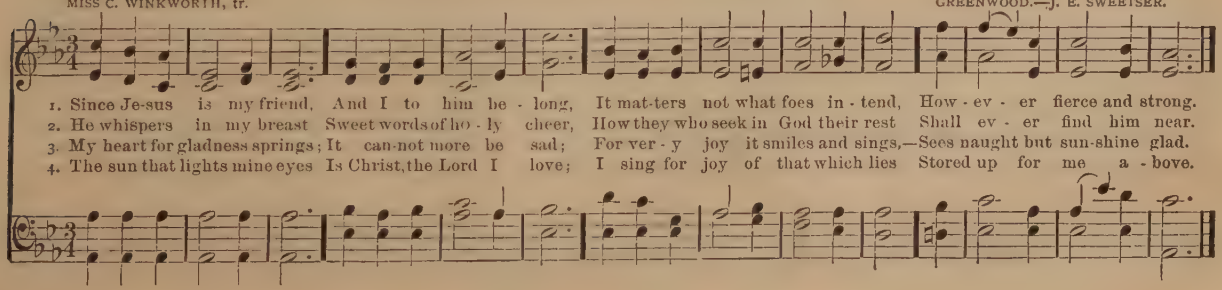
4.
Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5.
When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art!

284 Since Jesus is my friend.

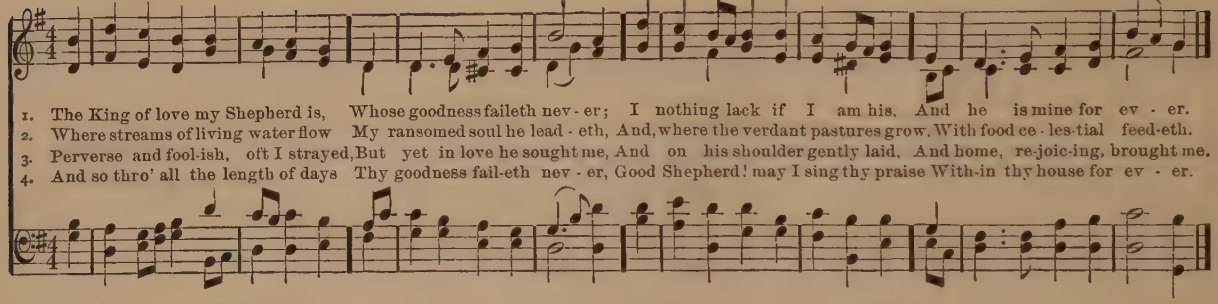
MISS C. WINKWORTH, tr.

GREENWOOD.—J. E. SWEETSER.


1. Since Je-sus is my friend, And I to him be - long, It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.
2. He whispers in my breast Sweet words of ho - ly cheer, How they who seek in God their rest Shall ev - er find him near.
3. My heart for gladness springs; It can-not more be sad; For ver - y joy it smiles and sings,—Sees naught but sun-shine glad.
4. The sun that lights mine eyes Is Christ, the Lord I love; I sing for joy of that which lies Stored up for me a - bove.

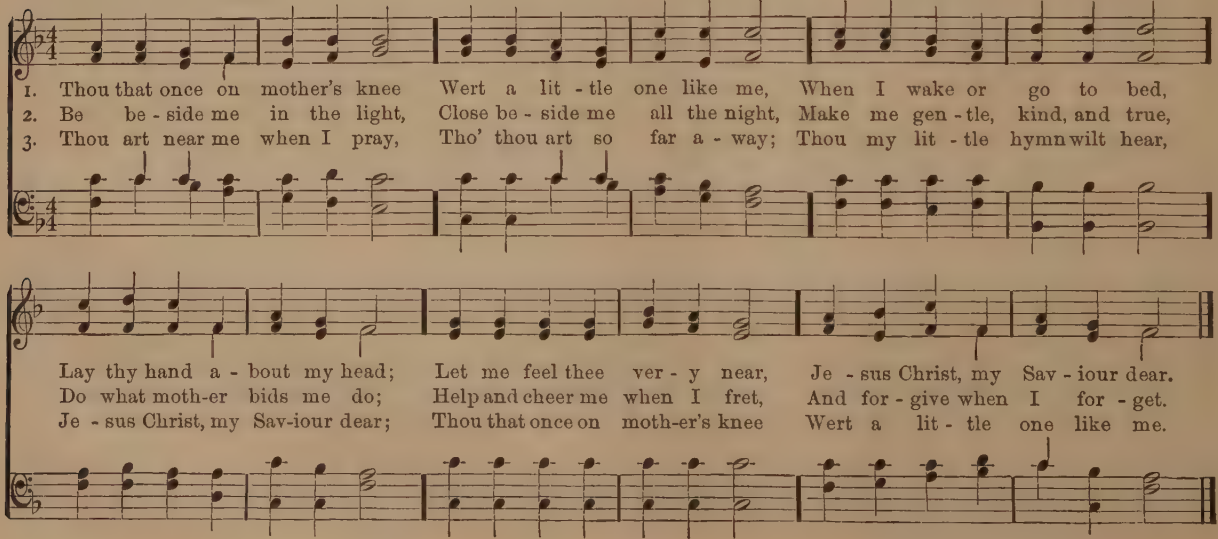
285 The King of love my Shepherd is.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER. DOMINUS REGIT.—J. B. DYKES.


1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er; I nothing lack if I am his, And he is mine for ev - er.
2. Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul he lead - eth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les-tial feed-eth.
3. Perverse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love he sought me, And on his shoulder gently laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy goodness fail-eth nev - er, Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise With-in thy house for ev - er.

286 Thou that once on mother's knee.

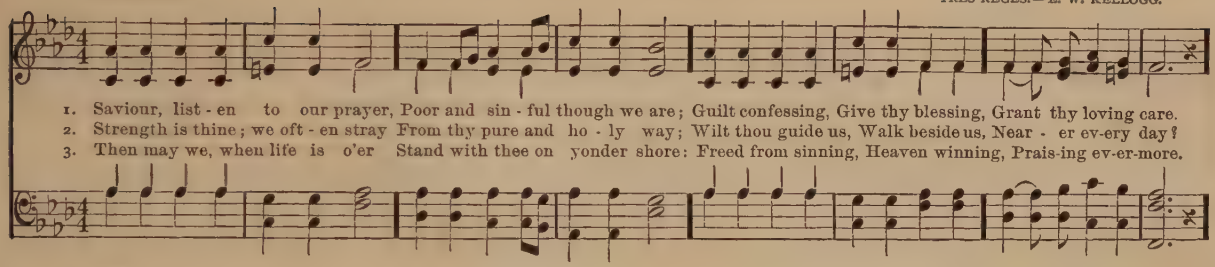
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. MY SAVIOUR DEAR.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me, When I wake or go to bed,
2. Be be - side me in the light, Close be - side me all the night, Make me gen - tle, kind, and true,
3. Thou art near me when I pray, Tho' thou art so far a - way; Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear,
Lay thy hand a - bout my head; Let me feel thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour dear.
Do what moth-er bids me do; Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
Je - sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear; Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me.

287 Saviour, listen to our prayer.

E. W. KELLOGG.

TRES REGES.—E. W. KELLOGG.


1. Saviour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful though we are; Guilt confessing, Give thy blessing, Grant thy loving care.
2. Strength is thine; we oft - en stray From thy pure and ho - ly way; Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us, Near - er ev-ery day?
3. Then may we, when life is o'er Stand with thee on yonder shore: Freed from sinning, Heaven winning, Prais-ing ev-er-more.

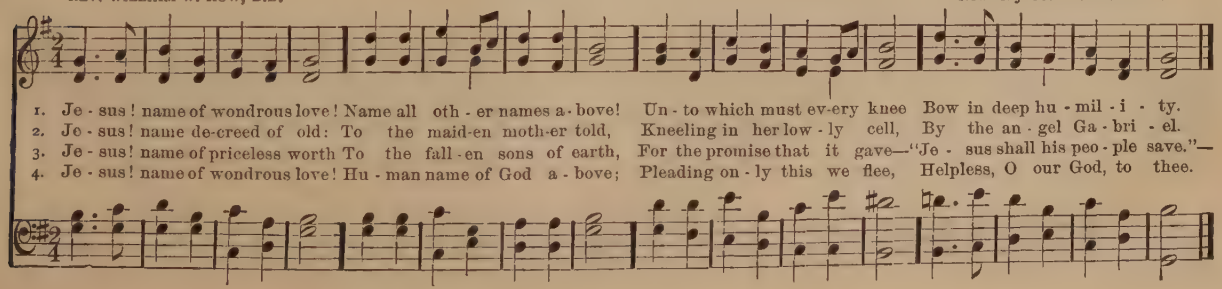
CHORUS.

O God our Fa-ther, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ever, bless-ed Saviour, Till in heaven thy love we sing.

288 Jesus! name of wondrous love!

REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D.D.

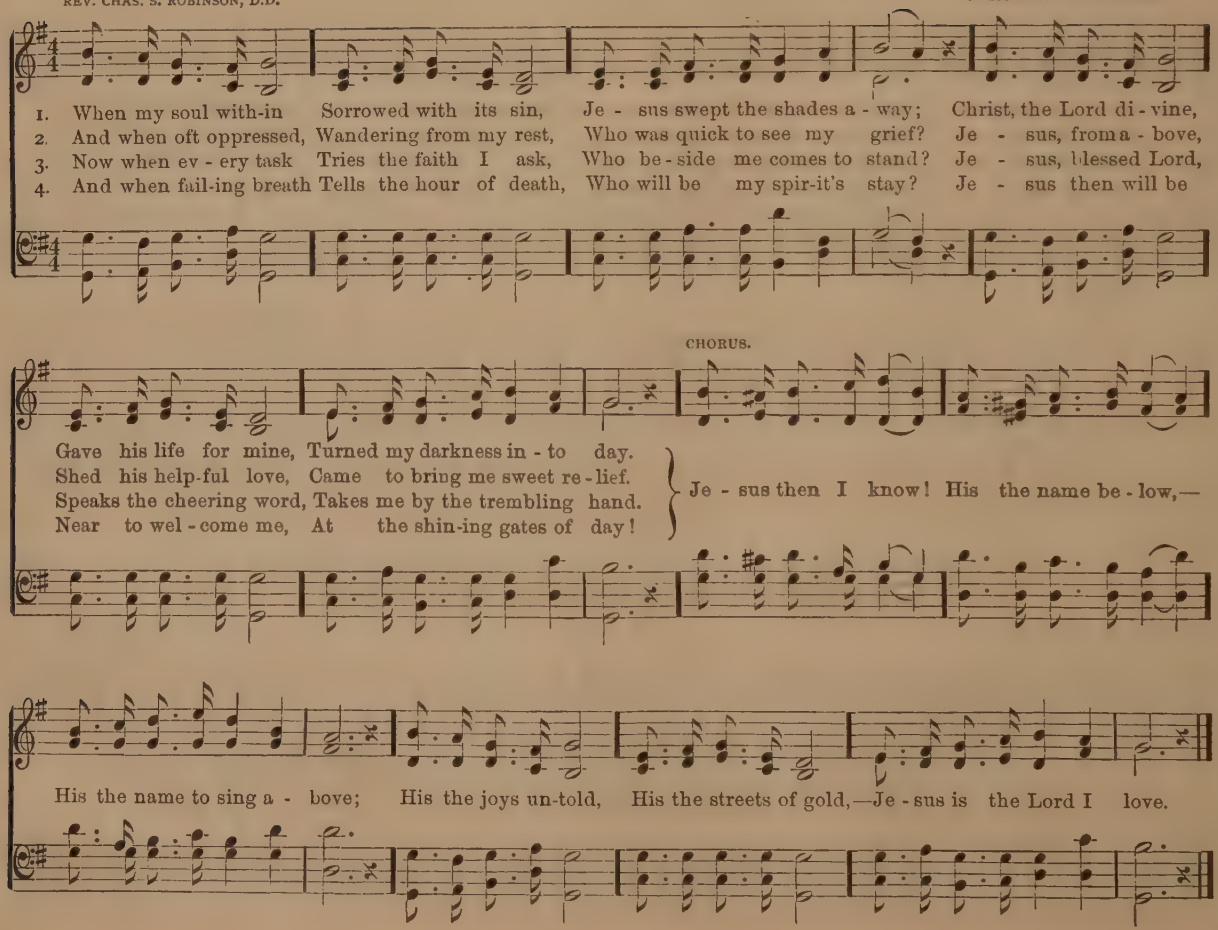
NOMEN JESU.—R. REDHEAD.


1. Je - sus! name of wondrous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove! Un - to which must ev-ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
2. Je - sus! name de-creed of old: To the maid-en moth-er told, Kneeling in her low - ly cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
3. Je - sus! name of priceless worth To the fall - en sons of earth, For the promise that it gave—"Je - sus shall his peo - ple save."—
4. Je - sus! name of wondrous love! Hu - man name of God a - bove; Pleading on - ly this we flee, Helpless, O our God, to thee.

289 When my soul within.

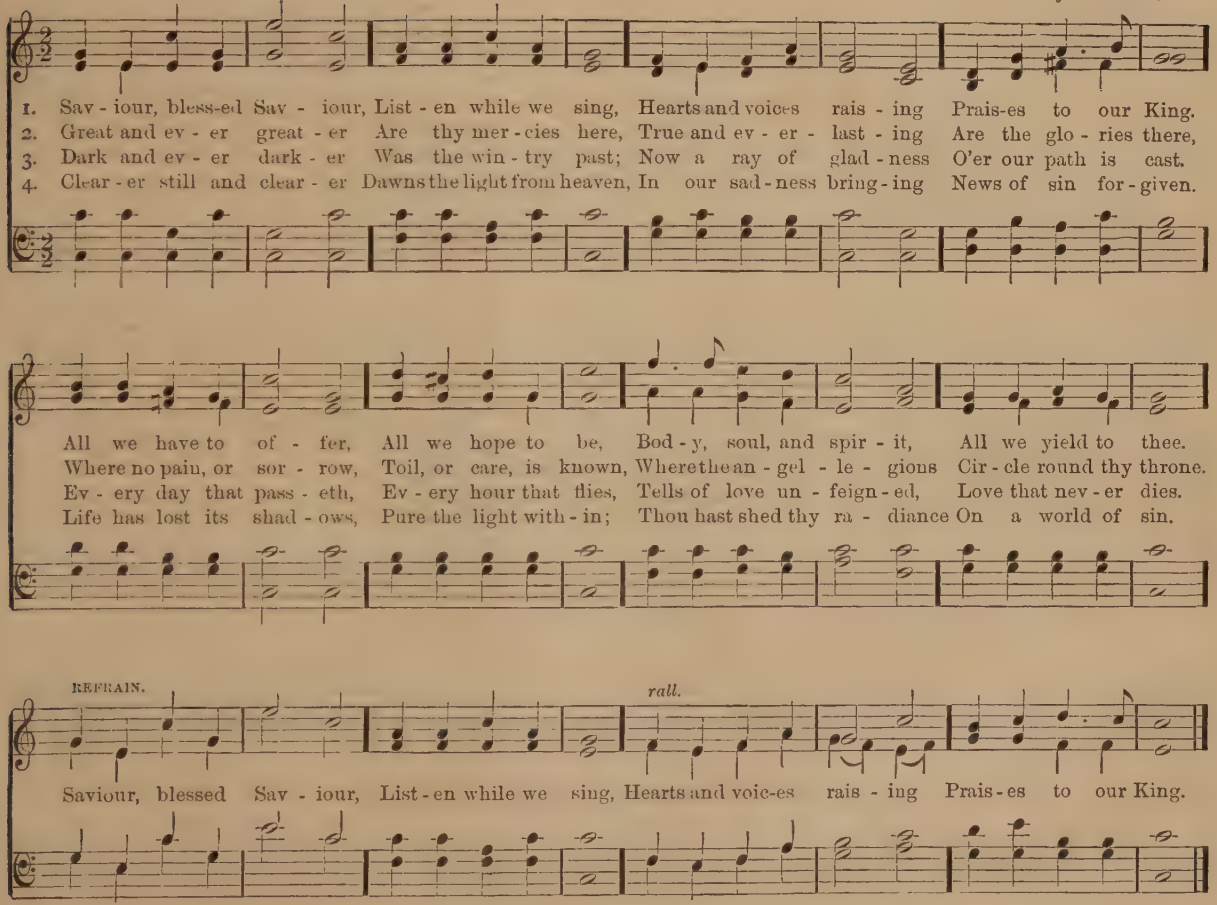
REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

FELICITAS.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. When my soul with-in Sorrowed with its sin, Je - sus swept the shades a - way; Christ, the Lord di - vine,
2. And when oft oppressed, Wandering from my rest, Who was quick to see my grief? Je - sus, from a - bove,
3. Now when ev - ery task Tries the faith I ask, Who be - side me comes to stand? Je - sus, blessed Lord,
4. And when fail-ing breath Tells the hour of death, Who will be my spir-it's stay? Je - sus then will be
CHORUS.
Gave his life for mine, Turned my darkness in - to day.
Shed his help-ful love, Came to bring me sweet re - lief.
Speaks the cheering word, Takes me by the trembling hand.
Near to wel - come me, At the shin-ing gates of day!
Je - sus then I know! His the name be - low,—
His the name to sing a - bove; His the joys un-told, His the streets of gold,—Je - sus is the Lord I love.

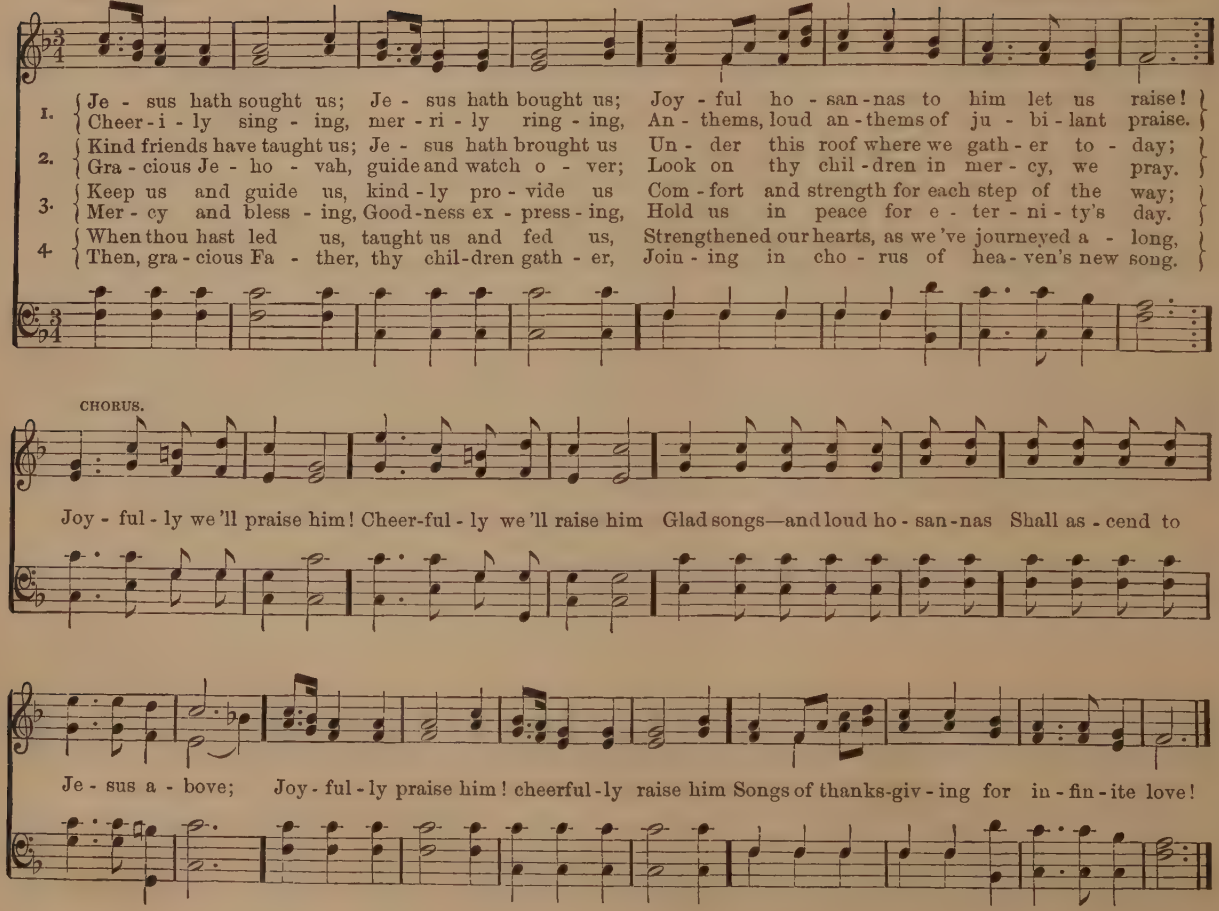
290 Saviour, blessed Saviour.

REV. GODFREY THRING. MARION.—SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.


1. Sav - iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing Prais-es to our King.
2. Great and ev - er great - er Are thy mer - cies here, True and ev - er - last - ing Are the glo - ries there,
3. Dark and ev - er dark - er Was the win - try past; Now a ray of glad - ness O'er our path is cast.
4. Clear - er still and clear - er Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad - ness bring - ing News of sin for - given.
All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.
Where no pain, or sor - row, Toil, or care, is known, Where the an - gel - le - gions Cir - cle round thy throne.
Ev - ery day that pass - eth, Ev - ery hour that flies, Tells of love un - feign - ed, Love that nev - er dies.
Life has lost its shad - ows, Pure the light with - in; Thou hast shed thy ra - diance On a world of sin.
REFRAIN.
rall.
Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing, Hearts and voic-es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

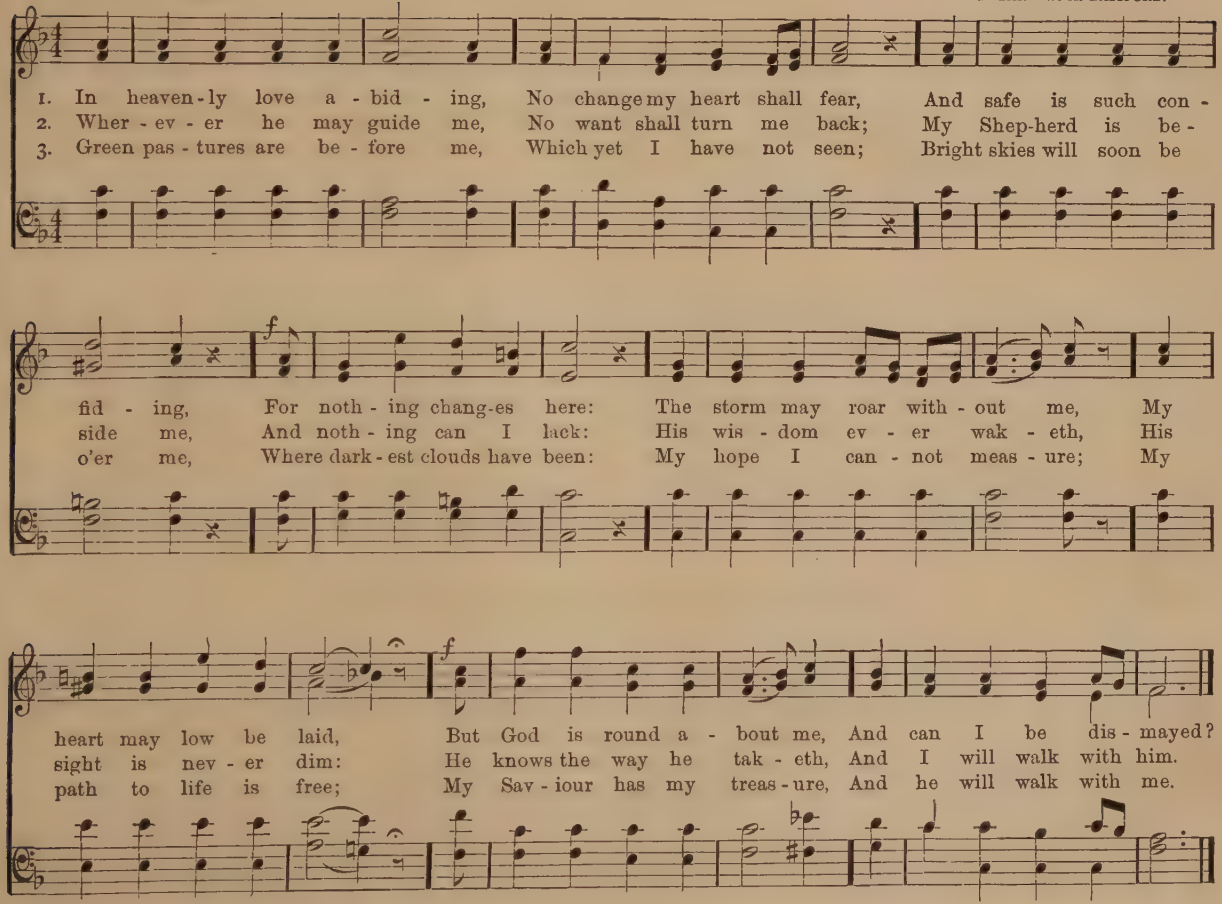
291 Jesus hath sought us.

REV. A. TAYLOR. SOTER.—J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus hath sought us; Je - sus hath bought us; Joy - ful ho - san - nas to him let us raise!
Cheer - i - ly sing - ing, mer - ri - ly ring - ing, An - thems, loud an - thems of ju - bi - lant praise.
2. Kind friends have taught us; Je - sus hath brought us Un - der this roof where we gath - er to - day;
Gra - cious Je - ho - vah, guide and watch o - ver; Look on thy chil - dren in mer - cy, we pray.
3. Keep us and guide us, kind - ly pro - vide us Com - fort and strength for each step of the way;
Mer - cy and bless - ing, Good - ness ex - press - ing, Hold us in peace for e - ter - ni - ty's day.
4. When thou hast led us, taught us and fed us, Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed a - long,
Then, gra - cious Fa - ther, thy chil - dren gath - er, Join - ing in cho - rus of hea - ven's new song.
CHORUS.
Joy - ful - ly we'll praise him! Cheer - ful - ly we'll raise him Glad songs—and loud ho - san - nas Shall as - cend to
Je - sus a - bove; Joy - ful - ly praise him! cheerful - ly raise him Songs of thanks - giv - ing for in - fin - ite love!

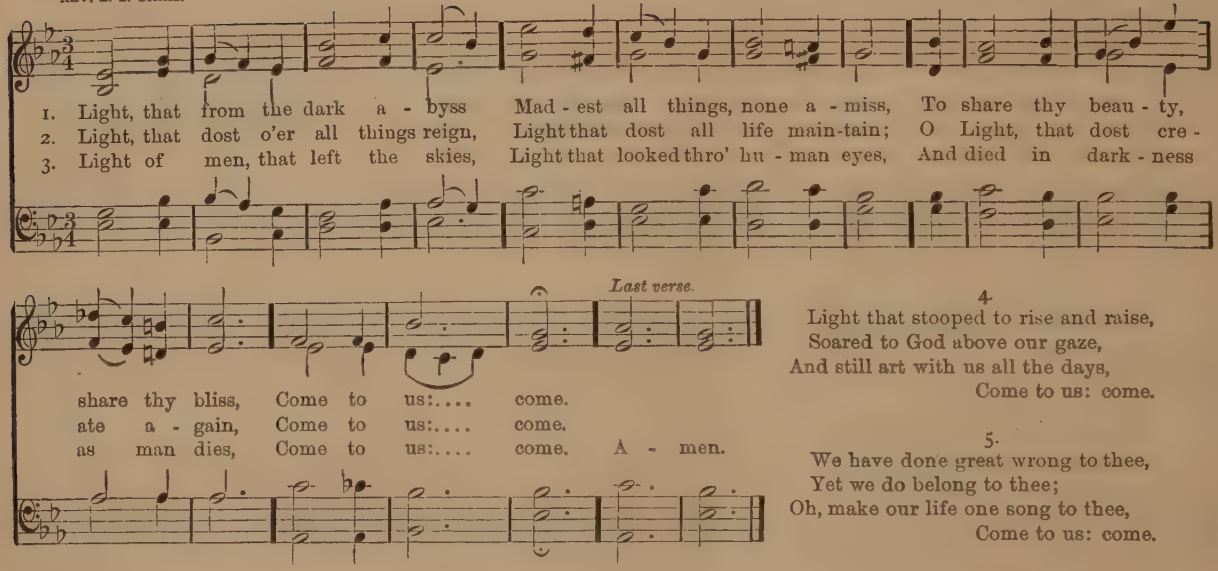
292 In heavenly love abiding.

MISS ANNA L. WARING. DELHI.—W. K. BASSFORD.


1. In heaven-ly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
2. Wher-ev-er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be-
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
fid-ing, For noth-ing chang-es here: The storm may roar with-out me, My
side me, And noth-ing can I lack: His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth, His
o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have been: My hope I can-not meas-ure; My
heart may low be laid, But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
sight is nev-er dim: He knows the way he tak-eth, And I will walk with him.
path to life is free; My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And he will walk with me.

293 Light, that from the dark abyss.

REV. E. B. BIRKS. VENI, LUX.—A. H. BROWN.

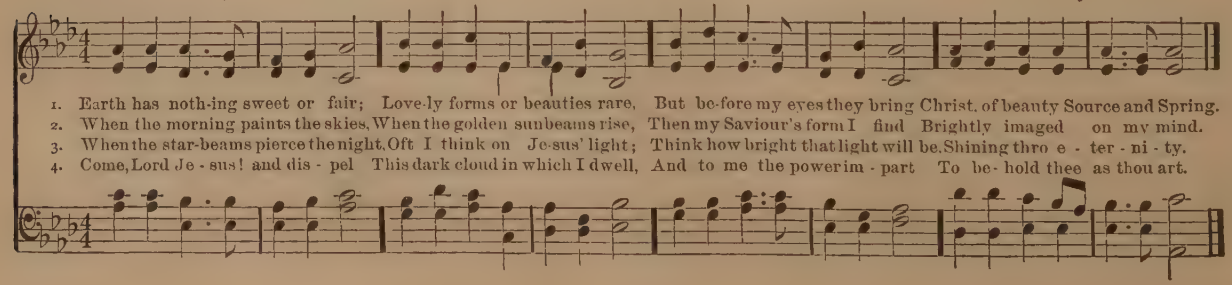

1. Light, that from the dark a - byss Mad - est all things, none a - miss, To share thy beau - ty,
2. Light, that dost o'er all things reign, Light that dost all life main-tain; O Light, that dost cre -
3. Light of men, that left the skies, Light that looked thro' hu - man eyes, And died in dark - ness
Last verse.
share thy bliss, Come to us:.... come.
ate a - gain, Come to us:.... come.
as man dies, Come to us:.... come. A - men.

4.
Light that stooped to rise and raise,
Soared to God above our gaze,
And still art with us all the days,
Come to us: come.

5.
We have done great wrong to thee,
Yet we do belong to thee;
Oh, make our life one song to thee,
Come to us: come.

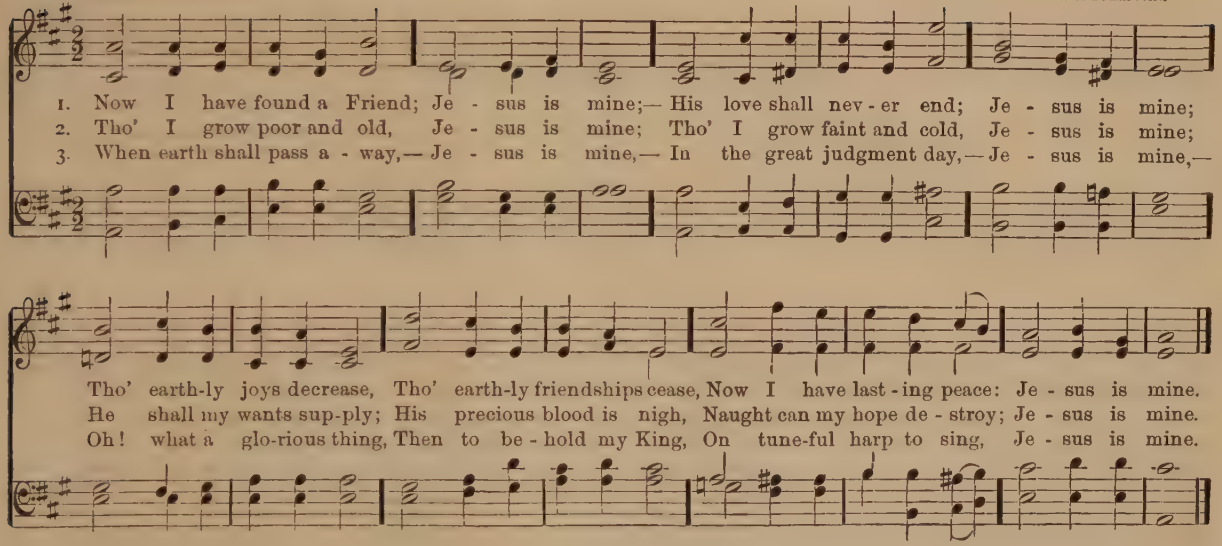
294 Earth has nothing sweet or fair.

MISS FRANCES E. COX, tr. ST. BEES.—J. B. DYKES.


1. Earth has noth-ing sweet or fair; Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
2. When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sunbeams rise, Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly imaged on my mind.
3. When the star-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Je-sus' light; Think how bright that light will be, Shining thro e - ter - ni - ty.
4. Come, Lord Je - sus! and dis - pel This dark cloud in which I dwell, And to me the power im - part To be - hold thee as thou art.

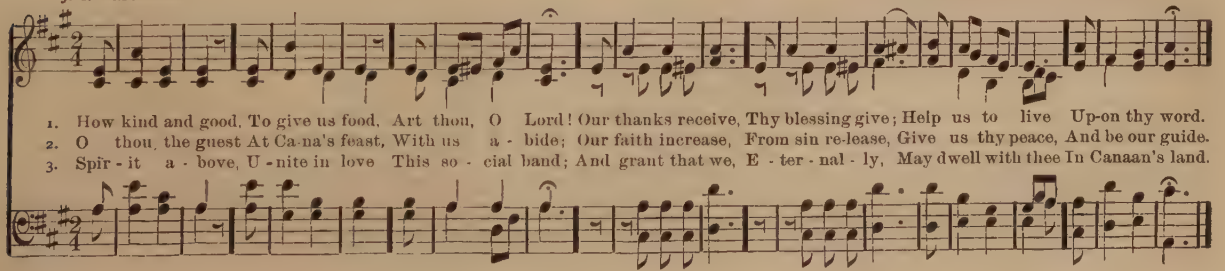
295 Now I have found a Friend.

HENRY J. M. HOPE. GLASHGAR.—A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine;— His love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine;
2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; Tho' I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine;
3. When earth shall pass a - way,— Je - sus is mine,— In the great judgment day,— Je - sus is mine,—
Tho' earth-ly joys decrease, Tho' earth-ly friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace: Je - sus is mine.
He shall my wants sup-ply; His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope de - stroy; Je - sus is mine.
Oh! what a glo-rious thing, Then to be - hold my King, On tune-ful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine.

296 How kind and good.

J. C. WESTBROOK. GRACE AT MEALS.—arr. fr. VON WEBER.


1. How kind and good, To give us food, Art thou, O Lord! Our thanks receive, Thy blessing give; Help us to live Up-on thy word.
2. O thou, the guest At Ca-na's feast, With us a - bide; Our faith increase, From sin re-lease, Give us thy peace, And be our guide.
3. Spir - it a - bove, U - nite in love This so - cial band; And grant that we, E - ter - nal - ly, May dwell with thee In Canaan's land.

297 Marching on! marching on!

REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

SOLDATEN.—arr. by EMMELAR.

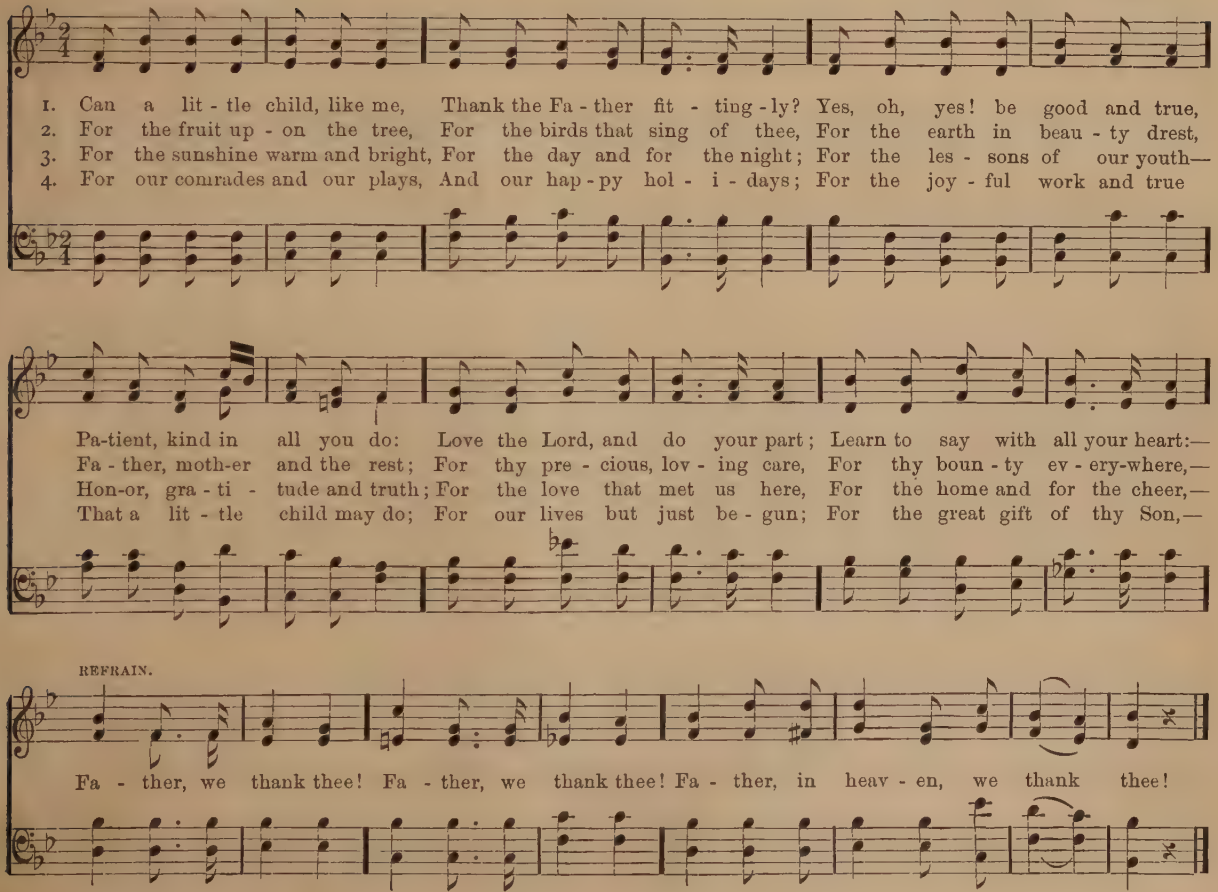
1. Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Thro' the fears and time of tears—Thro' the end-less chime of years—
2. Forward go! forward go! As did Is - ra - el of old: Where they trod, believing God, Waves were part - ed with a rod;
3. Trust in God! trust in God! When the calls to du - ty come; He will see for you and me Paths shall o - pen safe and free:
D. C. Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Thro' the fears and time of tears—Thro' the end - less chime of years—
FINE.
Thro' the night in - to light Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your banners, lift ho-sannas, Shout and sing! shout and sing!
Man - na bright, full and white, Fell a - round them in the night; Prayers ascended, rocks were rended—Love was bold, grace un-told!
Nev - er fear, God is near, Faithful souls to him are dear: Christ will meet you; he will greet you, "Child, come home! child, come home!"
Thro' the night in - to light Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your banners, lift ho-sannas, Shout and sing! shout and sing!
D. C. *
For the toil is a - bat-ing, And the crowns are now waiting: We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up his own!
Still our Lord is commanding, "Forward go!" notwithstand-ing Mountains rise in the way; For the hills his will o - bey!
Far a - bove earth - ly valleys Gold-en gleams heaven's pal-ace, And we see Je-sus there At the por-tal shin-ing fair!

* Repeat first eight lines of each stanza.

Can a little child, like me.

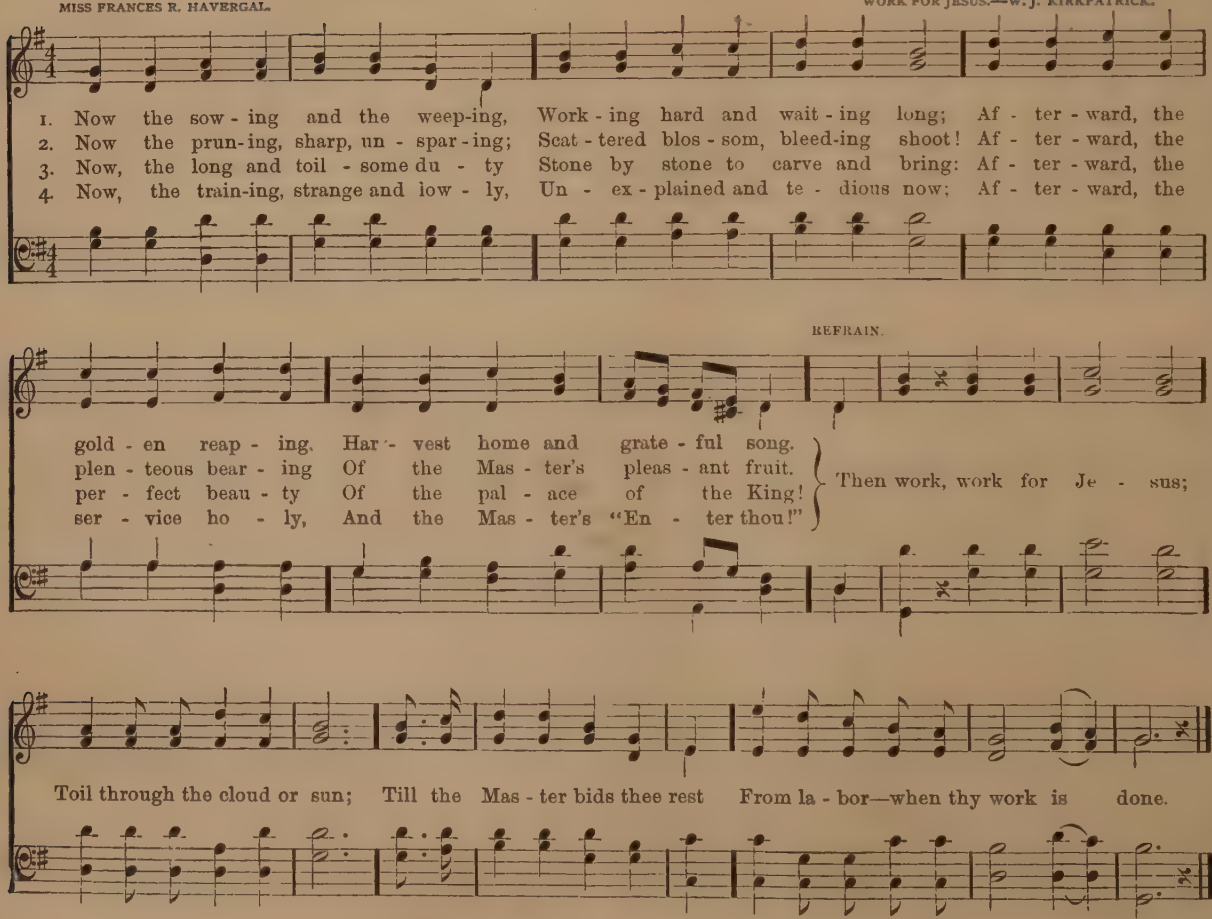
MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

THANKSGIVING.—W. K. BASSFORD.


1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee, For the earth in beau - ty drest,
3. For the sunshine warm and bright, For the day and for the night; For the les - sons of our youth—
4. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days; For the joy - ful work and true
Pa-tient, kind in all you do: Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
Fa - ther, moth-er and the rest; For thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - ery-where,—
Hon-or, gra - ti - tude and truth; For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,—
That a lit - tle child may do; For our lives but just be - gun; For the great gift of thy Son,—
REFRAIN.
Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, in heav - en, we thank thee!

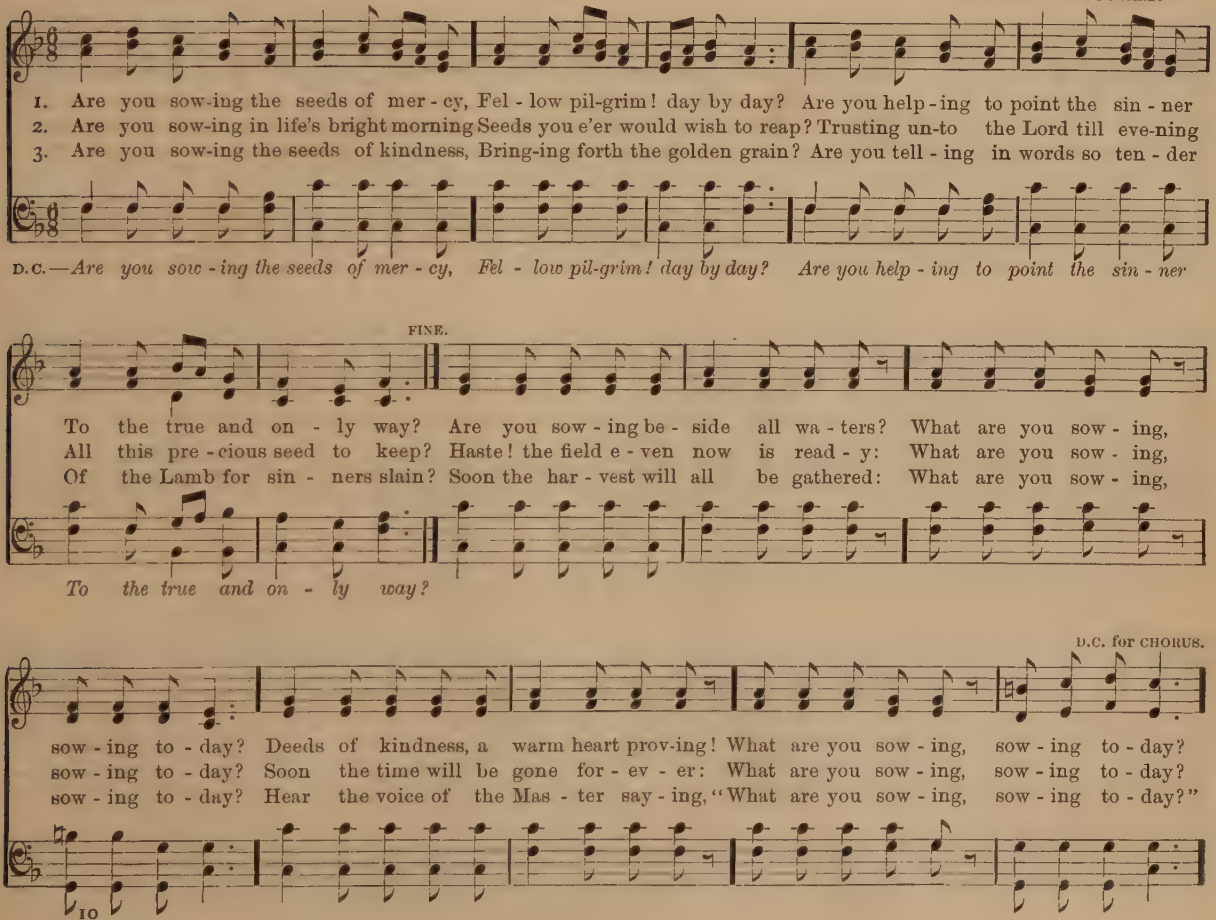
299 Now the sowing and the weeping.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WORK FOR JESUS.—W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Now the sow - ing and the weep-ing, Work - ing hard and wait - ing long; Af - ter - ward, the
2. Now the prun-ing, sharp, un - spar - ing; Scat - tered blos - som, bleed-ing shoot! Af - ter - ward, the
3. Now, the long and toil - some du - ty Stone by stone to carve and bring: Af - ter - ward, the
4. Now, the train-ing, strange and low - ly, Un - ex - plained and te - dious now; Af - ter - ward, the
REFRAIN.
gold - en reap - ing, Har - vest home and grate - ful song.
plen - teous bear - ing Of the Mas - ter's pleas - ant fruit.
per - fect beau - ty Of the pal - ace of the King!
ser - vice ho - ly, And the Mas - ter's "En - ter thou!"
Then work, work for Je - sus;
Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the Mas - ter bids thee rest From la - bor—when thy work is done.

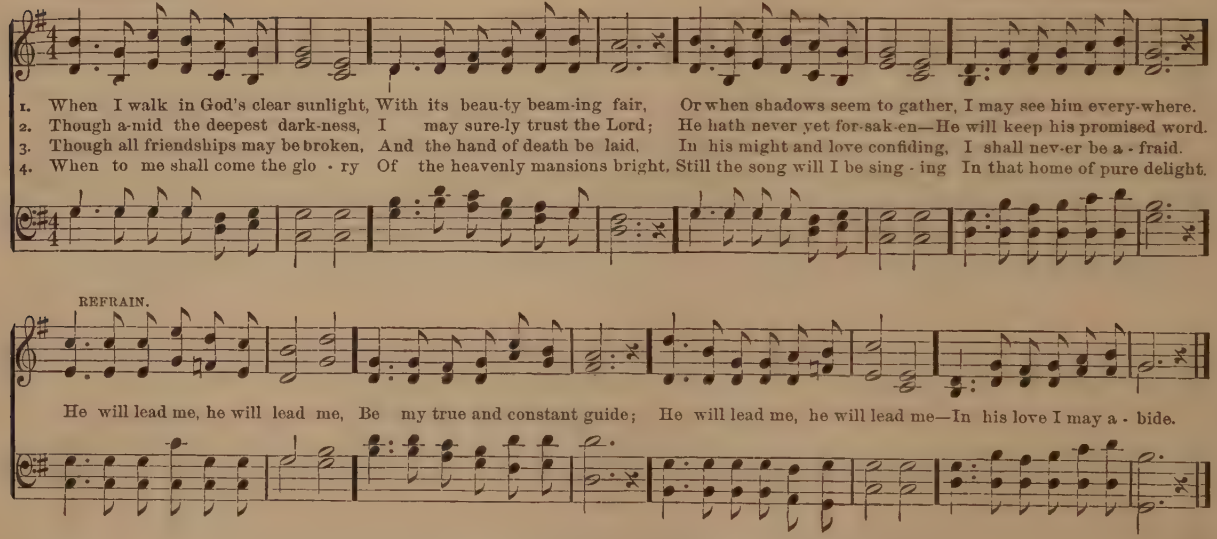
300 Are you sowing the seeds of mercy?

MRS. E. PITT. HARVEST.—T. F. SEWARD.


1. Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day? Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner
2. Are you sow-ing in life's bright morning Seeds you e'er would wish to reap? Trusting un-to the Lord till eve-ning
3. Are you sow-ing the seeds of kindness, Bring-ing forth the golden grain? Are you tell-ing in words so ten-der
D.C.—Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day? Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner
FINE.
To the true and on-ly way? Are you sow-ing be-side all wa-ters? What are you sow-ing,
All this pre-cious seed to keep? Haste! the field e-ven now is read-y: What are you sow-ing,
Of the Lamb for sin-ners slain? Soon the har-vest will all be gathered: What are you sow-ing,
To the true and on-ly way?
D.C. for CHORUS.
sow-ing to-day? Deeds of kindness, a warm heart prov-ing! What are you sow-ing, sow-ing to-day?
sow-ing to-day? Soon the time will be gone for-ev-er: What are you sow-ing, sow-ing to-day?
sow-ing to-day? Hear the voice of the Mas-ter say-ing, "What are you sow-ing, sow-ing to-day?"

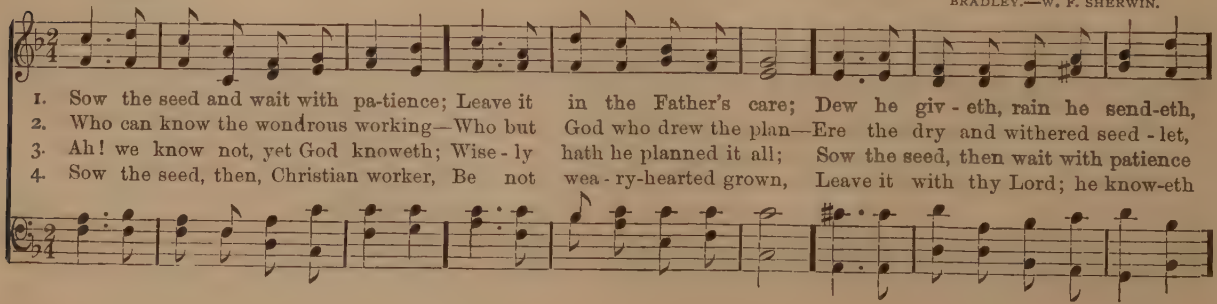
301 When I walk in God's clear sunlight.

C. R. BLACKALL. LUX DEI.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. When I walk in God's clear sunlight, With its beau-ty beam-ing fair, Or when shadows seem to gather, I may see him every-where.
2. Though a-mid the deepest dark-ness, I may sure-ly trust the Lord; He hath never yet for-sak-en—He will keep his promised word.
3. Though all friendships may be broken, And the hand of death be laid, In his might and love confiding, I shall nev-er be a - fraid.
4. When to me shall come the glo - ry Of the heavenly mansions bright, Still the song will I be sing - ing In that home of pure delight.
REFRAIN.
He will lead me, he will lead me, Be my true and constant guide; He will lead me, he will lead me—In his love I may a - bide.

302 Sow the seed, and wait with patience.

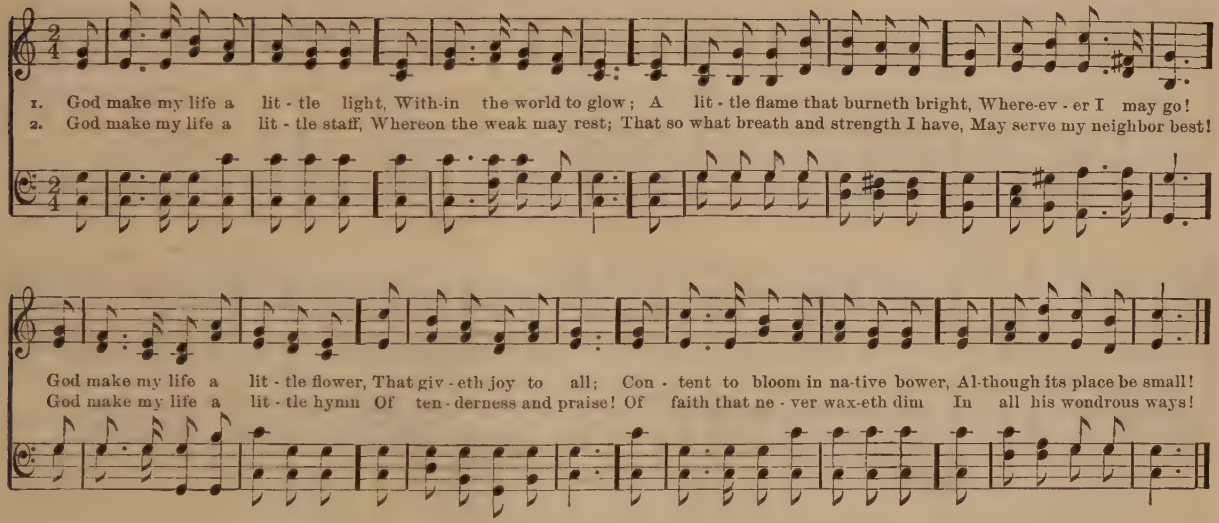
L. C. GILSON. BRADLEY.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Sow the seed and wait with pa-tience; Leave it in the Father's care; Dew he giv - eth, rain he send-eth,
2. Who can know the wondrous working—Who but God who drew the plan—Ere the dry and withered seed - let,
3. Ah! we know not, yet God knoweth; Wise - ly hath he planned it all; Sow the seed, then wait with patience
4. Sow the seed, then, Christian worker, Be not wea - ry-hearted grown, Leave it with thy Lord; he know-eth

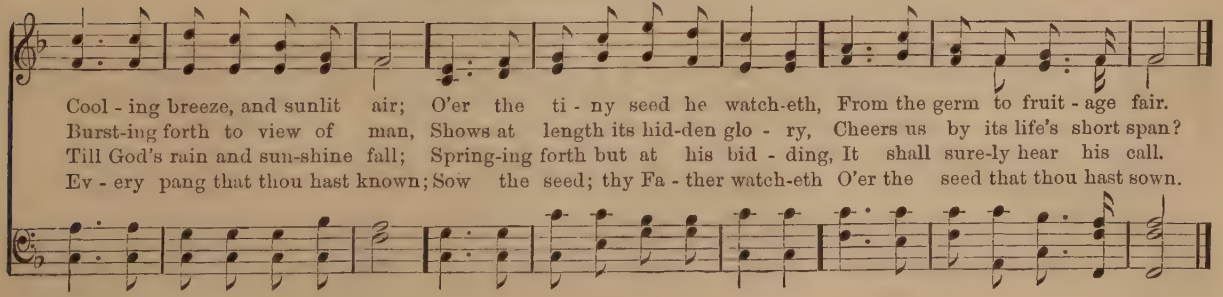
303 God make my life a little light.

B. M. EDWARDS.

CONNOR.—J. R. MURRAY.

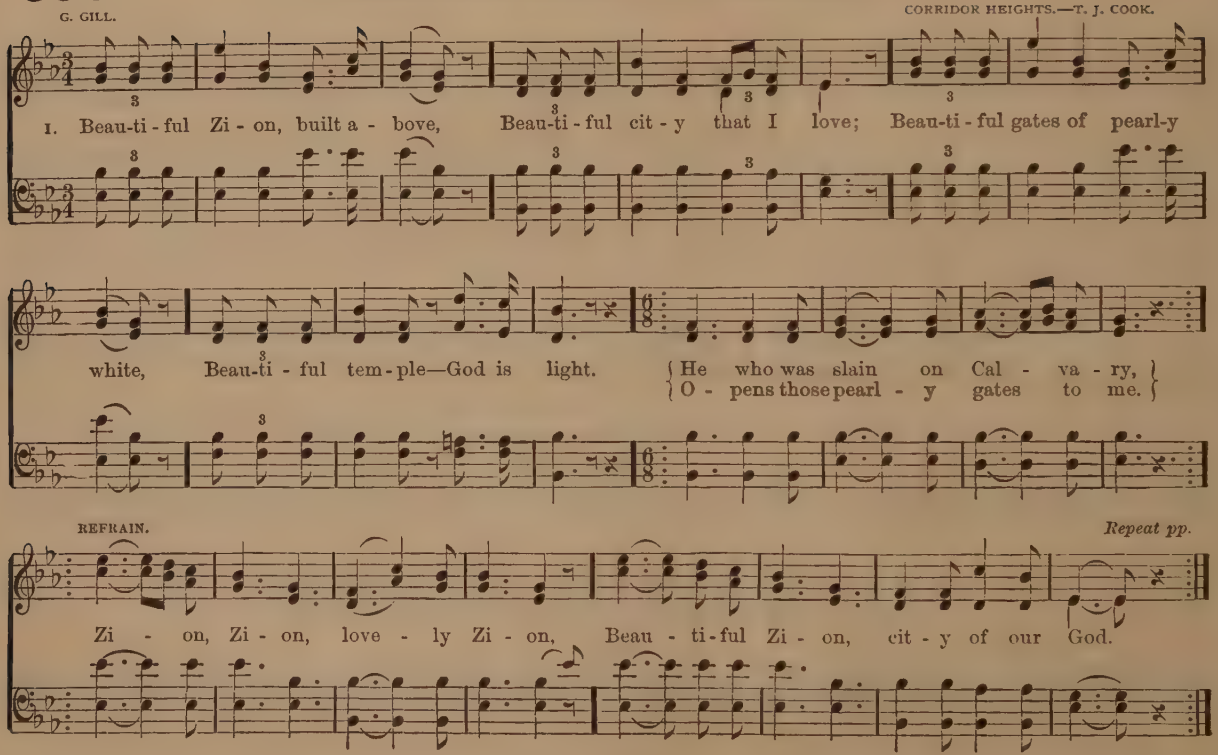

1. God make my life a lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow; A lit - tle flame that burneth bright, Where-ev - er I may go!
2. God make my life a lit - tle staff, Whereon the weak may rest; That so what breath and strength I have, May serve my neighbor best!
God make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy to all; Con - tent to bloom in na-tive bower, Al-though its place be small!
God make my life a lit - tle hymn Of ten - derness and praise! Of faith that ne - ver wax-eth dim In all his wondrous ways!

Sow the seed and wait.—Concluded.


Cool - ing breeze, and sunlit air; O'er the ti - ny seed he watch-eth, From the germ to fruit - age fair.
Burst-ing forth to view of man, Shows at length its hid-den glo - ry, Cheers us by its life's short span?
Till God's rain and sun-shine fall; Spring-ing forth but at his bid - ding, It shall sure-ly hear his call.
Ev - ery pang that thou hast known; Sow the seed; thy Fa - ther watch-eth O'er the seed that thou hast sown.

304 Beautiful Zion, built above.

G. GILL. CORRIDOR HEIGHTS.—T. J. COOK.


1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love; Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God is light.
He who was slain on Cal-va-ry,
O-pens those pearl-y gates to me.
REFRAIN.
Repeat pp.
Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God.

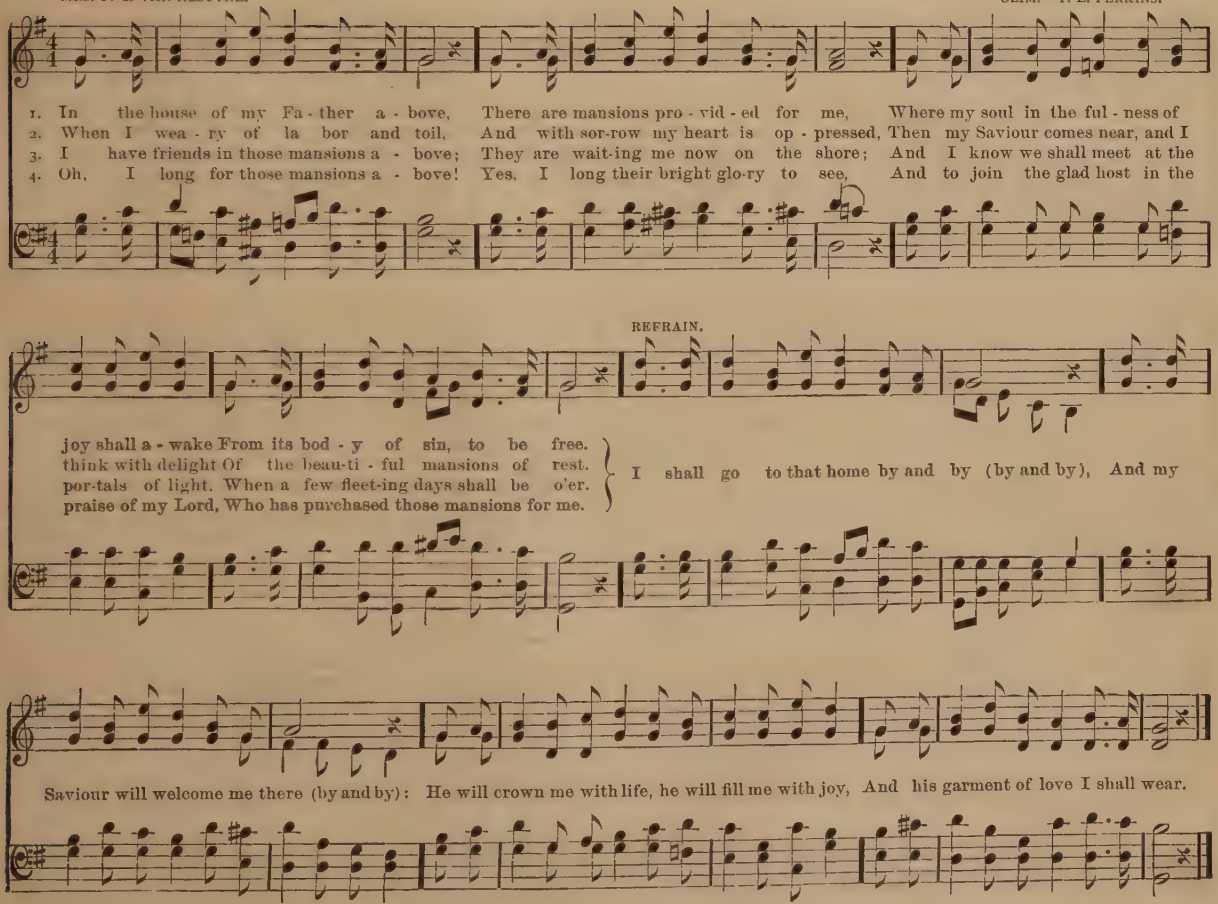
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps through all the choir—
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there—
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace—
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

305 In the house of my Father above.

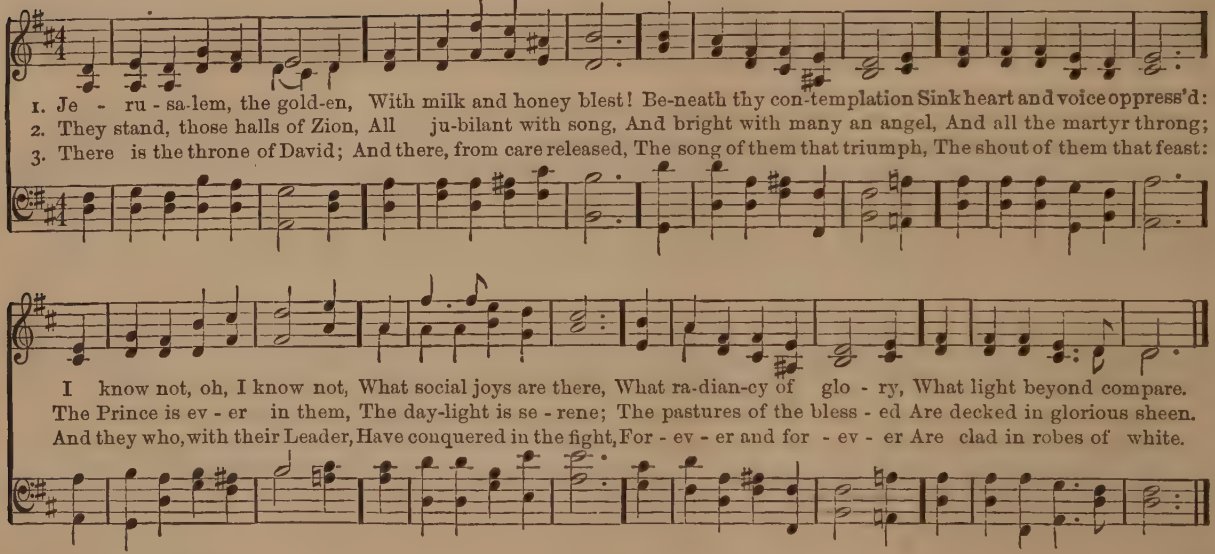
MRS. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. OLIM.—T. E. PERKINS.


1. In the house of my Fa - ther a - bove, There are mansions pro - vid - ed for me, Where my soul in the ful - ness of
2. When I wea - ry of la bor and toil, And with sor-row my heart is op - pressed, Then my Saviour comes near, and I
3. I have friends in those mansions a - bove; They are wait-ing me now on the shore; And I know we shall meet at the
4. Oh, I long for those mansions a - bove! Yes, I long their bright glo-ry to see, And to join the glad host in the
REFRAIN.
joy shall a - wake From its bod - y of sin, to be free.
think with delight Of the beau-ti - ful mansions of rest.
por-tals of light. When a few fleet-ing days shall be o'er.
praise of my Lord, Who has purchased those mansions for me.
I shall go to that home by and by (by and by), And my
Saviour will welcome me there (by and by): He will crown me with life, he will fill me with joy, And his garment of love I shall wear.

306 Jerusalem, the golden.

REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D., tr.

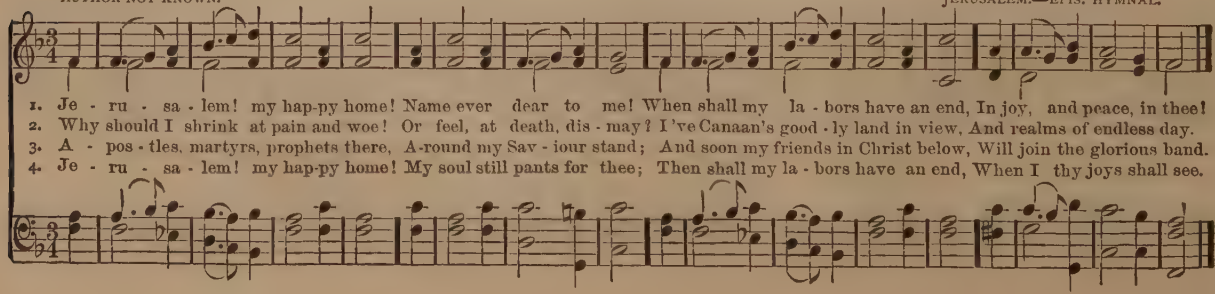
EWING.—A. EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Be-neath thy con-templation Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
I know not, oh, I know not, What social joys are there, What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju-bilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

307 Jerusalem! my happy home!

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

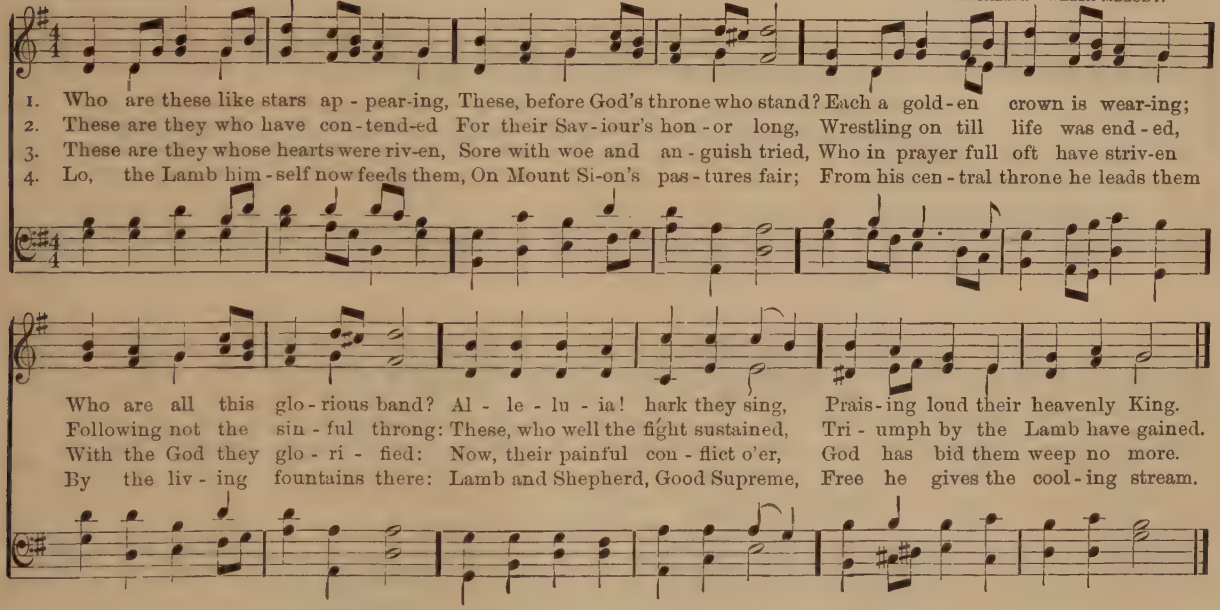
JERUSALEM.—EPIS. HYMNAL.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap-py home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!
2. Why should I shrink at pain and woe! Or feel, at death, dis - may? I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of endless day.
3. A - pos - tles, martyrs, prophets there, A-round my Sav - iour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below, Will join the glorious band.
4. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap-py home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

308 Who are these like stars appearing.

MISS FRANCES E. COX, tr.

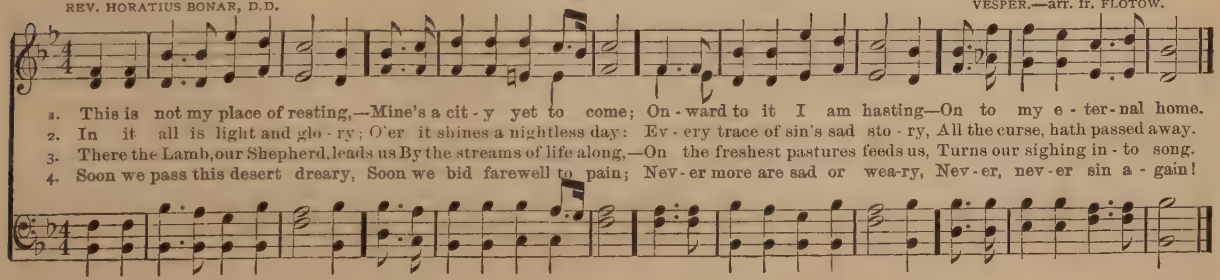
CAERSALEM.—WELSH MELODY.


1. Who are these like stars ap - pear-ing, These, before God's throne who stand? Each a gold - en crown is wear-ing;
2. These are they who have con-tend-ed For their Sav-iour's hon - or long, Wrestling on till life was end - ed,
3. These are they whose hearts were riv-en, Sore with woe and an - guish tried, Who in prayer full oft have striv-en
4. Lo, the Lamb him - self now feeds them, On Mount Si-on's pas - tures fair; From his cen - tral throne he leads them
Who are all this glo - rious band? Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Prais - ing loud their heavenly King.
Following not the sin - ful throng: These, who well the fight sustained, Tri - umph by the Lamb have gained.
With the God they glo - ri - fied: Now, their painful con - flict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.
By the liv - ing fountains there: Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme, Free he gives the cool - ing stream.

309 This is not my place of resting.

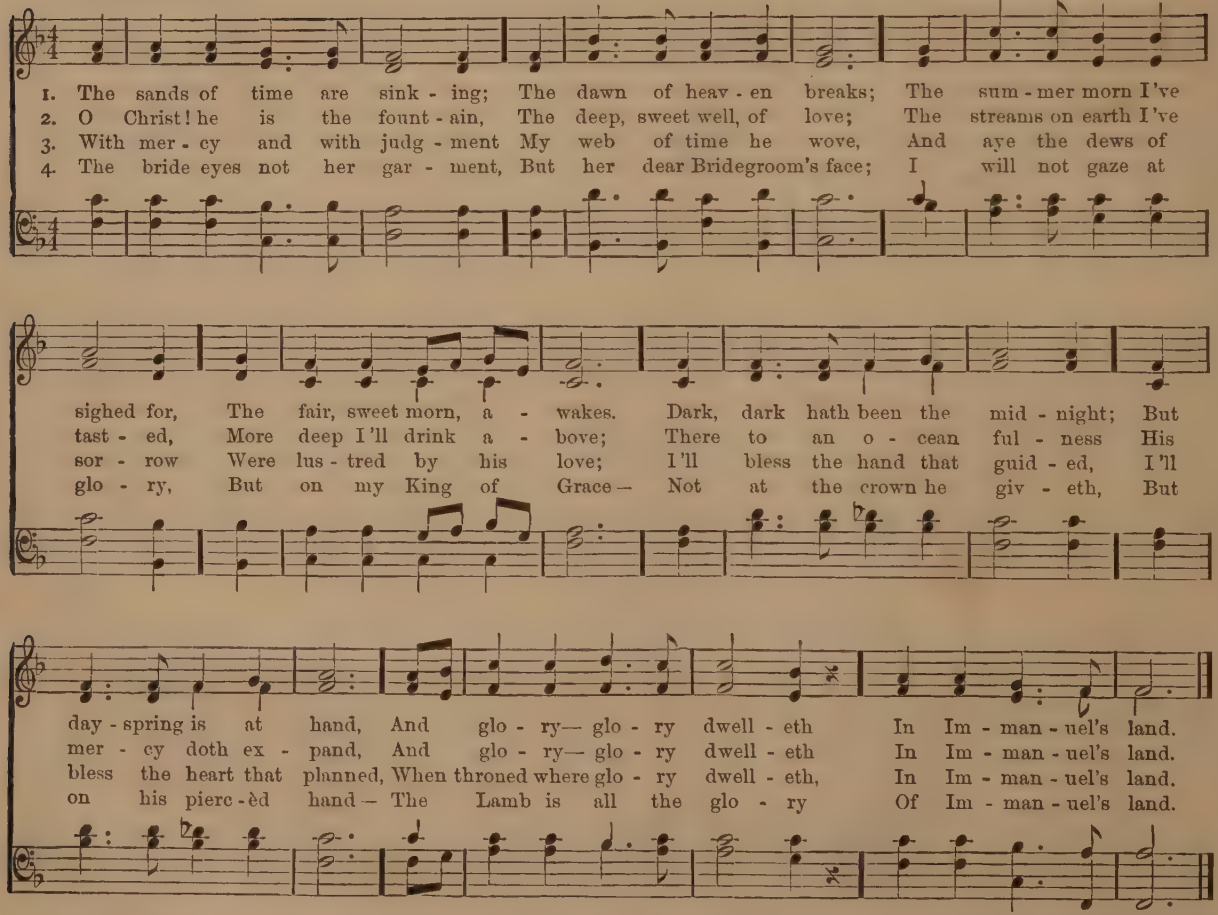
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

VESPER.—arr. fr. FLOTOW.


1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On - ward to it I am hasting—On to my e - ter - nal home.
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day: Ev - ery trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed away.
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life along,—On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing in - to song.
4. Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain; Nev - er more are sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain!

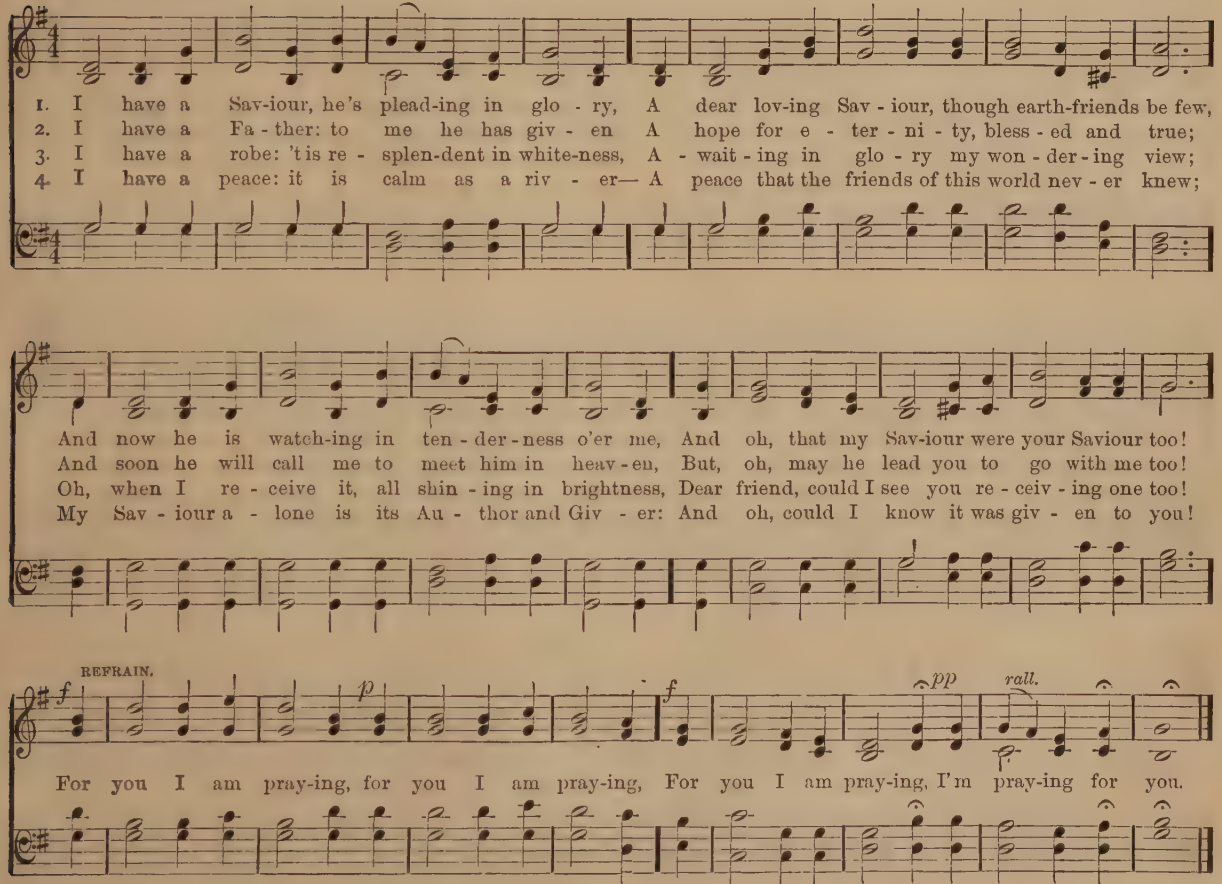
310 The sands of time are sinking.

MRS. ANNE ROSS COUSIN. RUTHERFORD.—C. D. URBAN.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav - en breaks; The sum - mer morn I've
2. O Christ! he is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well, of love; The streams on earth I've
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time he wove, And aye the dews of
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn, a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But
tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove; There to an o - cean ful - ness His
sor - row Were lus - tred by his love; I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll
glo - ry, But on my King of Grace— Not at the crown he giv - eth, But
day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry— glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry— glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
bless the heart that planned, When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth, In Im - man - uel's land.
on his pierc - èd hand— The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

311 I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory.

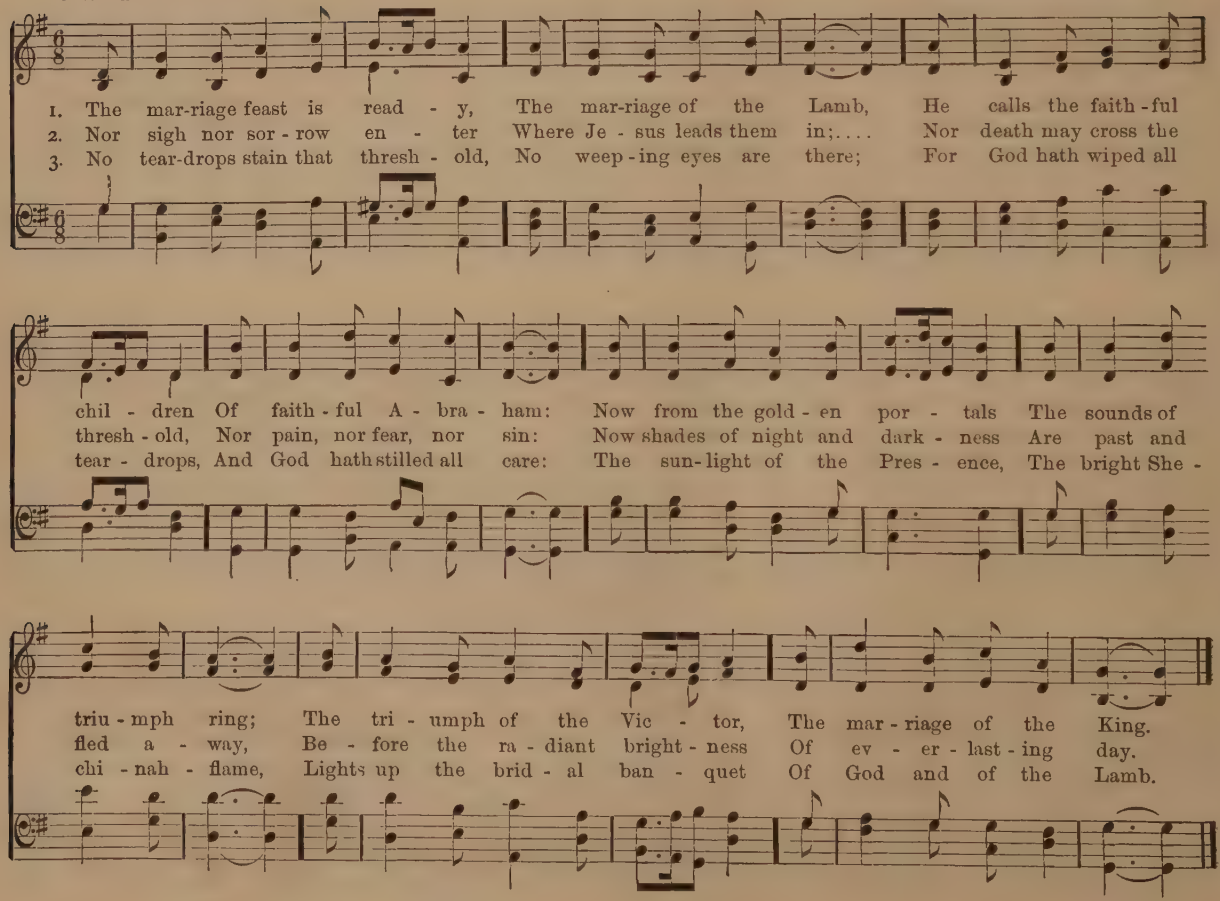
AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. JERSEY.—IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear lov-ing Sav - iour, though earth-friends be few,
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true;
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der - ing view;
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew;
And now he is watch-ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
And soon he will call me to meet him in heav - en, But, oh, may he lead you to go with me too!
Oh, when I re - ceive it, all shin - ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
My Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er: And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
REFRAIN.
f
p
f
pp
rall.
For you I am pray-ing, for you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

The marriage feast is ready.

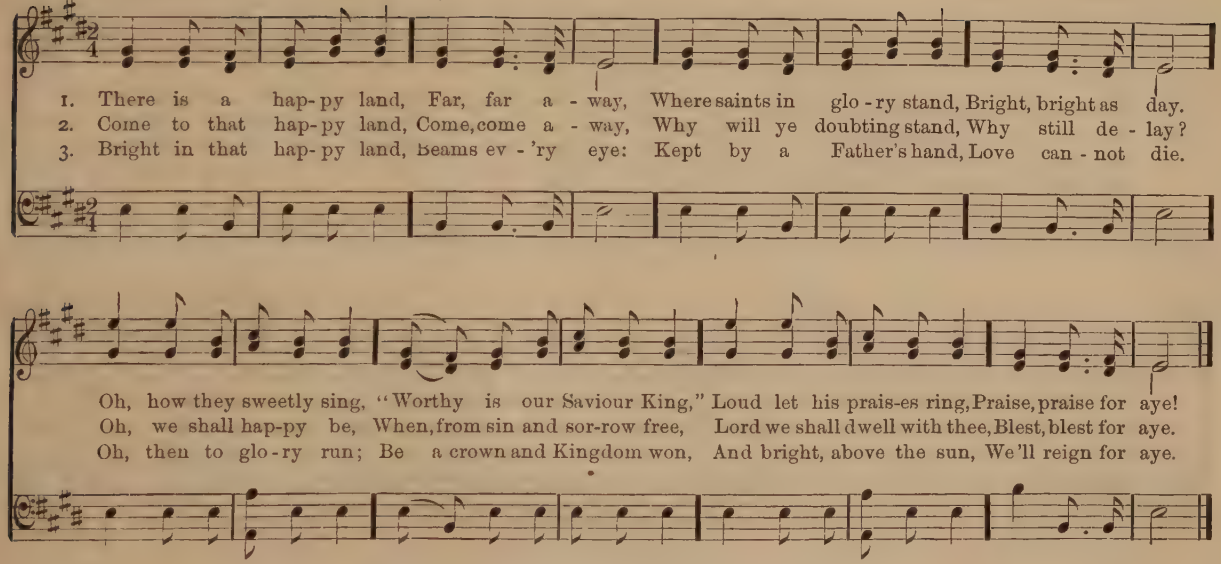
REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

ANDERNACH.—PRÄTORIUS.


1. The mar-riage feast is read - y, The mar-riage of the Lamb, He calls the faith-ful
2. Nor sigh nor sor-row en - ter Where Je - sus leads them in;.... Nor death may cross the
3. No tear-drops stain that thresh - old, No weep-ing eyes are there; For God hath wiped all
chil - dren Of faith-ful A - bra - ham: Now from the gold - en por - tals The sounds of
thresh - old, Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin: Now shades of night and dark - ness Are past and
tear - drops, And God hath stilled all care: The sun-light of the Pres - ence, The bright She -
triu - mph ring; The tri - umph of the Vic - tor, The mar - riage of the King.
fled a - way, Be - fore the ra - diant bright - ness Of ev - er - last - ing day.
chi - nah - flame, Lights up the brid - al ban - quet Of God and of the Lamb.

313 There is a happy land.

ANDREW YOUNG. HAPPY LAND.—INDIAN AIR.


1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye: Kept by a Father's hand, Love can - not die.
Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Oh, we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and sor-row free, Lord we shall dwell with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
Oh, then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and Kingdom won, And bright, above the sun, We'll reign for aye.

314 We are but strangers here.

REV. THOMAS R. TAYLOR, alt. TUNE—"HAPPY LAND."

1.
We are but strangers here,
Heaven is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

2.
What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

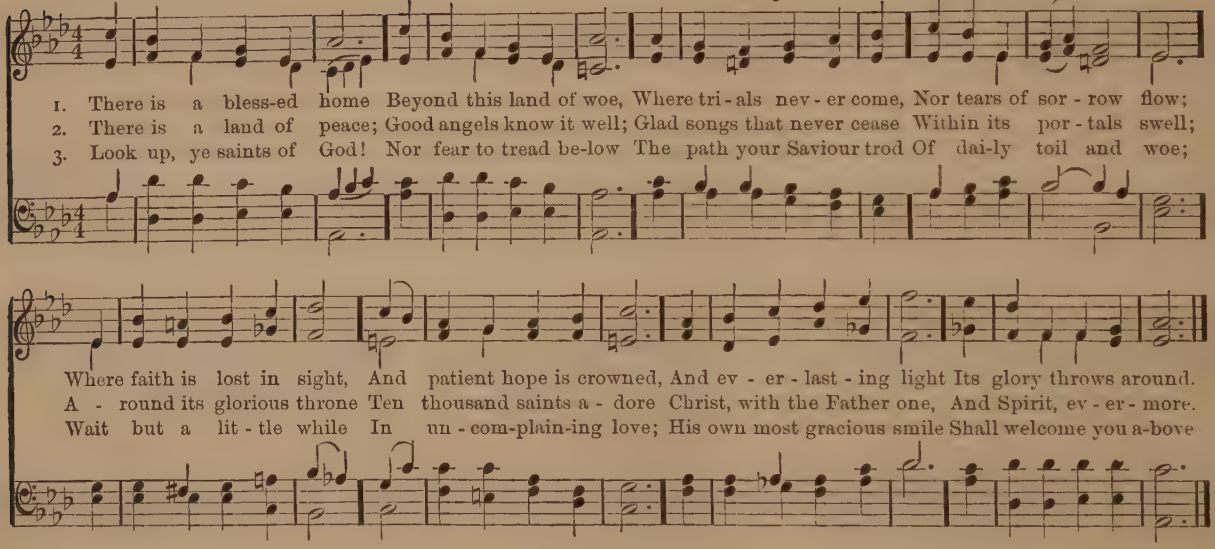
3.
There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our home.

4.
Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home,
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at thine own right hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

315 There is a blessed home.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER.

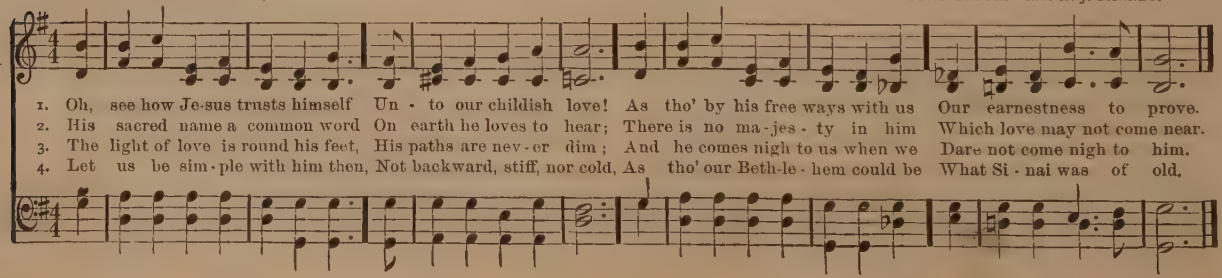
BLESSED HOME.—J. STAINER.


1. There is a bless-ed home Beyond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;
2. There is a land of peace; Good angels know it well; Glad songs that never cease Within its por-tals swell;
3. Look up, ye saints of God! Nor fear to tread be-low The path your Saviour trod Of dai-ly toil and woe;
Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glory throws around.
A-round its glorious throne Ten thousand saints a-dore Christ, with the Father one, And Spirit, ev-er-more.
Wait but a lit-tle while In un-com-plain-ing love; His own most gracious smile Shall welcome you a-bove

316 Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D.

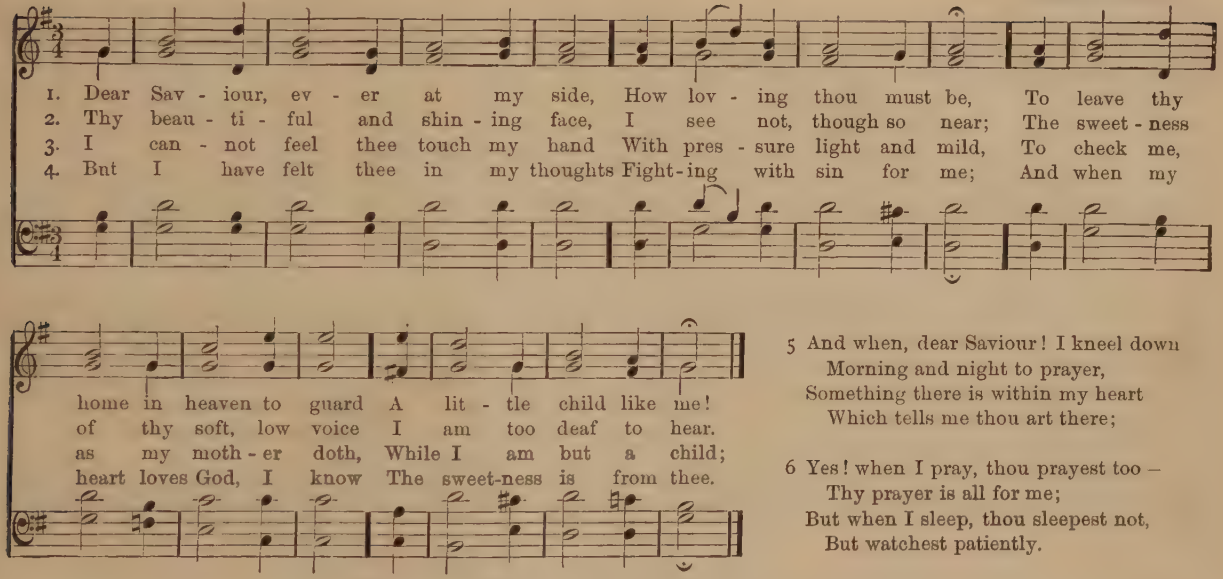
BOUND BROOK.—arr. fr. J. BARNBY.


1. Oh, see how Je-sus trusts himself Un-to our childish love! As tho' by his free ways with us Our earnestness to prove.
2. His sacred name a common word On earth he loves to hear; There is no ma-jes-ty in him Which love may not come near.
3. The light of love is round his feet, His paths are nev-er dim; And he comes nigh to us when we Dare not come nigh to him.
4. Let us be sim-ple with him then, Not backward, stiff, nor cold, As tho' our Beth-le-hem could be What Si-nai was of old.

317 Dear Saviour, ever at my side.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D., alt.

RIGHI.—B. PROBST.


1. Dear Sav - iour, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be, To leave thy
2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face, I see not, though so near; The sweet - ness
3. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild, To check me,
4. But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight - ing with sin for me; And when my
home in heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me!
of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
as my moth - er doth, While I am but a child;
heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from thee.

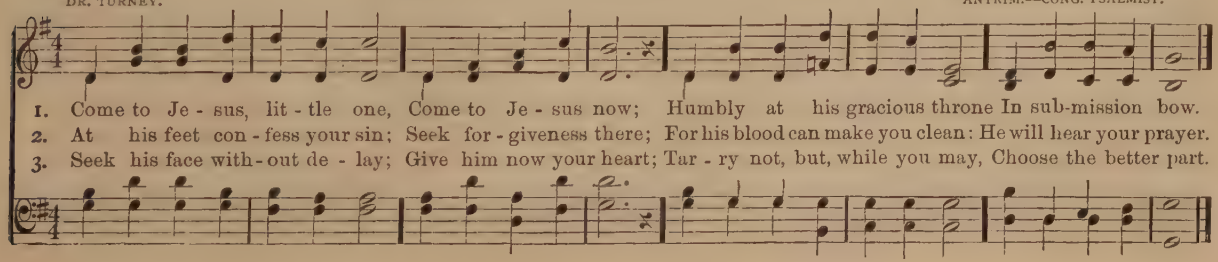
5 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;

6 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too –
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

318 Come to Jesus, little one.

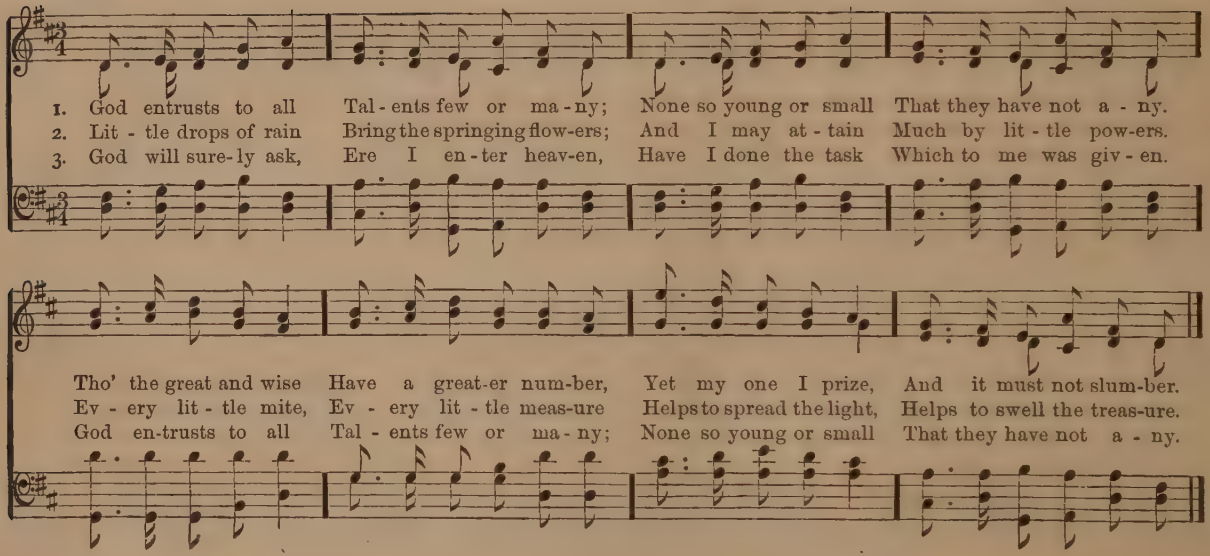
DR. TURNEY.

ANTRIM.—CONG. PSALMIST.


1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne In sub-mission bow.
2. At his feet con - fess your sin; Seek for - giveness there; For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
3. Seek his face with - out de - lay; Give him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part.

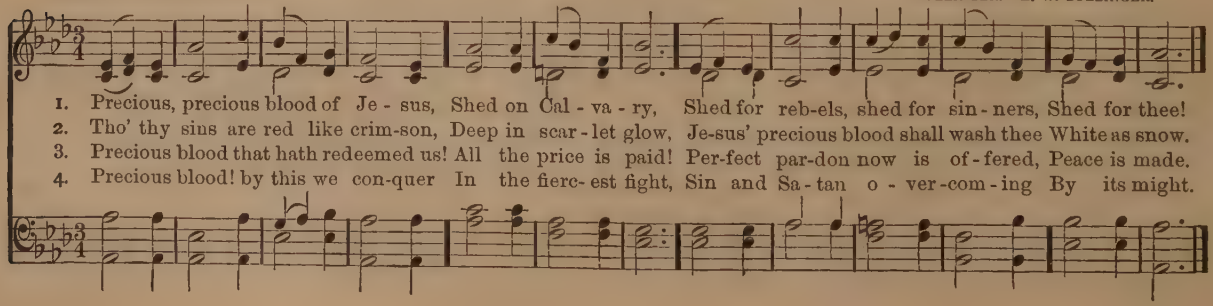
319 God entrusts to all.

JAMES EDMESTON. TALENT.—arr. by A. RHODES.


1. God entrusts to all Tal - ents few or ma - ny; None so young or small That they have not a - ny.
2. Lit - tle drops of rain Bring the springing flow-ers; And I may at - tain Much by lit - tle pow-ers.
3. God will sure-ly ask, Ere I en - ter heav-en, Have I done the task Which to me was giv - en.
Tho' the great and wise Have a great-er num-ber, Yet my one I prize, And it must not slum-ber.
Ev - ery lit - tle mite, Ev - ery lit - tle meas-ure Helps to spread the light, Helps to swell the treas-ure.
God en-trusts to all Tal - ents few or ma - ny; None so young or small That they have not a - ny.

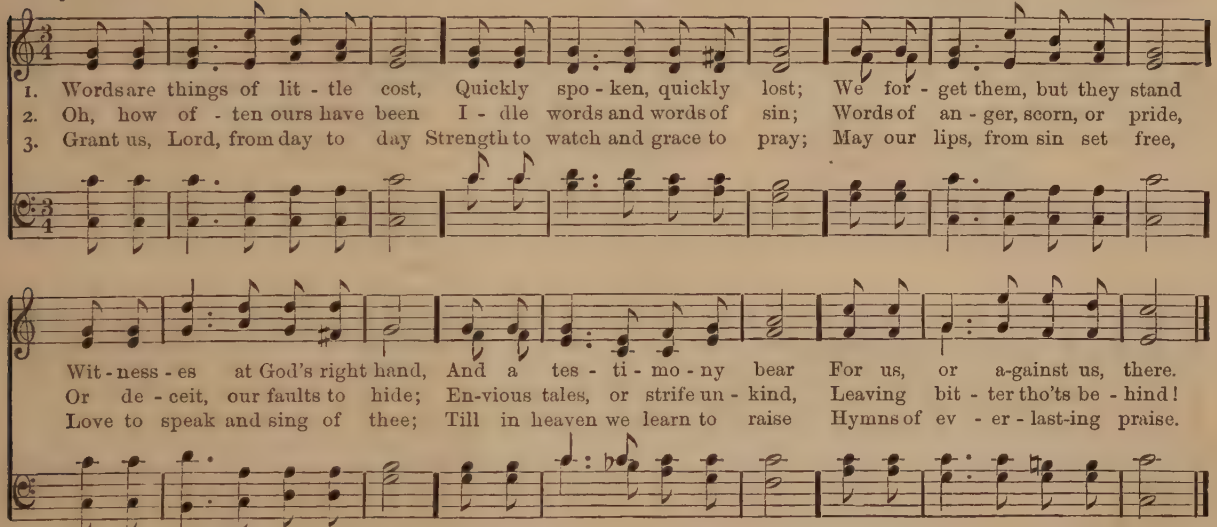
320 Precious, precious blood of Jesus.

MISS FRANCES HAVERGAL. BULLINGER.—E. W. BULLINGER.


1. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb-els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee!
2. Tho' thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow, Je-sus' precious blood shall wash thee White as snow.
3. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid! Per-fect par-don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
4. Precious blood! by this we con-quer In the fierc - est fight, Sin and Sa - tan o - ver-com - ing By its might.

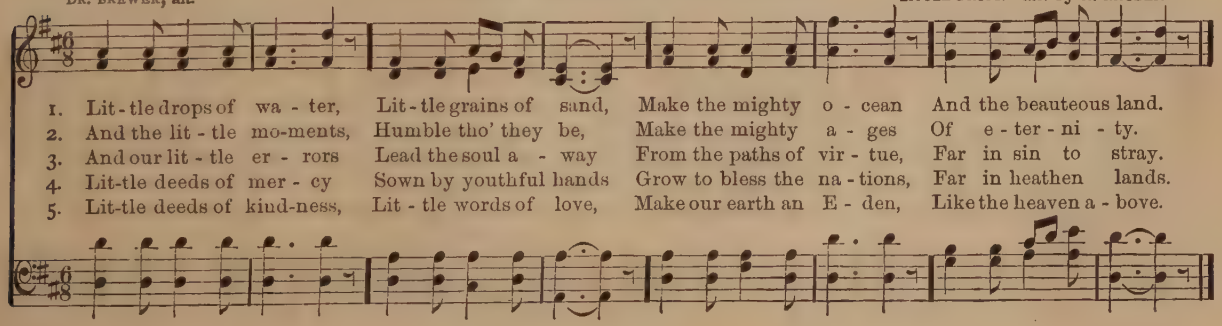
321 Words are things of little cost.

J. G. FLEET. EDGECUMBE.—O. R. BARNICOTT.


1. Words are things of lit - tle cost, Quickly spo - ken, quickly lost; We for - get them, but they stand
2. Oh, how of - ten ours have been I - dle words and words of sin; Words of an - ger, scorn, or pride,
3. Grant us, Lord, from day to day Strength to watch and grace to pray; May our lips, from sin set free,
Wit - ness - es at God's right hand, And a tes - ti - mo - ny bear For us, or a-gainst us, there.
Or de - ceit, our faults to hide; En-vious tales, or strife un - kind, Leaving bit - ter tho'ts be - hind!
Love to speak and sing of thee; Till in heaven we learn to raise Hymns of ev - er - last-ing praise.

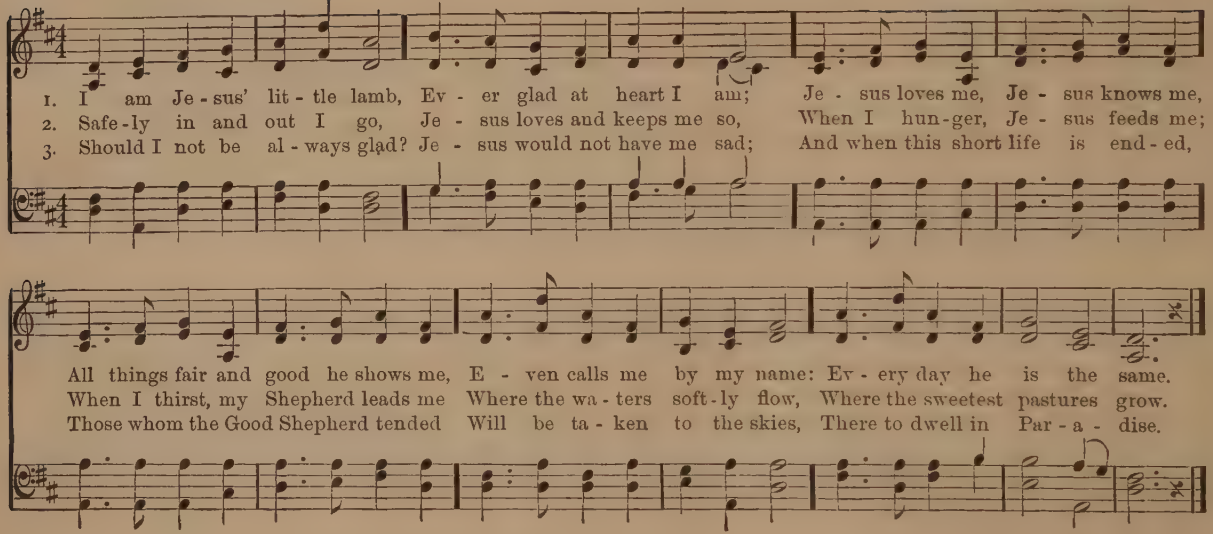
322 Little drops of water.

DR. BREWER, alt. LITTLE DROPS.—arr. by A. RHODES.


1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean And the beauteous land.
2. And the lit - tle mo-ments, Humble tho' they be, Make the mighty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
3. And our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the paths of vir - tue, Far in sin to stray.
4. Lit-tle deeds of mer - cy Sown by youthful hands Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in heathen lands.
5. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heaven a - bove.

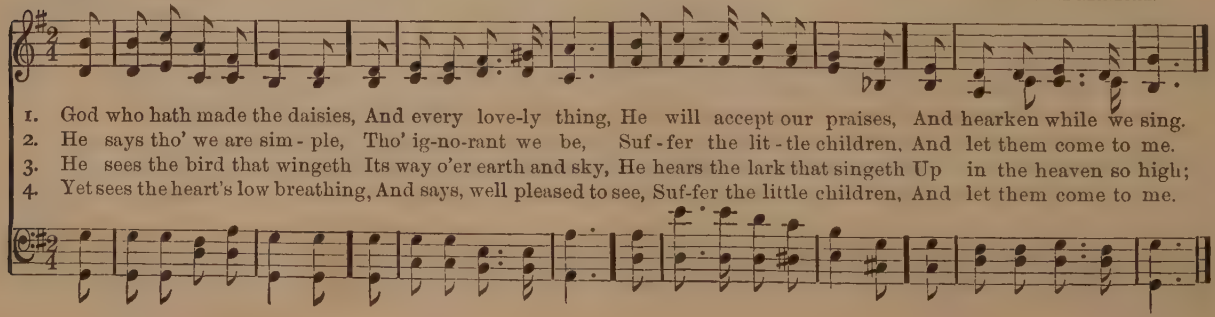
323 I am Jesus' little lamb.

REV. W. F. STEVENSON, D.D., tr. TROMSO.—DANISH MELODY.


1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Ev - er glad at heart I am; Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me,
2. Safe - ly in and out I go, Je - sus loves and keeps me so, When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me;
3. Should I not be al - ways glad? Je - sus would not have me sad; And when this short life is end - ed,
All things fair and good he shows me, E - ven calls me by my name: Ev - ery day he is the same.
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me Where the wa - ters soft - ly flow, Where the sweetest pastures grow.
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended Will be ta - ken to the skies, There to dwell in Par - a - dise.

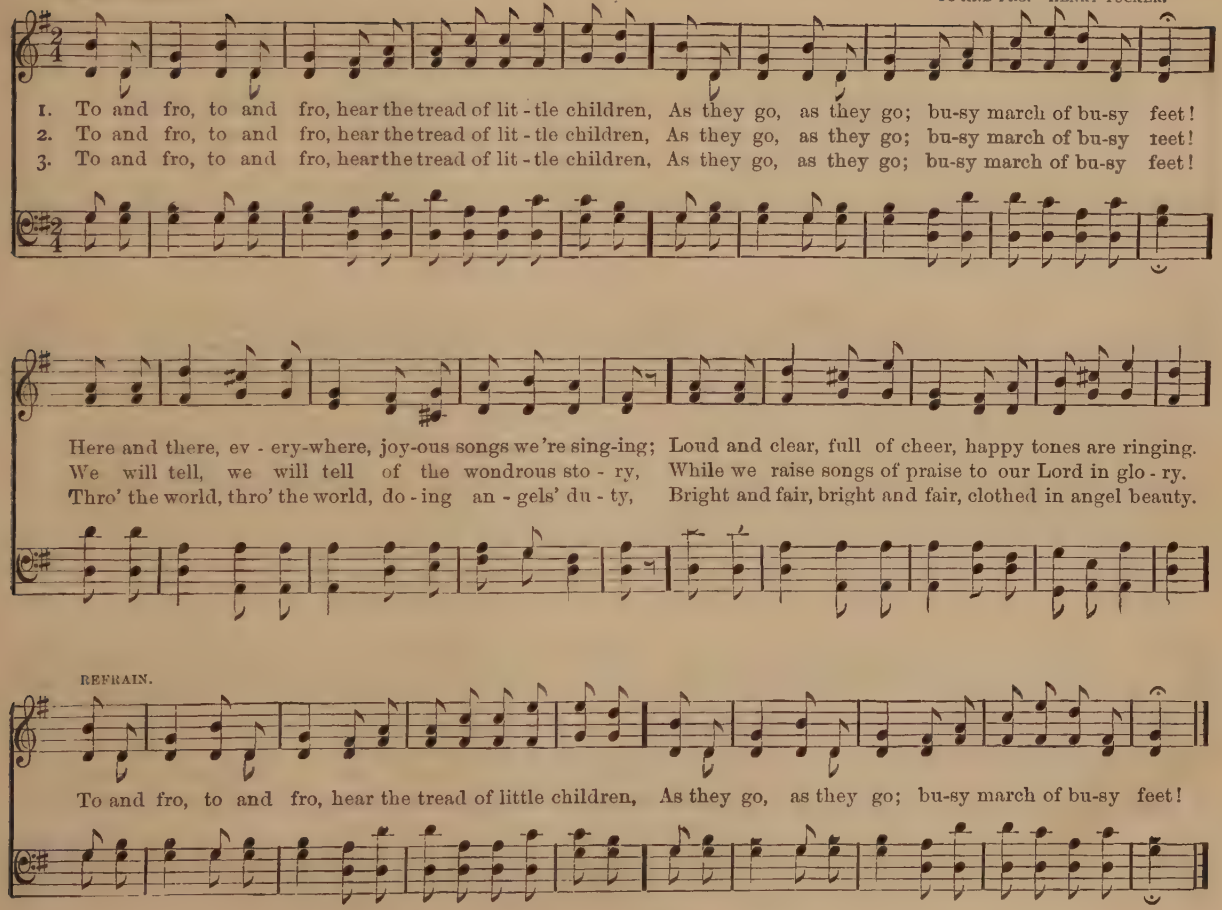
324 God who hath made the daisies.

REV. E. PAXTON HOOD. HOOD.—CARL REINECKE.


1. God who hath made the daisies, And every love-ly thing, He will accept our praises, And hearken while we sing.
2. He says tho' we are sim - ple, Tho' ig-no-rant we be, Suf - fer the lit - tle children, And let them come to me.
3. He sees the bird that wingeth Its way o'er earth and sky, He hears the lark that singeth Up in the heaven so high;
4. Yet sees the heart's low breathing, And says, well pleased to see, Suf-fer the little children, And let them come to me.

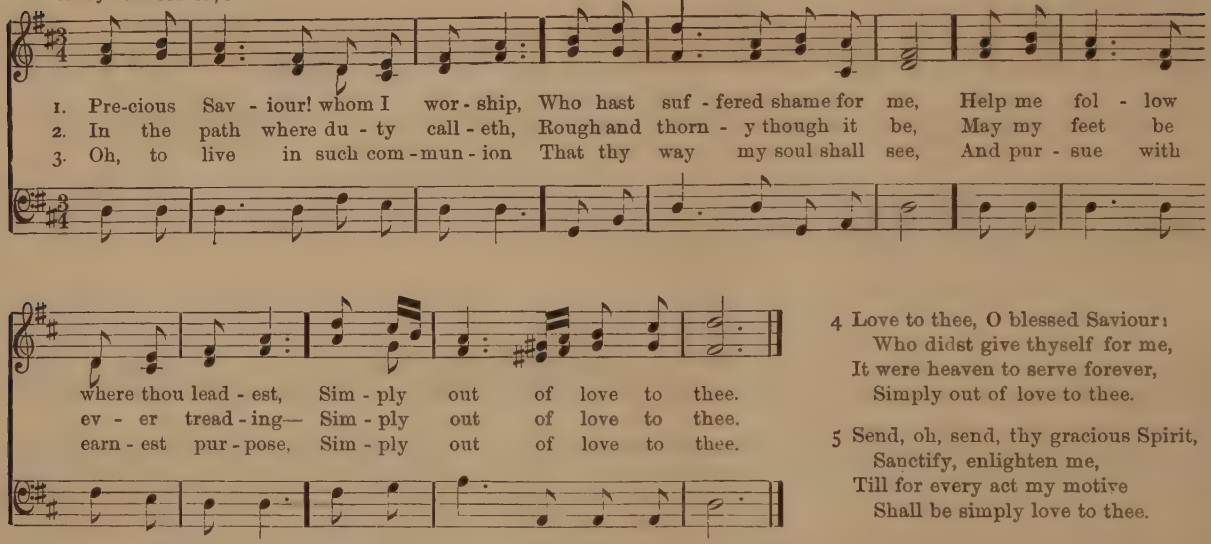
325 To and fro, to and fro.

HENRY TUCKER.


1. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle children, As they go, as they go; bu-sy march of bu-sy feet!
2. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle children, As they go, as they go; bu-sy march of bu-sy feet!
3. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle children, As they go, as they go; bu-sy march of bu-sy feet!
Here and there, ev - ery-where, joy-ous songs we're sing-ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, happy tones are ringing.
We will tell, we will tell of the wondrous sto - ry, While we raise songs of praise to our Lord in glo - ry.
Thro' the world, thro' the world, do - ing an - gels' du - ty, Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in angel beauty.
REFRAIN.
To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children, As they go, as they go; bu-sy march of bu-sy feet!

326 Precious Saviour! whom I worship.

REV. J. FORD SUTTON, D.D. BINGHAMTON.—MRS. H. H. JESSUP.

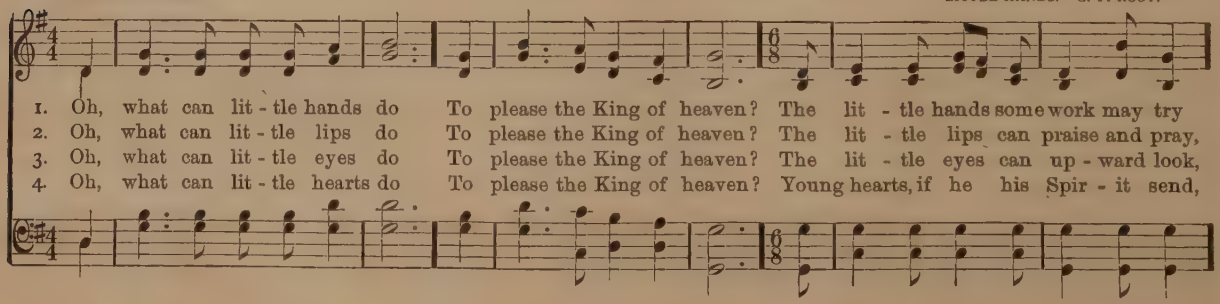

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour! whom I wor - ship, Who hast suf - fered shame for me, Help me fol - low
2. In the path where du - ty call - eth, Rough and thorn - y though it be, May my feet be
3. Oh, to live in such com - mun - ion That thy way my soul shall see, And pur - sue with
where thou lead - est, Sim - ply out of love to thee.
ev - er tread - ing— Sim - ply out of love to thee.
earn - est pur - pose, Sim - ply out of love to thee.

4 Love to thee, O blessed Saviour:
Who didst give thyself for me,
It were heaven to serve forever,
Simply out of love to thee.

5 Send, oh, send, thy gracious Spirit,
Sanctify, enlighten me,
Till for every act my motive
Shall be simply love to thee.

327 Oh, what can little hands do.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. LITTLE HANDS.—G. F. ROOT.

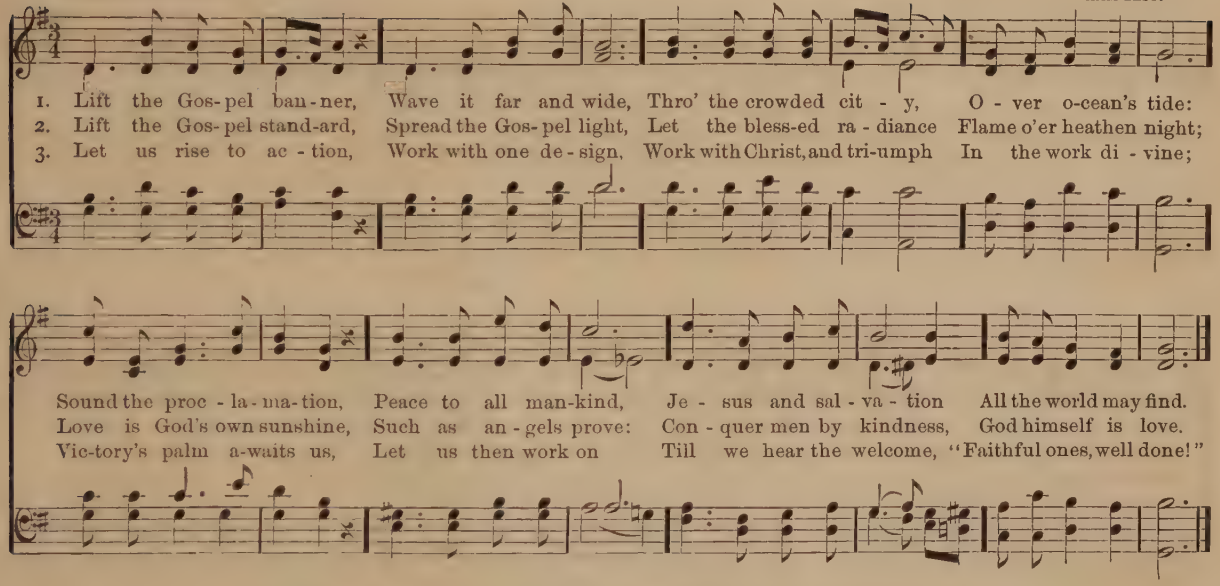

1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle hands some work may try
2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle lips can praise and pray,
3. Oh, what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look,
4. Oh, what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven? Young hearts, if he his Spir - it send,

328

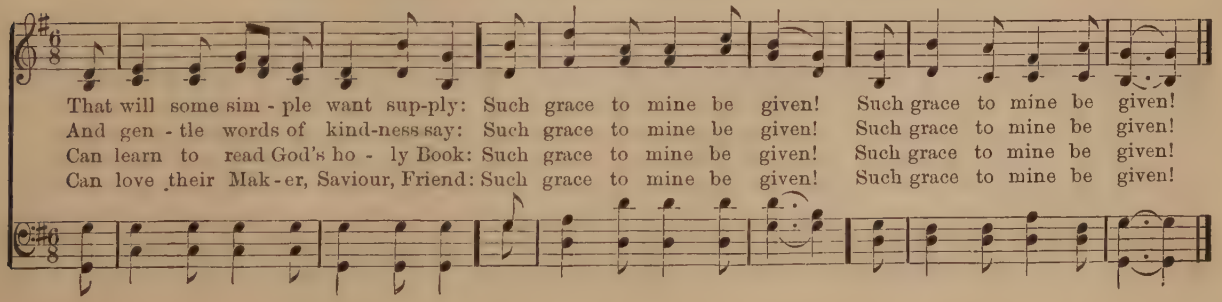
Lift the Gospel banner.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

ENDURANCE.—WILLIAM BEST.

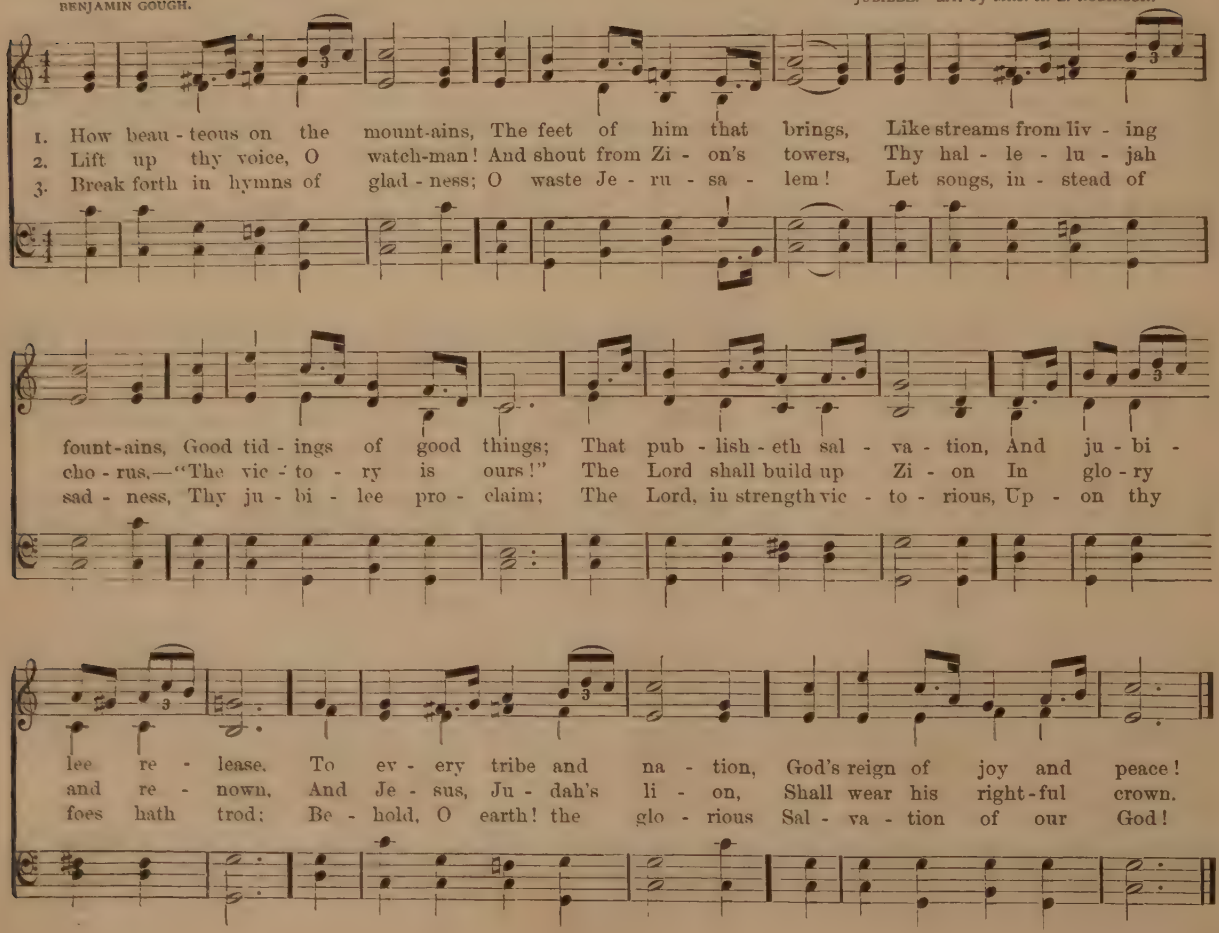

1. Lift the Gos-pel ban-ner, Wave it far and wide, Thro' the crowded cit - y, O - ver o-cean's tide:
2. Lift the Gos-pel stand-ard, Spread the Gos-pel light, Let the bless-ed ra - diance Flame o'er heathen night;
3. Let us rise to ac - tion, Work with one de - sign, Work with Christ, and tri-umph In the work di - vine;
Sound the proc - la-ma-tion, Peace to all man-kind, Je - sus and sal - va - tion All the world may find.
Love is God's own sunshine, Such as an - gels prove: Con - quer men by kindness, God himself is love.
Vic-tory's palm a-waits us, Let us then work on Till we hear the welcome, "Faithful ones, well done!"

Oh, what can little hands do.—Concluded.


That will some sim - ple want sup-ply: Such grace to mine be given! Such grace to mine be given!
And gen - tle words of kind-ness say: Such grace to mine be given! Such grace to mine be given!
Can learn to read God's ho - ly Book: Such grace to mine be given! Such grace to mine be given!
Can love their Mak - er, Saviour, Friend: Such grace to mine be given! Such grace to mine be given!

329 How beauteous on the mountains.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. JUBILEE.—arr. by MRS. H. L. ROBINSON.


1. How beau - teous on the mount-ains, The feet of him that brings, Like streams from liv - ing
2. Lift up thy voice, O watch-man! And shout from Zi - on's towers, Thy hal - le - lu - jah
3. Break forth in hymns of glad - ness; O waste Je - ru - sa - lem! Let songs, in - stead of
fount-ains, Good tid - ings of good things; That pub - lish - eth sal - va - tion, And ju - bi -
cho - rus,—"The vic - to - ry is ours!" The Lord shall build up Zi - on In glo - ry
sad - ness, Thy ju - bi - lee pro - claim; The Lord, in strength vic - to - rious, Up - on thy
lee re - lease. To ev - ery tribe and na - tion, God's reign of joy and peace!
and re - nown. And Je - sus, Ju - dah's li - on, Shall wear his right - ful crown.
foes hath trod: Be - hold, O earth! the glo - rious Sal - va - tion of our God!

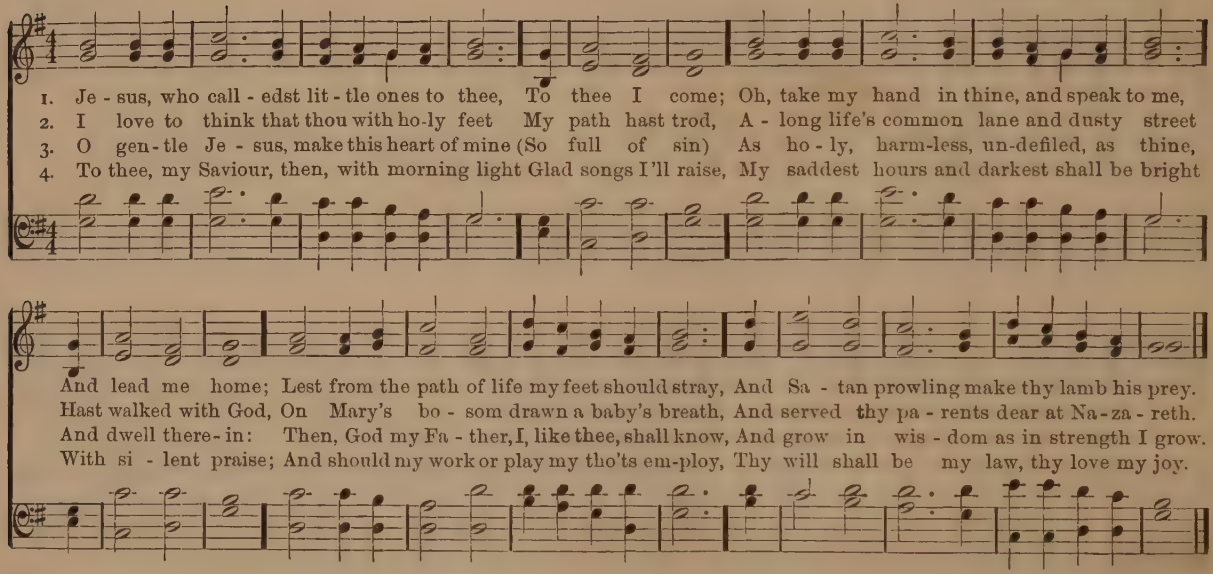
330 Our Father, God, we come to thee.

MRS. ANNA P. FORD. CHENANGO.—S. N. THATCHER.

1. Our Fa - ther, God, we come to thee, Un - to thy glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. In - to thy store - house, we would bring Our tithes to - day, and grate - ful sing
3. Vine of thine own right hand, shall we In - dif - ferent to her in - terests be,
4. Our Fa - ther, may thy gifts de - scend, And crown un - to her jour - ney's end,
Thy ho - ly name we praise; And with glad voic - es ech - o - ing, While we in grate-
Of thy a - bounding love, Of bless - ings rich and full and free, And bound-less as
Our powers find no em - ploy? No; let my hand for - get its use, My tongue its mel-
Thy church, to us so dear. So build her walls and bless her ways, That through her glad
ful cho - rus sing, This trib - ute we would raise, This trib - ute we would raise.
e - ter - ni - ty, Thy faith - ful - ness to prove, Thy faith - ful - ness to prove.
o - dies re - fuse, If this be not my joy, If this be not my joy.
re - main - ing days, Thy glo - ry may ap - pear, Thy glo - ry may ap - pear.

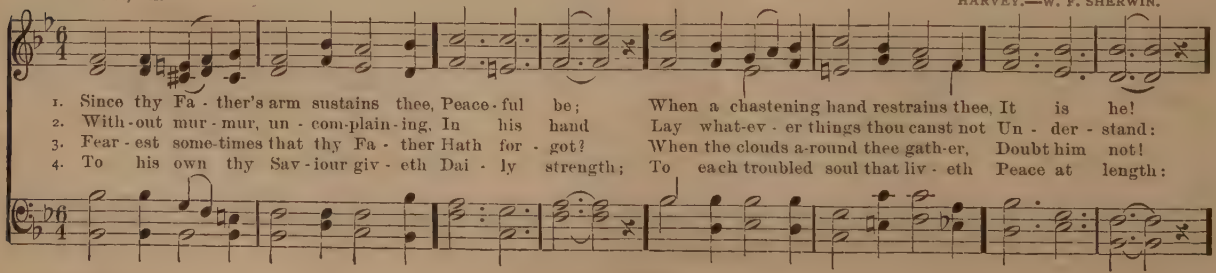
331 Jesus, who calledst little ones to thee.

C. C. BELL. SANDON.—C. H. PURDAY.


1. Je - sus, who call - edst lit - tle ones to thee, To thee I come; Oh, take my hand in thine, and speak to me,
2. I love to think that thou with ho-ly feet My path hast trod, A - long life's common lane and dusty street
3. O gen - tle Je - sus, make this heart of mine (So full of sin) As ho - ly, harm-less, un-defiled, as thine,
4. To thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light Glad songs I'll raise, My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
And lead me home; Lest from the path of life my feet should stray, And Sa - tan prowling make thy lamb his prey.
Hast walked with God, On Mary's bo - som drawn a baby's breath, And served thy pa - rents dear at Na-za - reth.
And dwell there - in: Then, God my Fa - ther, I, like thee, shall know, And grow in wis - dom as in strength I grow.
With si - lent praise; And should my work or play my tho'ts em-ploy, Thy will shall be my law, thy love my joy.

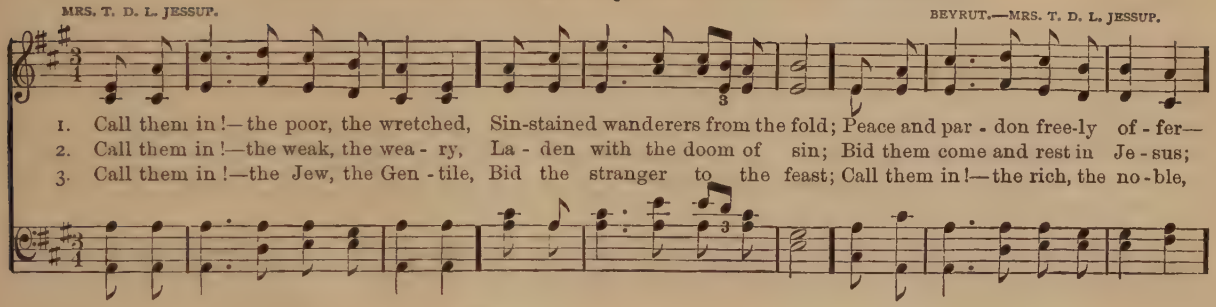
332 Since thy Father's arm sustains thee

"H. A. P.," tr. HARVEY.—W. F. SHERWIN.

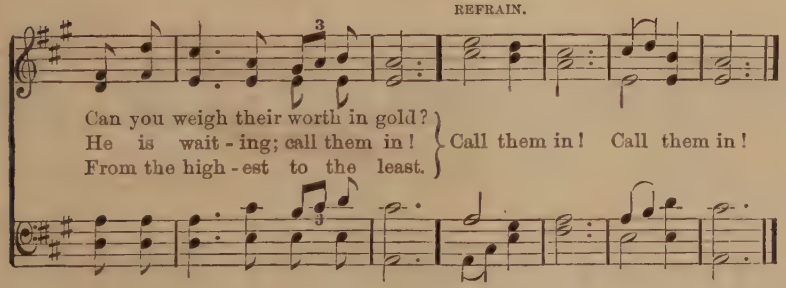

1. Since thy Fa - ther's arm sustains thee, Peace - ful be; When a chastening hand restrains thee, It is he!
2. With - out mur - mur, un - com-plain - ing, In his hand Lay what-ev - er things thou canst not Un - der - stand:
3. Fear - est some-times that thy Fa - ther Hath for - got? When the clouds a-round thee gath-er, Doubt him not!
4. To his own thy Sav - iour giv - eth Dai - ly strength; To each troubled soul that liv - eth Peace at length:

333 Call them in!—the poor, the wretched.

MRS. T. D. L. JESSUP. BEYRUT.—MRS. T. D. L. JESSUP.


1. Call them in!—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold; Peace and par - don free-ly of - fer—
2. Call them in!—the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus;
3. Call them in!—the Jew, the Gen - tile, Bid the stranger to the feast; Call them in!—the rich, the no - ble,

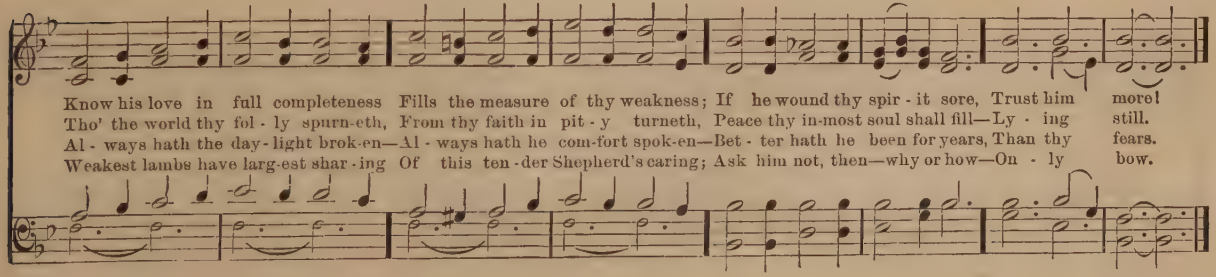
REFRAIN.



4 Call them in!—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender;
'T was for sinners Jesus came.—*Ref.*

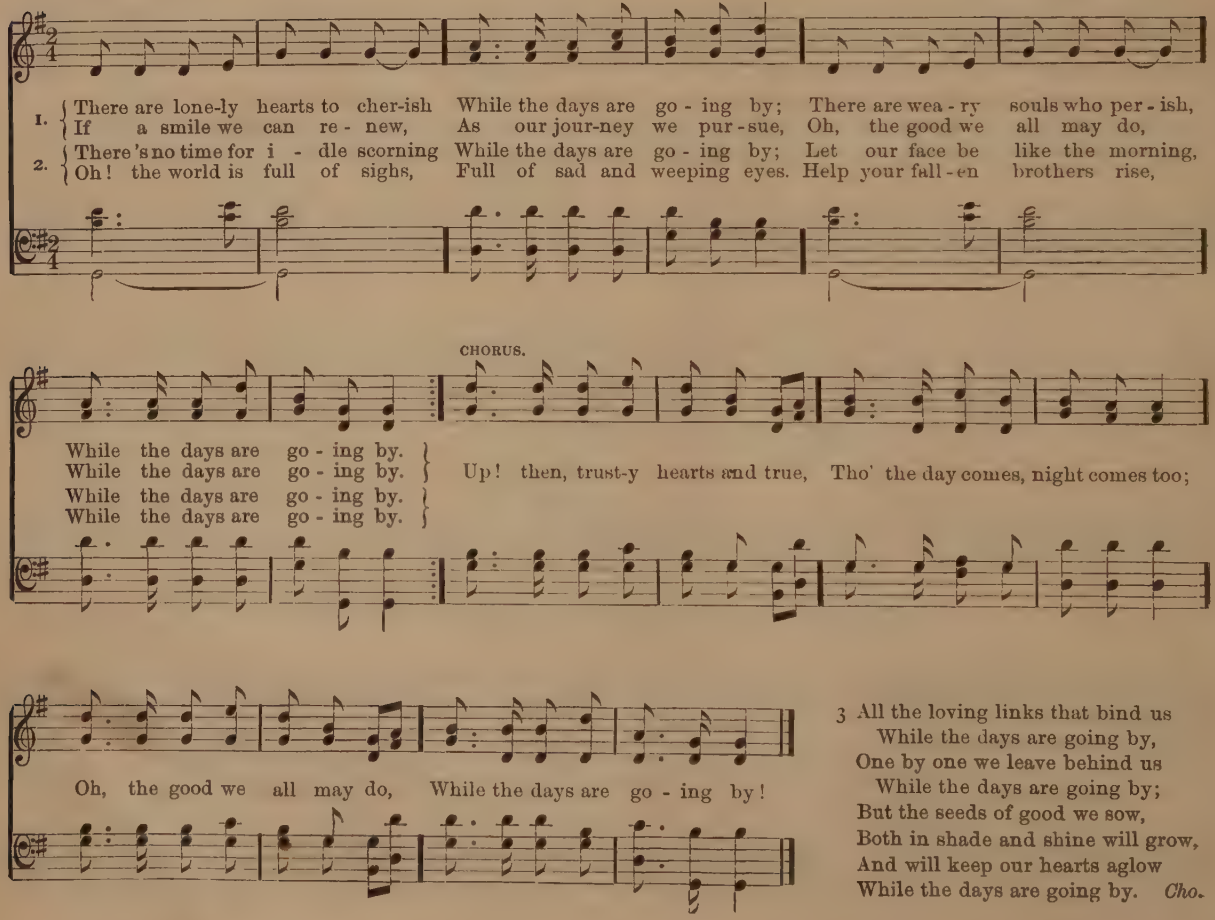
5 See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin:
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: call them in!—*Ref.*

Since thy Father's arm.—Concluded.


Know his love in full completeness Fills the measure of thy weakness; If he wound thy spir - it sore, Trust him more!
Tho' the world thy fol - ly spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit - y turneth, Peace thy in-most soul shall fill—Ly - ing still.
Al - ways hath the day - light brok-en—Al - ways hath he com-fort spok-en—Bet - ter hath he been for years, Than thy fears.
Weakest lambs have larg-est shar - ing Of this ten - der Shepherd's caring; Ask him not, then—why or how—On - ly bow.

334 There are lonely hearts to cherish.

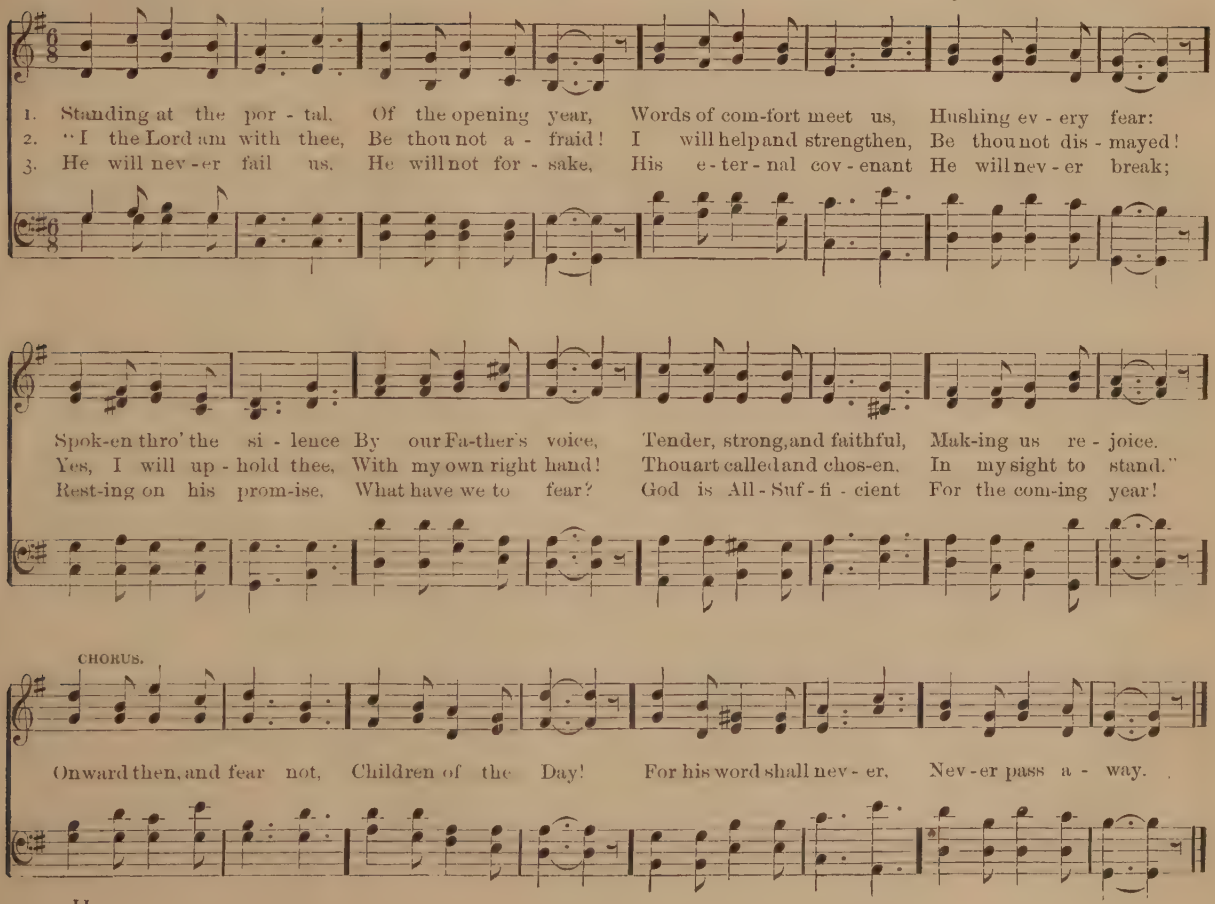
AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. YEISLEY.—J. E. GOULD.


1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish While the days are go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls who per - ish,
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good we all may do,
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning While the days are go - ing by; Let our face be like the morning,
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes. Help your fall - en brothers rise,
CHORUS.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
Up! then, trust-y hearts and true, Tho' the day comes, night comes too;
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by. *Cho.*

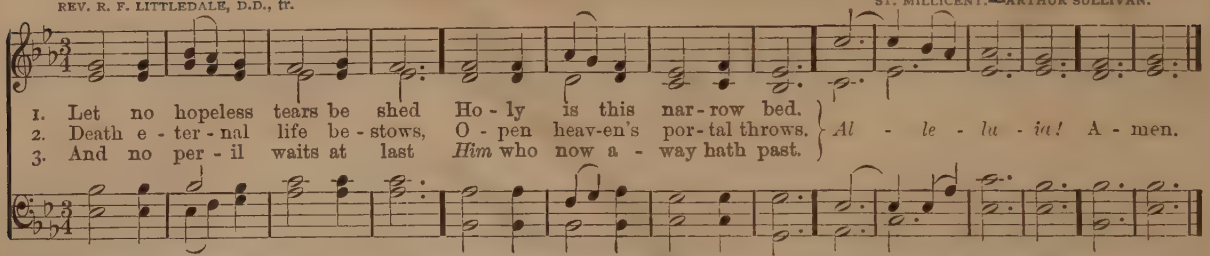
335 Standing at the portal.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. REJOICING.—W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Standing at the por - tal, Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us, Hushing ev - ery fear:
2. "I the Lord am with thee, Be thou not a - fraid! I will help and strengthen, Be thou not dis - mayed!
3. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake, His e - ter - nal cov - enant He will nev - er break;
Spok-en thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice, Tender, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice.
Yes, I will up - hold thee, With my own right hand! Thou art called and chos-en, In my sight to stand."
Rest-ing on his prom-ise, What have we to fear? God is All - Suf - fi - cient For the com-ing year!
CHORUS.
Onward then, and fear not, Children of the Day! For his word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way.

336 Let no hopeless tears be shed.

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE, D.D., tr. ST. MILLICENT.—ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Let no hopeless tears be shed Ho - ly is this nar - row bed.
2. Death e - ter - nal life be - stows, O - pen heav-en's por - tal throws.
3. And no per - il waits at last *Him* who now a - way hath past.
Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives his child a full reward:—

6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.

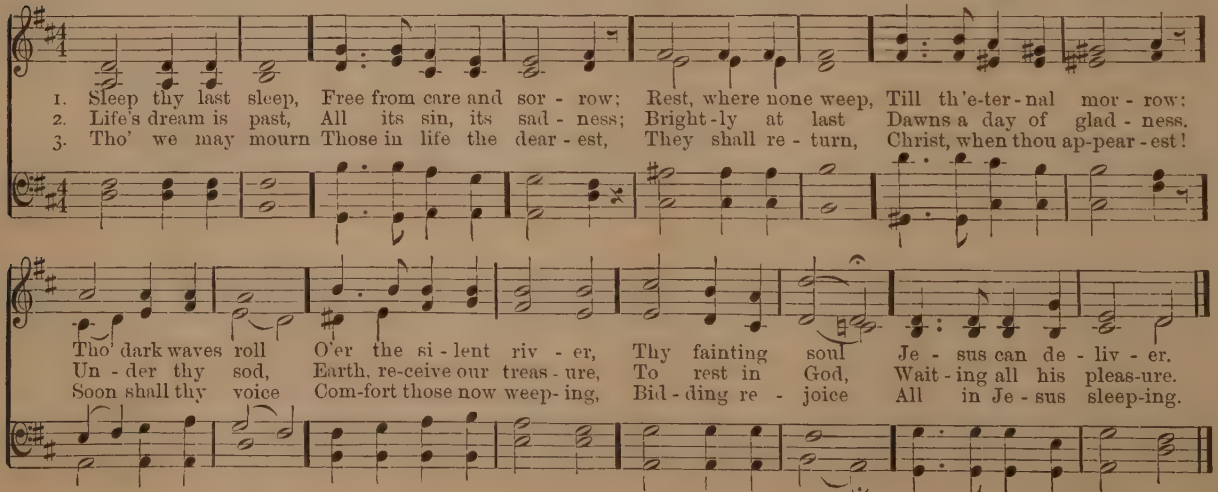
7 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take his darling hence.

8 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to thy little one.

9 And in thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.

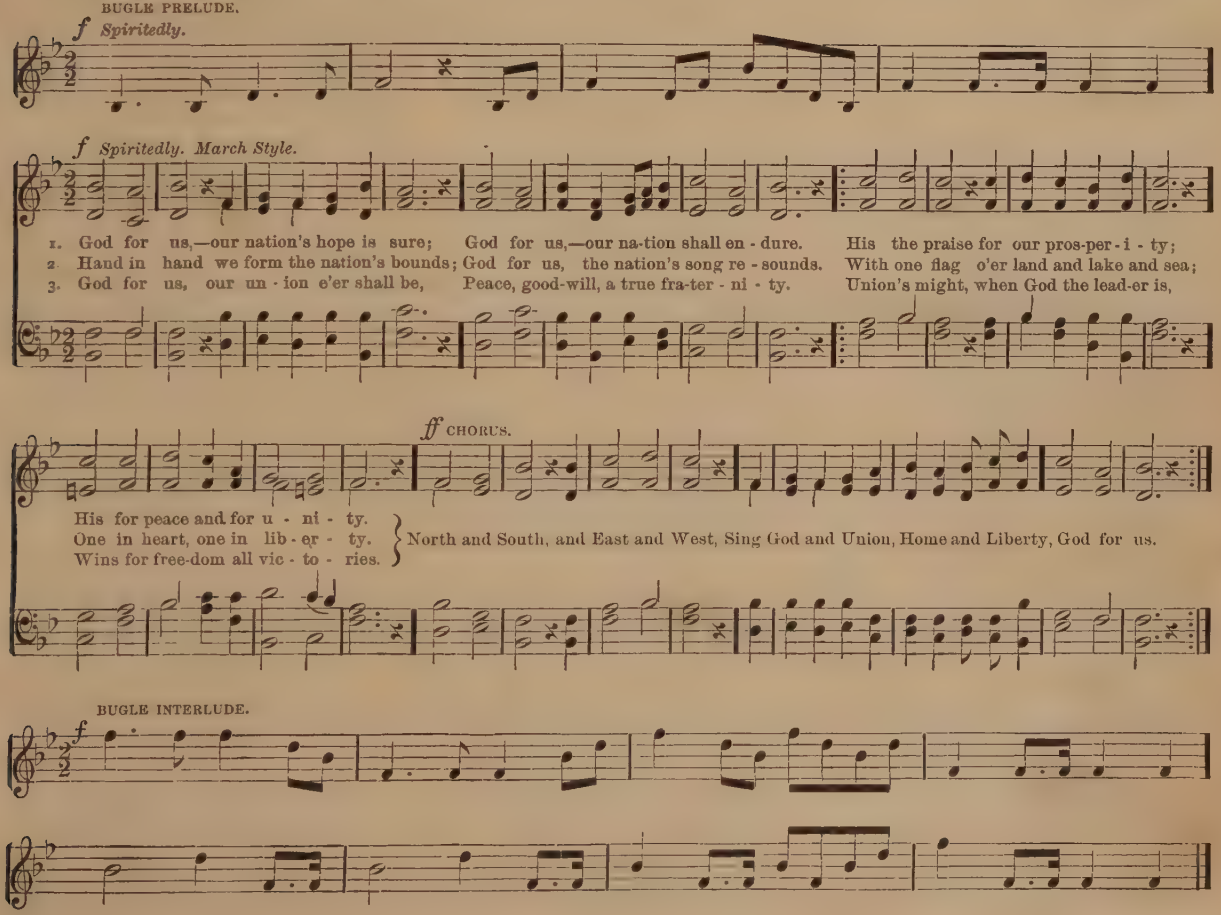
337 Sleep thy last sleep.

REV. EDWARD A. DAYMAN. REQUIESCAT.—J. BARNBY.

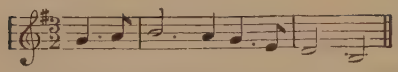

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep, Till th'e-ter-nal mor - row:
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness; Bright-ly at last Dawns a day of glad - ness.
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re - turn, Christ, when thou ap-pear - est!
Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent riv - er, Thy fainting soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.
Un - der thy sod, Earth, re-ceive our treas - ure, To rest in God, Wait - ing all his pleas-ure.
Soon shall thy voice Com-fort those now weep - ing, Bid - ding re - joice All in Je - sus sleep-ing.

338 God for us,—our nation's hope is sure.

CHARLES CROZAT CONVERSE.


BUGLE PRELUDE.
f Spiritedly.
f Spiritedly. March Style.
1. God for us,—our nation's hope is sure; God for us,—our na-tion shall en - dure. His the praise for our pros-per - i - ty;
2 Hand in hand we form the nation's bounds; God for us, the nation's song re - sounds. With one flag o'er land and lake and sea;
3. God for us, our un - ion e'er shall be, Peace, good-will, a true fra-ter - ni - ty. Union's might, when God the lead-er is,
ff CHORUS.
His for peace and for u - ni - ty.
One in heart, one in lib - er - ty.
Wins for free-dom all vic - to - ries.
North and South, and East and West, Sing God and Union, Home and Liberty, God for us.
BUGLE INTERLUDE.

339 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

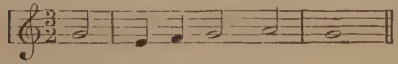


Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayers as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day.
Raise we then with glad emotion,
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again.

340 BOYLSTON. S. M.



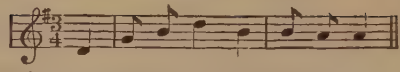
Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

341 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.



My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

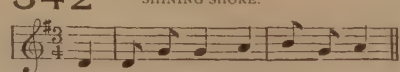
REFRAIN.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

342 SHINING SHORE.



My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!

343 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

He leadeth me! oh, blessèd thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS.

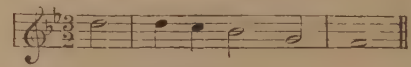
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory 's won,
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

344 STATE STREET. S. M.

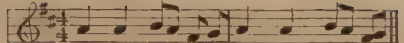


I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

345 BEYOND THE TIDE.



We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

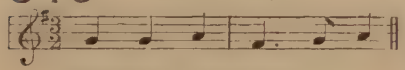
CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing
Sweet salvation is the song.

346 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

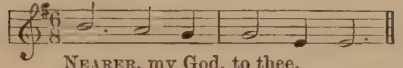


My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

347 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

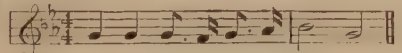


Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

348 SHALL WE GATHER?



Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

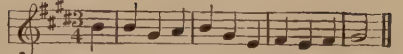
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

349 HAPPY NEW YEAR.



Come, children, and join in our festival song,
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

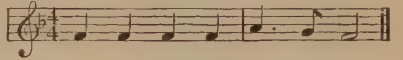
CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

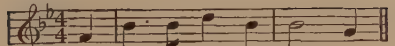
350 BENEVENTO.



While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

351 WEBB. 7s & 6s.



THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

352 WORK SONG.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

353 THE OLD, OLD STORY.

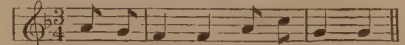
TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REF.—‖: Tell me the old, old story, :‖
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save,
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

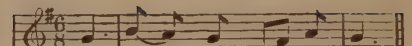
354 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

355 NO SORROW THERE.



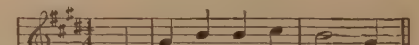
FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

CHO.—There 'll be no sorrow there,
There 'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There 'll be no sorrow there.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear!

356 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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